

THE

CALCUTTA

LITERARY CLEANER.

NO. 11 - VOL. II.

"WORTHY OF AN OTHER SORT,
"HOLD WITH WELL-MERGED AND BEAUTIFUL CLASSIC STYLE,
"THE TRUTH A LUSTRE AND MAKE THEM SO SO."
Cough,

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 That ne'er did Beauty's charms so please his eye,
 "As thine, fair maid," the am'rous youth did cry.
 She heard his suit with doubtful look, and broke
 The silence with, "Sir I surely, you're in joke;
 "But as I am candid, tho' the folks do say,
 "Fastidious fancies lead my heart astray,
 "I'll speak my mind, for truth in such a case,
 "Must o'er a woman's vanity take place.
 "Your face and figure, both will suit my taste,
 "The one is classical, the other's chaste,
 "But, pardon me, your hair's not quite the thing,
 "That lovers dream of—youthful poets sing.
 "I vow, I ne'er could bring my mind to wed,
 "A man with grisly bristles on his head."
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Rooms colored in distemper, in imitation of Wood and Marble.

Transparent Blinds painted; Glass painted to imitate stained glass, and Houses thoroughly repaired.

TO CAPTAINS AND OWNERS OF SHIPS.

Figure Heads, Stern and other Ornaments carved; Cabins decorated.

Always ready to supply Mixed Paints for Sea and Harbour use.

H. G. S. trusts, from his long experience, to be able to give satisfaction as heretofore, as he pledges himself to use the best materials and workmanship.

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ESTABLISHMENT,

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MRS. WOODWARD has much pleasure in announcing to the Ladies of Calcutta and the Mofussil, who have so kindly patronized her during the time she has been in business, that she has now a very large stock of Goods just landed from the "Mary Ridley," all of which are suitable for the ensuing season.

Mrs. W. further begs to inform her friends and patrons that she has just received into her Establishment another Assistant, direct from England in the "Mary Ridley" and can with confidence recommend her as a competent Milliner and Dress-maker, having been patronized by Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA and the ROYAL FAMILY.

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N. B.—All Orders from the Mofussil accompanied by remittances, or satisfactory reference in Calcutta, will be faithfully executed on the most moderate terms.

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FROM MESSRS. GORDON AND SONS, LONDON,

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A1.50.

Shipments of Rum, Molasses, &c. attended to as usual.

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The Patent Preserved Potato contains all the flavour and valuable qualities of the Root in its primitive state; but over which it possesses the inestimable advantage of keeping unimpaired in any climate, and for any period; which fact is fully established by the opinions given by several eminent Professors, also letters from all parts of the world.

As an article for Ship's use it is most important, not occupying one-fifth of the space required for the Potato in its natural state, and which yields for every cwt. but 75 lbs. of cooked food, whereas every cwt. of the Preserved Potato will produce 4 cwt. of cooked vegetable, and be packed in ordinary casks, or any other mode which will secure its being kept dry.

In addition to these advantages, the cost of the Patent Preserved Potato will be less than that of any other description of food; the Patentees, under the conviction of its extensive use, having determined to offer it to the Public at a price not exceeding 4s. per cwt. or, as the cooked vegetable, about ONE PENNY PER POUND.

The cooking of this invaluable article is extremely simple, and effected in the short space of Ten Minute.

Samples and all particulars to be had at the Offices of the Patentees,

EDWARDS, BROTHERS AND CO.,

No. 1, Bishopsgate-street, corner of Leadenhall-street, and 15, Northumberland-street, Chancery-lane, London. Or

th. MESSRS. A. THOMPSON AND CO., STRAND, CALCUTTA.

N. B.—For Cash; and not less than half a cwt. supplied. If packed in Tin the cases will be supplied at the lowest possible price.

EX STAG.

BRIGHT AND CO. have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of the above Ship with their indent of FRESH SUPPLIES; VIZ.

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CHEESE.—Berkley, Cheddar, Pine and Double Gloster.

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TART FRUITS.—Raspberries, Green Gages, Red Currants, Black Currants, Raspberries and Currants, Cherries, Damsons, Rhubarb, and Orleans Plums.

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Fine Bloom Raisins, in half boxes and cartoons.

Drums of Turkey Figs.

From Jas. Cooper.

HERMETICALLY SEALED PROVISIONS.

14, Old Court House Street.

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CALCUTTA LITERARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

A SUICIDE'S LAST HOUR.

"Then took her gloomy flight
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell with horrid lust of death."—*Young.*

* * * HE is gone—the spirit has fled to its appointed place, and all his daring and infidel doubts are now satisfied.—Indulged from infancy in every wish and every passion, misled by a false education, what inconsistency of character, what perversion of talent this singular and most unhappy being exhibited! Who that has seen him in his hours of ease and sociality,—mind darting from his eye, and vivid inspiration glowing on his lips, the favorite of the fair, the witty and the gay,—would recognize the gloomy self-murderer that perished in the whirlwind of pride and passion.

* * * I entered his lonely apartment, it was strewn with fragments of letters—his taper was lighted, and shed a sickly gleam over his haggard countenance—his eye was glassy—his lips white and quivering; all denoted that he was laboring under strong excitement. I gazed on him for a moment doubtfully. (for I had for some time suspected his intentions) and said, "M——, you are not well."

"Yes," replied he, "I am well, perfectly well, at least I soon shall be so."

"What is the matter with you? Oh! M——, tell me, I conjure you."

"Seest thou this phial?" said he; "this little vessel a few minutes ago held the elixir of oblivion!—the golden medicine, that is now gliding through me, and which in a few short hours will convince me of the truth of

"All that the nurse and all the priest hath taught."

I sent for immediate medical assistance; as I gave the order he look of anger; it lasted but for a moment.

"This may be kind, sir," said he; "no doubt it is intended

is vain—useless. Retire my friend and leave me to my

sleep, I know you will not comply with my wish.—Give!"

is fast stealing over me—the stupor from which I shall never

fain speak to you while I am able—I have much to say, but cannot utter it . . .

your disapproving eye is bent upon me, but perhaps your thoughts and mine

are much the same at this moment . . . Oh! were my life to run again, what

care I would take to avert the mental agony I feel at this accursed hour! . . . I

have abused every power of mind and body, and reviled him who gave them

. . . . I have offered the incense that should have soared to heaven, on the altars

of hell . . . and, keenly trembling beneath the lash of conscience, my polluted

soul is rushing before its Maker . . . and then? . . . Living, I have been unloved,

and dying, I shall be unlamented! . . . the gentle form of a mother, the assidu-

VOL. II., NO. XII.

"... a wife, whispering peace, soothing my dying pillow . . . the
 satisfaction!—thank God, they see me not!"

The physician now approached, and begged that he would swallow an emetic.

"Hence with your trash," said he, "throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of
 the hatred, the malice, the envy of my fellow men may be borne, but
 the contempt I could not endure."

These were the last words he was heard to utter. All remedies were rendered
 nugatory by the obstinacy of his resolution,—he sunk gradually into a deep
 slumber, from which nothing could arouse him. Vain was every stimulus to
 awake him;—his breathing soon became difficult, and he expired in convulsions.

* * * * * I found the following on a table among some waste paper in the
 room where he died,—it throws considerable light on the last feelings of this
 rash and unhappy man:—

"February, 18—

"This world and I have long been tired of each other,—thankfully we part.—
 What is there in life left of blessing, or worth living for? I have seen every
 hope decay . . . the blossoms of happiness have been blighted in the bud . . .
 and shall I drag on a miserable being? . . . open my eyes on the same sun?
 . . . run the same cheerless round? . . . when one brave and spirited thought
 will relieve me? . . . Is not death the cessation of pain, the hope of the wretch-
 ed, and the refuge of the outcast? . . . and what am I?—A poor insect, float-
 ing for a moment on the stream of time, and soon to be swept into the gulph
 of oblivion! and shall I hesitate at the plunge that millions have taken before
 me? But then comes the mystery that enwraps the after-existence of man!
 Aye—there's the difficulty that bewilders your proud philosophers,—your giants
 of intellect . . . It has foiled them—shall I then attempt to reason? I will not
 —dare not.—But the uncertainty is dreadful. * * *

"My mother too—my poor, mistaken indulgent parent! methinks I see thee
 by thy solitary fire—old—destitute—forsaken! Thou canst shed no tears, for
 their source has dried—every one that enters, thou mistakest for thy boy . . .
 Misery—misery! . . . When thus I think, my yearning soul is half dragged
 back to earth; and I could almost wish to live for thy sake . . . But I will see
 thee no more—never, oh! never!

"Thee, too, my Mary; often in my mind's eye have I seen thee roaming by
 the dark waters, casting many a wistful look for the bark of him that will never
 return! Oft with tearful eye thou glancest back upon the 'dark postern of time
 long elapsed';—the melancholy moods, the constancy of affection, of the absent
 stranger are all reflected upon the mirror of memory; often have I compared thee
 with the 'soulless daughters of India', as wandering on beneath the intolerable
 blaze I have sighed at the remembrance of the past, and wished for an utter
 annihilation of all sense and feeling . . . Once more I will weep over thy
 letters, and then——"

Reader, beware! and pray that thy last end be not like this.—Fear God;
 forsakes us, we forsake ourselves, and sacrifice our souls to irre-
 versible, everlasting woe in our impatience to get rid of a few temporary
 pleasures.
 Sauce, Heat
 INEGAR, Sal

L.*

AN EPIGRAM.

"WHAT'S cold in Greek"—says poser Bill,
 One morning to a witty friend,
 "I'll tell it you with right good will,
 'Tis ever, at my finger's end."

G. C. D.

" SAPPHO'S" LAMENT.

It was no ruined shrine at which she sung—
It was no fall'n temple where were raised
Loud peans to her praise; her brow was hung
With laurel wreaths and her rich lays were praised
At the proud altars of a glorious shrine
When Sappho's name was almost made divine.

Behold her now—a faded form is hers,
A pallid cheek and hollow sunken eye :
Where be her many willing worshippers
Who offered her their warm idolatry ?
Is this the Sappho who subdues the soul ?
Patron and guardian ?

It is—but why this change ? Oh hear her plaint ;
It will inform you of her suffering.
Her lovely voice has now grown low and faint,
The silver lyre is jarr'd—yet doth she sing
And I will list her music, low—
Albeit it breathes the extreme of woe.

Farewell ! farewell ! alike, my love and lute,
I cannot sing again what once inspired
My lips, my soul, my being, all, is mute :
The wish is dead which once my bosom fired.
Go tell in pity to the traitor youth,
I tune of passion, but of passion past.
Ask him where dwells she who in endless truth
Lov'd when she was forsaken to the last.
Ask him why Sappho's voice hath lost its tone ?
Ask him, who broke at once her lute and heart,
And tell him too, I loved but him alone.
I go to death where I can feel no smart.

There was a fluttering in the air—a flash
Of a white garment in the sun's ray—then
A distant murmur, and a gentle splash—
The waves were stilled and all was hushed again.

F. W. P.

VERSES

BY A LADY IN A DEEP DECLINE TO HER INFANT, NINE MONTHS OLD.

SWEET babe ! you smile unconscious in my arms
Of all the fears which my fond heart alarms ;
Thy little hands fast wipe my tears away,
You seem to say, " Be cheerful, O be gay !"

Ah ! lovely infant, little dost thou know
Thy mother's agony, her grief, her woe ;
Her hours of care, her many restless nights,
The thousand terrors that her soul affrights.

You little know the ills that round you wait,
And seem to threat your young, your helpless state ;
Misfortune o'er thee waves her baneful wand,
And gloomy clouds of sorrow low'r around.

Peaceful thy father rests in death's dark tomb,
 And soon thy mother too must meet her doom ;
 Soon on my pallid cheek the worm will feed,
 And the rank grass wave cheerless round my head—

Who, then, my child ! will guide thy tender years,
 And gently lead thee through this vale of tears ?
 From penury and want who will thee save,
 When both thy parents sleep in death's cold grave ?

Fatal, perhaps, thy op'ning charms may prove,
 Thy cheek's soft crimson, and mild eye of love ;
 When thou no friend hast to protect thy youth,
 To teach thee spotless innocence and truth.

These thoughts with wild emotions throb my breast,
 And deep despair deprives my soul of rest ;
 These thoughts, O death ! add horror to thy dart,
 And thrill with anguish keen a mother's heart.

Religion come, and cheer affliction's hour,
 Ah, let my bleeding bosom feel thy pow'r !
 Teach me, resign'd, to view approaching death,
 And yield without regret to heav'n my breath.

My God, though this frail form will sink in dust,
 Still in thy arm, all peaceful, will I trust ;
 Thou art the orphan's shield, the widow's stay,
 And thou my babe wilt guide in virtue's way.

THE WIND.

THE wind it is roaring loud without,
 'Tis a wild and freeborn thing ;
 Hark to its rushing and whistling shout,
 As it flutters its restless wing.

Over the palace, over the bower,
 Over the cottage, over the tower,
 Nothing can stay its flight :
 Doth it not wander o'er every sea—
 Is there a land from its presence that's free
 By morning, or noon, or night ?

Oh ! nothing can check its tumultuous wrath,
 The hurricane all must fear,
 When it swiftly speeds on its wide, wide path,
 And raves in its mad career.

It is sometimes mild
 As a gentle child,
 And will with a gossamer play ;—
 But the signal given,
 Its chain once riven,—
 Away ! away ! away !

THE VEILED NUN.

AMELIA Wilmot, the heroine of our tale, was fair, and possessed of all the loveliness, the majesty, and the grace added to a matchless figure, which could render her attractive to all who knew her. I had long regarded her with feelings of passionate affection, but my extreme diffidence ever prevented me from breathing in her ear my tale of love in the fervent strain proper on these occasions, and in the manner in which I had so often repeated it over to myself. Yet she sometimes sweetly smiled upon me, and though with every smile arrows from the bow of Cupid were launched into my breast by thousands, I felt myself content. I could speak to her, too,—though not without stammering; I could gaze at her,—though I blushed as I did so; I could sigh and look languishing—though these acts excited the risibility of some who could not appreciate my exquisite feelings; I could do all these sweet things, and even meet with return enough to encourage me—but alas! all hope was doomed to be overthrown.

Mr. William Dashworth was Miss Amelia Wilmot's cousin, (oh! how I hate that word *cousin*;) and he arrived at — on a visit to the young lady's father. He was a small spare young man with a very pale face; and a form on which the gods had certainly forgotten to set their seals—"to give the world assurance of a man." However this fellow—this fleshless fellow, actually withdrew the attention of his inimitable cousin from me, and engaged it wholly on himself. Yes; she gazed, smiled upon me no more; she listened to his soft tales of pleasure parties, &c. &c. &c.; she walked with him—she talked with him; he related to her stories of this place and that; he whispered sweet accents of the fascinating beach; he articulated his reminiscences all over the — Presidency; and she of all this, was an admiring hearer. As for me, when I chanced to see them together, my poor heart quivered with the agonies of the opened oyster.

But I resolved to be firm. One night—one sleepless night—an idea presented itself to my mind, that if I were to see her, and nobly declare my passion, she might be disposed to view me with an eye of favor, from the comparison which she must inevitably draw between my pretensions and those of my rival. "Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die," cried I heroically, as I shaved next morning. When I went out after breakfast, I met a friend with a handbill, announcing to the inhabitants that arrangements were making for holding a "fancy dress ball," at the house of Mr. — on the 1st of April, and containing a list of the gentlemen who were to officiate as stewards upon the occasion. I cast my eyes down the column of names—that of Mr. Wilmot met my gaze. A thought struck me. His wife and daughter would doubtless be present—I would be there too, and Amelia should hear of my love. Full of this deep resolve, I purchased a ticket, and then walked into Messrs. — and Co.'s shop, who had received a supply of dresses from London, suited for the occasion: I selected a full Turkish costume—sabre, turban, and wide trowsers,—together with a long and venerable beard, and an imposing nose. Happening to meet Mr. Wilmot soon afterwards, he informed me he was about to obtain dresses for his wife and daughter, who were, as I suspected, both going to the ball. Amelia was to appear as a veiled nun, and her rather corpulent mother as Titania, the queen of the fairies.

The day at length arrived, and a pretty bustle the town was in. The difficulty was to obtain conveyances for all who intended to be present. As for myself, I reached the ball-room in an extremely dilapidated and rather dirty palanquin which had been discarded on account of its old age, but was now brought out to do its last piece of duty. When I got to the door, I alighted, and my sublime appearance was instantly hailed with marks of approbation from the assembly. "Allah il Allah," said I, stroked my beard and passed on.

I entered a beautifully decorated and brilliantly lighted apartment. What a scene met my view. There were knights and negroes; blue beards and Italian

boys; Minervas and British sailors; Hamlets and buy-a-broom girls; Shakespeares stood by the side of a drummer; Peter the Great was whispering to a Psyche; Napoleon was talking of the "huncomfortable eat of the hair," to William Tell, while that noble-minded patriot was solacing himself with a pinch of rappee!

I gazed around. At the further end of the room I beheld Mrs. Wilmot, the fairy queen, who looked very red indeed. By her side stood—my hand falters—stood a *veiled nun*! My heart beat fast; I took a turn or two up and down; I could see no gentleman small enough to be Mr. Dashworth. Judge of my inward delight. Once, thought I, let me detach my dear Amelia from the side of her mamma, and I shall be able to act according to my desire.

After some little time, Titania stopped to exchange a word or two with a friend, and her daughter glided away from her. I followed Amelia,—she bent her steps to one of the refreshment tables. * * * * * When she left the table I was at her side.

"Khairshallah!" cried I, "dear Amelia—ahem. My dear Miss Wilmot, will you grant me one little request?"

"Name it," said she, in tones rendered harsh from the closeness of the atmosphere.

"Will you give me a private conference for a few minutes? I have something very particular to communicate," said I.

The veiled nun bowed her head in silence, and we quitted the apartment together.

There was a garden at the back of the house, whereto we bent our steps. Having arrived there, we sat down in a little arbour; and, my heart almost in my mouth, and my whole frame quivering with emotion, I began to speak. I am not addicted to self-flattery; but I must say that the speech which I made to the veiled nun, *was* a speech. I spoke of the anguished tortures of unutterable despair, being soothed by the immaculate balm of unfathomable love; I told her that the unimaginable loveliness of the *houris* of paradise was concentrated in one form—that that form was hers; and I finished by offering her my hand—my heart; and heaping epithets, Olympus-high, upon the head of my rival, the odious Mr. Dashworth.

She listened to me attentively; and as I reached the end of my harangue, I heard an harmonious gurgling noise as of suppressed sighs, in her swan-like throat. Suddenly the veiled nun stretched out her arm, and seized me by the beard. "What do you mean, you insolent rascal?" roared she, throwing back her veil.

Horror of horrors!—whom do you think I beheld? *It was Mr. Dashworth himself*! He sprang towards me, and commenced a vigorous attack upon my form. It was very fortunate that I was unable to draw my sabre from its scabbard, or I should certainly have severed his head from his body. Being thus prevented from using my weapon, I was compelled to submit to his cuffs, and have my beautiful Turkish dress half torn from my back. The affray, however, was at length terminated by the arrival of some gentlemen, among whom I perceived Mr. Wilmot. Enquiries were made as to the cause of the quarrel, which were officiously answered by Mr. Dashworth, who explained that I had mistaken him for Miss Amelia Wilmot, and in the course of making her a theatrical amatory speech, had dropped some very offensive expressions concerning *him*, which he had resented as they saw. Mr. Wilmot then addressed himself to me, and being rather elevated, harangued me at considerable length. From an oration deformed by hunts, hahs, coughs, pauses, and hiccups, I managed to gather the intelligence which solved the mystery, viz. that Miss Amelia in consequence of sudden illness had been unable to be present at the ball, and that Mr. Dashworth had, for fun's sake, taken the character selected by the lady.

J. H. Q.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE CLOUDS.

SPIRIT of etherial birth !

Thy gorgeous banner floats
O'er crystal sea and flow'ring earth,
While verdant woods pour forth their mirth
In rapture-breathing notes !
I see upon the azure sky,
The spreading of thy wings,
In lucid folds of various dye,
Touched with the sun's last rays they lie,
Fair,—but delusive things.

The star of love that softly wakes,
To deck thy brow serene,
Is purer than the streak that breaks,
On snow-capt hills and tranquil lakes,
When morning floods the scene.
The loveliest lilies round thee blow,
The pink and daisy fair,
Touched by the moon's romantic glow,
And fanned by winds,—a gorgeous show,
They paint themselves—in air.

Thy radiant lips of blushing hue,
Thy locks of flaming gold,
Thy wide-expanding throne of blue,
And fancy dress of filmy dew,
And bust of classic mould,—
Are lovelier than the stately rose
Or violet's speaking eye
That in the tangled thicket glows
When evening draws her curtains close,
And night-winds gently sigh !

But threatening clouds shall o'er thee lour,
The rain thy vests deform,
The red-eyed lightning in its power
Shall glare around thy festive bower,
A meteor—'mid the storm !
Like thee—proud man,—whose morning's prime
Is strewn with golden flowers,
That sparkle in their native clime
Till darkness comes with lapse of time
And shrouds his closing hours.

G. C. D.

THE PAST.

LET those who have in fortune's lap
Been softly nursed, repine
At days of childhood past and gone—
Their sorrows are not mine.

Let those whose boyish days were free
From every ill and care,
Regret their flight in pensive mood—
Their griefs I cannot share.

Let those whose youth in pleasant years,
 Untroubled, swift went by,
 With aching heart sigh o'er the past—
 With them I cannot sigh.

Let those whom now in manhood's prime,
 No cares of peace bereave,
 Lament the rapid pace of time—
 With them I cannot grieve.

The retrospect of childhood's years
 To me no pleasure brings,
 Nor are my thoughts of boyish days,
 The thoughts of pleasant things.

My youth was crossed, nor on my prime
 Does better fortune shine,
 Then why should such a luckless wight
 O'er the dull past repine?

No, speed thee, Time—speed on, speed on,
 Thy haste I would not slack,
 Still less, believe me, honest friend,
 I wish to see thee back.

Speed on, speed on, then, to thy goal
 Yet still with swifter wing,
 From me thou canst take nought away
 Whatever thou may'st bring.

J. H. Q.

WINTER—A SKETCH.

'Tis winter—the snows are upon the ground—
 Wretched are they who have not found
 A shelter or some welcome hearth.
 Hath the blessed sun forgot his birth?
 He shines not on the ice-bound earth—
 Clouds thick as those on doomsday stay
 The ardour of his piercing ray;
 And heavily the day drags on.
 The summer birds from the boughs are gone,
 And their warbling voices are heard no more,
 And the trees are withered with frost and hoar,
 And the face of the country is desolate;
 And the watch-dog has passed from the castle gate
 To the cheering warmth of his master's grate;
 And the hungry wolves are heard again
 As they dash up the mountain and down the glen;
 While the huntsman sounds his pibroch shrill;
 As he roams the heights with accustomed skill.

F. W. P.

THE PLAGUE IN TABREEZ, PERSIA.

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF THREE YEARS'
RESIDENCE IN PERSIA, FROM 1827 TO 1830.

It was in the early part of the year 1830, that the city of Tabreez, the capital of the province of Azerbijan in the kingdom of Persia, was visited by two of the most dreadful pestilences that are known, the plague, and cholera, in their direct forms. Well do I remember the impression made on my mind, on returning to Tabreez from Itzmiadzin after the interment of the late Sir John Kenneir Macdonald, with the party who formed the escort of his remains to that place. When we had recrossed the ancient river Araxes, modernly called Arras, which winds its course past the ancient Julpha, and now forms the boundary between the territories of Russia and Persia, we found as we approached the city of Tabreez, people of all ages, and of both sexes, hurrying from the seat of contagion, on camels, horses, mules, and asses; and those of the poorer description who had no means of conveyance carrying their helpless relatives. When spoken to they heeded not, but hurried on as if dreading to linger a moment near the dreadful scourge, which was committing such fearful havoc. All classes and descriptions of people were its victims.

Such then were the indications of what we were to expect on reaching the city, to which you may feel assured we did not look forward but with gloomy forebodings. It cast a damp over the spirits of the whole party, and we proceeded in silence, fearful, it would seem, of disturbing the dread malady that was raging.

To this hour I cannot look back on the past, and recal to mind the sight I witnessed on the morning that we entered the gates of Tabreez, without a shudder, and a feeling of sincere gratitude to the Almighty for his preserving care.

We left our previous night's bivouac about midnight, and appeared before the city as the sun rose, for our progress had been much impeded by the numbers of pedestrians hastening from the scene of death. The morning was clear, and now and then a light breeze fanned our cheeks, but it was not the cool and refreshing air of the early morn; it was hot and parching, and an unaccountable sultry and oppressive feeling in the atmosphere weighed heavily on our spirits; not a solitary chirp was heard from the feathered songsters: a stillness as that of death, seemed to pervade the whole scene.

On the raised platform, usually met with outside of Mussulman cities, where the dead are laid while the Moollah (Priest) prays over them previous to interment, we beheld no less than six corpses, and more were being brought out from the city. On enquiry we found that this continued throughout the day with hardly any cessation.

The gates of the city were open and had been so, it appeared, for days,—there was no person to keep watch, or to close them, and consequently night and day there was free ingress and egress.

As we proceeded along the street leading to the English Residency we heard groans and grievous wallings from several dwellings; we met with one individual, an old grey-headed and bearded Mussulman, who when he heard the sound of horses approaching, came and looked out from the entrance of his dwelling. Grief and horror were depicted on his venerable countenance and traces of tears were visible on his haggard and woe-begone features; indeed the tear glistened in his eye when he answered us with regard to the state of the pestilence. While conversing with us, suddenly, a long, deep, and heart-piercing groan issued from the interior of his dwelling which caused the old man instantly to leave us and dart into it.

We proceeded on our way having our ears pierced by shrieks, groans, and wallings from the houses we passed. On arriving at the Residency we found the gates shut, and a number of camels and mules at its entrance laden with tent and baggage, the property of Dr. Cormick and the widow of the late Major Sturt. Dr. C. had remained in attendance on the Prince Royal and his court till they left the city, when seeing no hope of the pestilence abating, he was hastening to depart from the place and strongly urged our party to do the same, and on no account to remain longer than was sufficient for rest and refreshment. He informed us that the English camp was pitched at the foot of the Sabind mountains, ten or twelve fursakhs off, and to which he

was about to proceed forthwith. His brief account of the ravages committed by the dreadful scourge was truly distressing. I was an eye-witness, even during the short time we remained in the city, to the most afflicting scenes; persons I had seen in the morning in perfect health after our arrival, were corpses in the evening. Three of our followers fell victims to the pestilence, and others were seen wringing their hands and tearing their hair, on going to their homes to find that either parents, wives, children, or some member of their families had been carried off.

The city was like a city of the dead more than that of the living. Trade of all kind was at a stand—the bazars deserted—shops shut up; the sound of the mechanic at his work had ceased, the tinkling of the bells of mules, camels, tatoes, and the noisy tongue of the muleteer in anger with his cattle or in altercation with the people of the caravansera, were no longer heard. Travellers were no longer seen arriving and departing, nor strings of camels, and mules, or other beasts of burden waiting to be laden or relieved of their loads. The merchant and the shopman were not found sitting in their accustomed places eyeing the valuable bales of merchandize and counting their cost, or calculating on the profit likely to arise from the sale of such goods. The Georgian, Armenian, Greek, and Russian merchants, no longer brought their wares to market. The sound of music and revelry had died away; the pageantry of Persian nobles and their retinue no longer paraded the street; the merry laugh, and boisterous mirth had ceased,—and given place to the groans of the dying, and heart-breaking sobs of the few survivors that inhabited the city. One might have traversed the streets without meeting with more than three or four persons, and those with countenances in which fear was predominant and looking like so many spectres roaming about and lingering on the ruins of the desolation which the pestilence had caused.

It was with no common degree of pleasure I welcomed the hour of midnight, when mounted on our steeds and accompanied by our followers, we wended our way out of the city, and proceeded on the road to the English encampment. When we got beyond the suburbs of the city the air was cool and reviving; that sultry and oppressive heat that we experienced in the city was no longer felt.

We reached the English camp about 10 A. M. On our way we passed the camp of the Russian Envoy Prince Dolgorouke, who had pitched his encampment a short distance from the English camp. We found the tents of Captain J. R. Campbell, then Charge d'Affairs, Dr. McNeill, Medical Officer, with their ladies, servants, and the suite of the Mission, pitched by the margin of a small rivulet which flowed from the Sabind mountains. All in the English camp, we were to happy to find in good health, but not so the Russians, several of their number having fallen victims to the plague and cholera, since their removal from the city and others were still suffering, consequently but little intercourse was held with them.

Our tents were pitched on the ascent from the valley, and we enjoyed for a few days the repose so much needed. It was of short duration, for a heavy fall of rain dissolved the snow on the tops of the mountains, and the following morning, we were alarmed by a loud rushing sound, which increased as it approached and awakened us to a full sense of our danger, though at first we could not conjecture what it could be. Some thought it distant thunder. While still at a distance, we beheld the vast body of water, mud and stones rolling onward with irresistible and impetuous force, and a noise quite deafening which filled every heart with dismay, and blanched the fair cheeks of the ladies with fear. Measures were immediately taken to remove the ladies and children to our tents pitched on the brow of the hill and out of the reach of disaster, which they had just gained when the torrent poured itself into the valley, laid the tents level with the ground, and swept every thing before it away, property of various descriptions, houses, mules, camels, &c. Three or four servants who were not active enough in getting out of the danger were carried away by the torrent to some distance, but in their progress fortunately by laying hold of the branches of some trees, with which the margin of the rivulet was studded, with the exception of one poor fellow, all were happily saved.

From the situation of our tents, we beheld the onward progress of the torrent. It was really grand and terrific to see so large a body of water coming toward us with rapidity, laying waste, and overwhelming every thing in its course.

My stay in Persia and in the English camp after the above event, was only a few days, as I had engaged to join a Commission proceeding to Constantinople. I only waited for the Government dispatches which Captain Campbell entrusted to my care, and which on my arrival in London were delivered by me to Lord Ellenborough (at his residence near Hyde Park Corner) the nobleman who is now at the head of affairs in this country..

TO THE MUSE.

IN IMITATION OF MRS. HEMANS.

Goddess of the magic song
 Whose voice the raptured vales prolong
 —For ever let me own thy sway,
 And drink thy wild romantic lay,
 For ever own the golden spell
 That peoples every wood and dell,
 For ever wander in thy train
 To pour the soul-subduing strain !
 Goddess of the wondrous theme,
 Upon whose brow the moon's bright beam
 Floats like a halo rich and rare,
 Encircling tresses passing fair,—
 Be mine with thee to climb the hill,
 To muse in silence by the rill,
 Wing the pure air, or starry shewn,
 Sport with the flowers upon the green,
 Dive to the sea nymphs' coral dome,
 Or fairies' visionary home,
 Sail on the whirlwind or the storm,
 Or mount the clouds that heaven deform

Goddess of the various lay,
 To thee my early vows I pay,
 By thee endowed and taught to please,
 I'll the weary soul to lull to ease,—
 And light the long forgotten smile,
 In trusting hearts betrayed by wile,
 May I awake each joyful strain,
 Till hill and valley ring again !

Goddess of the pensive tone,—
 Whose deep-drawn notes might melt a stone,
 Who draw'st the tear from pity's eye,
 And wak'st the soul to ecstasy,
 With thee at eve be mine to roam,
 Far from each hut and human home,
 Over the softly swelling lake,
 When Zephyrus is all awake,
 When the mellow moonlight falls,
 On fading towers and castle walls,
 And saddening thoughts beyond control,
 Gleam darkly on the awe-struck soul !

THE DISCONSOLATE BRIDE.

I saw the tear-drop quench the beam
 In her bright eye ;
 Upon her cheek I saw the rose
 Grow pale and die.

I heard the messenger of wee
 Rise from her breast :
 Her faltering accents met my ear—
 I knew the rest !

I've sometimes dropped a fragrant flower,
 With trembling hand,

Where the vast crested billows roll
 Upon the strand.
 I've seen the flower a moment lie,
 Then, when the wave
 Threatening, approached, within its breast,
 Find a wild grave.
 She had one hope, one darling hope,
 That she should be
 The happy bride of one who loved
 Her fervently.
 That hope stern Fate cast, like a flower,
 Upon the shore ;
 Misfortune's dreary wave rushed on
 'Twas seen no more.
 She smiles not now—she loves not life—
 Night tears are shed ;
 Some sad voice ever whispers her—
 “ *Thy lover's dead !* ”

 STANZAS.

The little bark shot gaily on,
 Careering o'er the deep,
 The breeze so gently filled her sails,
 The waves seemed hushed in sleep.
 The deep blue sea and distant towers
 With moonlight silvered o'er,
 The midnight breeze that wooed the trees,
 And swept along the shore,
 The fading rocks and headland heights,
 Their tops with mist entwined,
 Oh ! each combined to cast a spell,
 Of rapture o'er my mind !
 All, all breathed joy,—the music faint,
 Just stealing o'er the sky,—
 The distant night-bird's love complaint,
 His mate's responsive sigh,
 The fragrance wafted on the gale,
 From where the wild flowers gleam,
 The stars above that glistened pale,
 And Cynthia's shadowy beam.
 The solemn hour,—but hark a cry,
 A sullen plunge and scream,
 And one whose heart but late beat high,
 Had “ vanished like a dream.”
 The playful waters o'er him rolled,
 As peaceful as before,
 And there he slept,—the young, the bold,
 To rise, alas !—no more.
 A soft and mellow light was cast,
 Upon the billows fair,
 A crimson cloud that o'er us past,
 Was mirrored brightly there,
 To me it seemed the conscious blush,
 Of that deceitful wave,
 Which in its wanton play had gushed,
 The lovely o'er and brave

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

VINCENT SINCLAIR.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, Mr. Sinclair, a rich West India planter, on succeeding unexpectedly to the estate of his forefathers, came home to the north of Scotland, bringing with him a little boy of some seven years old, as yet his sole offspring, and the pet and plaything of his solitary existence in one of the smaller of the Leeward Islands.

The child was fair for his class, his mother having been a Creole whose grace and gentleness he inherited; and all the spoiling inseparable from a rich man's darling, in a distant colony, had attended on little Vincent up to the hour of his setting foot in Scotland. If, in the hurry of his father's avocations, his attention had been from that moment gradually withdrawn from the boy, perhaps the novelty of all around might have reconciled him to any change then made in his position. A school, however inferior, with plenty of companions, a home, however humble, with English sights and English kindness, would have speedily weaned one so young from pomp and luxury. But things were less mercifully and more selfishly ordered; and after passing through a fresh ordeal of idolatry (as their rich brother's pet) from a pair of kind but weak old maiden ladies, the child was installed, with all the tacit privileges of an heir-apparent, as an inmate of Durnish Hall.

A year or two passed thus over his little head, with no more of moral discipline to counterbalance the most cruel indulgence, than an hour's daily lesson in reading from the village schoolmaster, when the frequent truant could be caught to endure the infliction. His father, whose tropical habits were of too long standing for the keen air of the north to cure, dozed away existence pretty much as in the West Indies; except that he smoked at the fireside instead of in the veranda, and drank whisky toddy instead of rum punch or sangaree.

He would no more have taken the trouble of asking any of the neighbouring misses to marry him, than he could bring himself to encounter that of necessary repairs on the old mansion. But as wealthy gentlemen of his temper are precisely those whom active young ladies count it a pleasure to save the fatigues of courtship, Mr. Sinclair became naturally the prey of one of his next door neighbour's seven unmarried daughters. That he did happen to fall into the toils of the one of the Miss Macmurdos, of all others the individual precisely least to his taste and fancy, signified little to a man with whom exemption from all exertion had become the chief good of life, and who felt that the same ability—skipped to the dexterity with which a clever conjurer forces into your hand the card you had determined on avoiding—which made him Miss Bell Macmurdo's husband, would save him all trouble in the conduct of their joint affairs.

In this fancy for becoming a cipher, she was just the woman to humour him, though her indulgence on other points soon found its limit.

first attempt at direct interference was on one which a few months or years before might have been "kittle" indeed, and which still maintained some hold on the father's facile character, namely, the place occupied in the house and its proprietor's affections by young Vincent. To make the father dislike his child, little effort was now necessary; for the boy, like all spoilt children, was sometimes troublesome, and Mr. Sinclair hated trouble. But to send him from the house, which, under the circumstances, would have been consistent and merciful, he had not energy; and the new lady saw it was perhaps as well for her purpose that he should vegetate, a neglected weed, under the roof he had lately been heir to, until a son of her own should make his presence a reproach, and his absence desirable.

Nothing in the meantime was wanting to impress on a naturally gentle and sensitive, though hitherto indulged boy, a feeling of his descent in the scale of society. Private hours at the hall were exchanged for lessons more efficient, if less optional, at the parish school, whose very paupers were not at a loss for flowers of eloquence indicative of their conscious superiority over the quondam young laird. If the schoolmaster (a bad specimen of a generally respectable class) had been paid to beat and snub instead of teaching him, he could not have entered into the spirit of the lady's instructions more completely; and but for his own West Indian quickness, and the sympathy he excited in a big lad from the same quarter, who was learning mensuration to qualify him for taking charge of an estate, he would have left school the same neglected being he entered it.

All the long holidays would have been spent in the ignoble vocation assigned him of tending a small flock of sheep, had not the lad above-mentioned, who boarded with the clergyman, given him, with that gentleman's connivance, not only many a lesson, but many a dinner; for his getting any at the hall was left to the tender mercies of servants, too hard worked and scantily fed themselves to have much time or food to spare.

So passed, amid slights and neglects of every kind, and on what Scripture emphatically calls the "bread of affliction," watered with many a bitter tear, that tenth year of Vincent's life which saw all prospect of even toleration for him at home extinguished by the birth of an heir to his father. In this hour of her consummated triumph, the "leddy" had resolved to exact and insist on his perpetual exile. But the prophetic soul of one not without pride, and the steady friendship of his elder associate, had saved her the necessity. When sought for to be ejected, Vincent was nowhere to be found; and a letter from the good clergyman, addressed to the once more awakened parental sympathies of Mr. Sinclair, and consigned into his own hands, claimed, with an authority scarcely to be resisted at such a moment, and withstood in vain by his wife, a small sum to indemnify against loss the kind youth who had shared, to transport the child back with him to their native west, the pittance allowed himself for passage money and outfit. "It would be a shame that he or any one should be a loser by showing kindness to my poor ill-used boy!" exclaimed the for-once-roused father; and under the influence of the temporary excitement, an order was drawn out to a West Indian correspondent, not only covering present expenses, but authorising him to advance, though to a very limited extent, what was needful for the boy's maintenance until able to do something for himself.

This was in fewer years than might have been expected. Tropical plants are precocious, and poverty, though a stern nurse, is a rapid teacher. By the time that the young overseer, who, meanwhile, took the boy to board

with him at the plantation, and, initiated him into all its operations, was, raised by his merits and steadiness to a more responsible situation in the island, Vincent was fit, at eighteen, to take his place; looking at that age like five-and-twenty in Europe, and steady as if fifty summers had rolled over his head. Long before he could earn sixpence, nay, from the moment his friend had wherewithal for both, he ceased to be a pensioner on his father's reluctant bounty; and from that parent's increasing domestic thralldom and infirmities, it is doubtful if young Vincent's existence was thenceforward even occasionally remembered.

Family annoyances enough there were to tinge the last years of Mr. Sinclair with retributive bitterness. His wife, not satisfied with ruling and tormenting, pinched and plundered him, to compensate for the want of settlements, which fear of losing the match altogether had made her friends afraid to press. West Indian property, in which his funds were still chiefly embarked, experienced its first serious depression; and under his own utter negligence, and the parsimonious management of his wife's grasping father, his barren patrimonial acres yielded little to make up the deficit. At length he died, leaving a large young family half educated and slenderly provided for, a widow, who had outwitted herself by entrusting her scrapings to bankrupt relations, nearly destitute, and the estate so encumbered as to make his eldest son, the boy whose birth had given Vincent his *congé*, little better off than his brothers and sisters.

For some years previous, nothing had been heard in — shire of Vincent or his fortunes. Once, on the young overseer's entrance on office, the good minister had received, from whence could not be doubtful, a little cask of rum, with whose exquisite flavour the manse, on special occasions, was literally perfumed, accompanied by a letter overflowing with modest gratitude, and full of inquiries respecting the health and circumstances of his father and family.

The death of the former, just five-and-twenty years after his son's disappearance, had no sooner found its way, with many delays of course, into the colonial papers, than a second letter was received (opened by the good clergyman's similarly named son and successor), breathing nothing but duty and filial respect for the memory of the dead, and reiterating the former benevolent queries concerning the state and condition of the survivors.

Providence, the writer gratefully acknowledged, had smiled upon his path. The discarded outcast was not only wealthy beyond his most sanguine anticipations, but enjoying a rank and consideration which derived its chief value from being the reward of upright and honourable conduct through life. Having, on the loss of his original youthful patron and friend, become disgusted with his native island, he had transported himself, his skill, and acquired capital, to a sugar estate in a South American colony, where no consideration of birth or shade of colour operated to prevent a man of rare judgment and ability from rising to the summit of commercial influence. Yet from lovely Bahia, with all its beauties, his heart yearned over Highland home which had cast him forth so rudely, and over the unknown brothers and sisters whom he had never been permitted to love. He accordingly announced to the clergyman his intention of sailing ere long to visit both, only requesting that he might do so, under his auspices, in the character of a foreign friend of his own.

This innocent deception, which the old pastor, now gone, might from warmth of heart and simplicity of character have been incompetent to carry on, the young incumbent, himself a stranger to Vincent, could have

no difficulty in keeping up. And when, one day in autumn, the manse garden gate was opened with the familiarity of old acquaintance by a tall thin dark gentleman, looking fifty at least, though still under forty, he could hardly connect the already grizzled and grave stranger with the little West Indian boy, whose wrongs had formed the frequent topic of his father's fireside talk.

They were soon, however, acquainted, and ere long friends; and through the minister's means many an unsuspected visit was paid to the now deserted scene of his boyish joys and sorrows; and many a good deed achieved in favour of its scattered inmates. The eldest son, a fine young man, was with his regiment, a step in which was (by correspondence with his guardian) anonymously bought for him, on the proviso that he should allot to his mother the surplus income arising from it, in addition to the pittance secured to her by law.

Of this return of good for evil, her delicate-minded benefactor, from respect for the feelings of his father's wife, would fain have kept her ignorant; and even when assured of the gratitude of the humbled and softened woman, he steadily declined intruding on her presence with painful reminiscences. For his brothers at college, and sisters at school, he secured every advantage their birth entitled them to, but which their means denied; and then, poorer by several thousands than when he landed on its shores, he again left once inhospitable Scotland; but again not unaccompanied, and by a friend too, of early and less prosperous days, the wild motherless lassie (daughter to the late and sister to the present minister) who by keeping together his wandering charge, had often gained for him an hour of precious study with his young preceptor.

The now staid and childless widow, for she had been married and bereaved in the interval, had no tie to preclude her sailing to the southern hemisphere with her grave and taciturn former playmate; nor could her brother be selfish enough to regret having resigned his meek housekeeper to so unexceptionable a protector, even though, after two short years of tranquil happiness, the union was dissolved by her death.

Ten more passed, marked only by benefactions showered silently around, as if by the invisible hand of Heaven, when once more the latch of the manse was raised, and a venerable-looking man, older looking by twenty than when he last stood there a bridegroom, wrung in speechless emotion the minister's hand, snatched up a child whom instinct taught him to call "Mary," and buried his face in her little bosom.

This time he did not shun the hall, or glide like a ghost through its deserted rooms; for they were peopled with a generation whose growth he had fostered, and by whom his name was held in honour; with whom no painful memories were associated, and among whom he had only to show himself to be well nigh worshipped.

Colonel Sinclair, after earning distinction for which the early promotion due to his brother's munificence had paved the way, had retired to the estate, fertilised and embellished by doubloons from afar. A sweet wife and pretty children, among whom a dark-haired "Vincent" was neither last nor least, flourished round him. A well married sister, whose dowery had come from the same El Dorado, was on a visit to the home of her youth; and another, still single because too happy to change her domicile, was at full leisure to listen all day to brother Vincent's foreign stories, and sing him well remembered Scottish songs in return.

Fain would they, one and all of them, have detained the returned wan-

derer among them, and he lingered a year or more, still loath to go from so much warmth and kindness. But his heart was in his wife's distant grave; and dividing "gowd in gowpens" among all the other members of his father's family, he settled the bulk of his fortune on little Vincent, and returned to Bahia, where a stone, erected in his own secluded garden by the gratitude of his Scottish kindred, marks the resting place of the good Creole and his "Highland Mary."—*Chambers' Journal*.

MY FATHER.

"In the evening time there shall be light."

SACRED the hour when thou, my sainted father,
Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed,
Softly, by his pale hand who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.
Noiseless and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went down,
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in Heaven,
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.
Hush was the evening: not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom or the woodbine leaves,
Silent, the bird that sung about our dwelling
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.
Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining
When Time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While Death's cold touch, life's silver cord entwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.
Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
How didst thou linger till one sabbath more:
'Twas holy time: thy pure heart stilled its beating:
Pain, work, and warfare, were for ever o'er!

Now, while the robin past thy window flying,
Leads off her young, forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird, where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn, a requiem to its rest.
There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, re-wedded to its only bride:
And there thy latest-born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.
Yet, angel-father, over Jordan's water,
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?
Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow till that mournful night?
Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
Safe now they walk the golden streets in beauty;
And O! thy blessed eyes see peace in God!

—*Forget Me Not for 1844.*]

THE BEAUTY,—A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

"Was there ever seen so beautiful a child?" exclaimed with unanimous and rare sincerity some of the attendants on the christening of little Helen Phillips; whilst others answered "never!" in face of all the ancient examples and "modern instances" on record. Her father, a poor but well-born Welsh curate, was a great admirer of Homer, and his baby owed to a secret classical association the name of Helen, which the simple gossips ascribed to respect for the memory of her great-grandmother.

As she grew into girlhood, her beauty did not, as is often the case, forsake her, but expanded and increased with her stature. Happily, also, her mind was of a character not to retard the progress of her loveliness, or to lessen its effect; a frown of discontent or displeasure seldom passed over her face. Though she was constantly subjected to the ill-judged and extravagant encomiums of a fond mother, extremely vain of her daughter's personal gifts, yet Helen was seldom guilty of the airs which arise from vanity and conceit. In truth, her natural disposition was most amiable, and (to use a nursery phrase) she "was one who would not spoil."

With approaching womanhood came those feelings and sentiments which, while they add to beauty its highest charm, surround it with its greatest perils and temptations. At such a period of existence, beauty's best safeguard, next to religious principle, is an early and virtuous attachment; and one between Helen and a curate cousin of her own, would, if allowed to take its natural course, have shielded her from much future misery. But her mother withheld the necessary consent until the clerical lover's circumstances should improve. A proper maternal prudence was not, however, the only reason which actuated Mr. Phillips. She knew from experience to what toil and obscurity the wife of a poor clergyman is condemned; and Helen's beauty demanded, she imagined, a higher destiny. The apparent obstacle to her approval of the match was soon removed, for William Burton obtained a colonial chaplaincy, and joyfully did he communicate his good fortune to Helen, who, he never doubted, would now become his bride, and cheerfully accompany him to the distant scene of his sacred labours. Neither was Helen loath to fulfil, with the betrothed of her youth, the Scripture injunction, to leave father and mother, and "home and friends." She wrote, at the dictate of affection, a joyful assent, and set cheerfully about the necessary provision for sailing across half the globe. Her mother, however, intended otherwise, and made the circumstance of so wide a separation a pretext for breaking off the match altogether. To have her pride and darling removed, not only from her own sight, but from the admiring eyes of more wealthy suitors, was a blow to her ambitious views which caused her to fret herself into an illness. As a dutiful daughter, Helen had no alternative but the mournful one of letting her lover depart without her; and it was a poor consolation to them, that they agreed he should return after three years to claim her hand; an arrangement to which even Mrs. Phillips was induced to consent. Helen's tears at parting were many and sincere; but she had a home, doting parents, and a sanguine disposition; and to her, at eighteen, "three years' hence" seemed as "to-morrow." With her lover it was different. He had a delicate constitution and sensitive mind, and the despondence which often accompanies them. To him "three years' hence" had the sound of "never;" and he sighed to think that the maternal power which had stepped between him and present happiness, would be ever at hand to interpose and forbid future re-union. "Heaven bless and keep you to me, William!" prayed the attached but short-sighted girl. "Heaven bless and keep you *mine*!" was his more definite petition; for it was dictated by a crowd of misgivings.

And it was even as he had feared. Two of his years of exile had scarcely rolled away, when rumour brought tidings, corroborated by Helen's slackening correspondence, that she was about to become the bride of another; and as if to add a sharpness to the sting of his disappointment, he also heard that her chosen husband was a wealthy planter—then on a visit in Wales—whose home and estates

were situated not far distant from the residence of the heart-broken lover, who would thus in all probability not only know her, but see her the bride of another.

After much hope, doubt, and despair, the clergyman received a confirmation of his worst fears from Helen herself. She had insisted on addressing him in her own hand, upon what she truly styled their "joint misfortune." The new alliance was in fact extremely distasteful to her, and had nothing to recommend it to one careless of wealth, save its absolute expediency to relieve her father from embarrassments created by a numerous family and an expensive wife. Mrs. Phillips, despite the coming separation—which in Burton's case she so deeply deprecated—was in raptures at her daughter's brightened worldly prospects. "She has always said, William, ever since I was born," the letter sadly ended, "that I was too pretty for a poor man's wife. How I wish I were Lucy (her unmarried sister), who would, I am sure, have been cheerfully ceded to you did she possess feelings similar to mine." These were sad sentiments for a bride of twenty, with a really worthy though grave bridegroom at her feet, and a little fortune in her jewel-box. In the contemplation of the latter, her mother forgot to observe her daughter's pale cheek, dim eyes, and mournful April smile; but these were at length reluctantly forced upon her. It was now Helen's turn to disappoint by illness her parent's gorgeous visions of a nabob son-in-law. She fell dangerously, and, for long, hopelessly sick; and while floating between life and death, she so unequivocally confessed, with her wonted openness, that distaste for and dread of her marriage lay at the root of the disease, that the good-natured Cræsus waived all claim on the hand of the wayward child he had no wish to render miserable. On a hint being thrown out of a youthful attachment thwarted by want of means, he generously transferred the thousand pounds allotted to transport her as his own bride across the globe, to waft her, should she survive, to the object of her affection.

So far, all seemed to have ended better than could have been expected; and with the shuddering feeling of rescue from the very brink of an abyss—with health enfeebled, and spirits shaken, Helen seized a pen to anticipate the first expressions of her early lover's disdain by wooing him back to a heart from which he had never been wholly banished.

But how often is the atonement of one human being to another rendered abortive by a higher power! No word of reproach from William embittered the lot of Helen, because he pitied the inexperienced playmate of his childhood, and forgave her misjudging parent; but, on the other hand, no welcome letter from Helen expressing her undiminished affection cheered his lonely heart, to reward his forbearance; for, ere it could arrive, he was dead!—a victim to climate, all said, and Helen strove to think; but how much deeper and more fatal its ravages on one predisposed by grief and despondence, she strove, and strove in vain, to forget. That she was for long a sincere and penitent mourner over this blight of early happiness, may easily be believed. But to feeling hearts and gentle tempers, there is a melancholy luxury in grief like hers, ill exchanged for the harsher and more tangible sorrows of the world. As long as the roof of her infancy spread over her its friendly shade—while her proud father lived to bless, and her fond mother by turns to chide and worship her, Helen, though tears would often flow, felt not their bitterness. But one short year was marked—as years often are—by the misfortunes which come not singly. The old vicar, whose whole life a large family and small income had rendered a perpetual struggle with difficulties, escaped a jail only by its sudden termination. His widow, left destitute by his death, was reduced to accept an asylum at the homely fireside of the least handsome and cared-for of her daughters; and the other, a good, useful girl, became the nurse of an infirm aunt. The sons, as much caressed in youth as Helen, had all, in their several ways, proved burdens rather than supports to the family. And what remained for Helen, the beauty, but to eat the bitter bread of dependence in that most precarious and hazardous of all its shapes—that of a lady's companion? And truly did all deem that Providence had tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, when her foreign condition, sweet manners, and hitherto fatal beauty, procured for her (through the benevolent exertions of the bishop of the diocese) the protection, rather

maternal than patronising, of the proud Countess of Errington. No one could imagine or account for the sudden fancy of this usually exclusive lady, and her no less fastidious lord, for the vicar's orphan daughter, or the expense incurred to set off to its full advantage the now subdued, but only the more resistless loveliness of their new protégé. That the heart of the grateful girl should expand beneath kindness so unlooked-for, was most natural; and not less so that the vanity inseparable, in a greater or less degree, from transcendent beauty, should find congenial food in the new element of wealth, splendour, and gaiety, of which she was made to feel herself not a tolerated, but a privileged partaker. The only drawback on her enjoyment lay in the undisguised but not very flattering admiration of the young Lord Dormor, the only son of her patroness. This young man was what in boudoir parlance, and under the veil of a foreign language is styled a *mauvais sujet*—in plain English, a scamp! whom none, perhaps, except an aristocratic father, and wilfully-blind mother, could have hoped to reclaim within the domestic pale. But they clung to the hope, that their son might be rescued by the fascinations, daily and hourly exercised under the paternal roof, of a girl too obscurely born perhaps for his chosen wife, yet whose beauty would atone for and cover the deficiencies in her birth.

But was the Lord Dormor's homage a whit the worthier, or even purer, for having the sanction of the parental roof shed over it, or the hallowing influence of one unsuspecting of guile, and incapable of coquetry? No; for while the parents were busy schooling their pride, and anticipating fond hopes from their well-meant designs, all was in an instant lost. A deliberate insult to which no sense of gratitude or destitution could afford a second opportunity, drove the indignant orphan from the presence of one whom she, too, had begun to dream of reforming.

The world could not be expected to care much for the calamities to which Helen had been and was now exposed; but the Welsh blood of relations, too distant to trouble themselves in ordinary circumstances, was "up" at an affront to the ancient name they bore. A warm-hearted cousin—an old squire living in the wildest part of the principality, who had courted Helen's mother when almost as pretty as herself—opened his house to her ill-used child; the hope that, in return for protection and a home, she would be to him and his equally plain "old woman" as a daughter. And so she truly became, in kindness, in duty, and in gratitude, glad to cling to honest hearts, and to experience genuine good-will, though none but herself ever knew how unfit a year's residence amid high society, and refinement of mind and manners, had rendered her for mingling with those to whom polish was unknown. It was sometimes hard to tolerate, even as a kindly sheltered guest, the coldness, monotony, and coarseness of a life the opposite of that in which she had so lately luxuriated. Among her present entertainers, society meant noise and drinking: books were unknown; rude jests and scanty gossip replaced the graceful intercourse of the civilised world she has left. Escape from such uncongenial company, without any sacrifice of her grateful feelings towards her generous protectors, was, however, soon opened to her. They also had a son, and she was called upon to act for that not very promising young gentleman a part she had failed in towards his more courtly predecessor—that of a redeeming angel. Helen knew that if deserted of her present protectors, she would sink at once into friendlessness and poverty. Their disinterested wish to benefit her by the alliance, keenly weakened her feelings of gratitude to them, if it did not create an affection for her new lover. That he was their son, sufficed to cover, in the girl's eyes, a multitude of deficiencies; and in the fond hope of finding compensation for them in a fixed and tranquil home, and the care of soothing the decline of the kindly old people, by whom it was so liberally opened to her, the still beautiful, though faded Helen, became the wife of a weak young man, who, if there was little good in him, had, under parental control, hitherto exhibited no harm. But danger always lurks under the quiescence of a fool; and long before the gray heads of his almost childish parents were sorrowfully laid in the dust, he had buried his partner's slender hopes of happiness. Accustomed from child-

The Humble-Bee.

head to be governed, the only person he was determined not to be led by was the wife who would have guided him aright; while the luxury of becoming, rather late in life, his own master, fostered a propensity, common to weak untutored minds, of tyrannising over those who had no means of retaliation. Amid low-lived dissipation and wasteful expenditure, the husband was parsimonious to Helen and her children, to a degree which left them often almost destitute of necessaries. Thus were the best years of the lovely and admired Helen ignobly and painfully spent.

She reaped, however, from misfortune the inestimable blessing of religion; and under its hallowed influence, performed faithfully and conscientiously a wife and mother's duty. To the former she had well nigh fallen a sacrifice, for, in nursing her husband through the small-pox, of which he died, she nearly lost her life, and entirely her once boasted beauty. With it, however, seemed to vanish the spell so long fatal to her happiness. Endearred by her conduct under her severe trials to a neighbouring clergyman who had first taught her to bear them, she at last became his valued wife; and ending her wedded life where it ought to have begun, in a humble parsonage, found contentment in the absence of wealth and happiness wholly independent of *beauty*.—*Chambers*.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

THE development of instinct, as manifested by the operations and in the economy of animated beings, affords much matter for reflection and observation. By instinct we mean that innate power or principle impelling to the performance of works necessary either to the well-being of the individual or the species, and which rules, irrespective of experience, in the mode adopted, in the materials selected, in the site, and arrangement; which directs in the observation of time, in attention to size, figure, and numbers, and which bears alike upon the present and a future day, leading to results which appear to be those of reason, reflection, and forethought, involving also a knowledge of the past. No living animal, not even man, is destitute of instinct: we see its manifestations in the infant, but as reason dawns it becomes weaker and weaker; and, indeed, in such of the lower animals as are susceptible of education we find it shaken by what we may well term artificial education, which, as in the dog, calls forth limited and imperfect trains of reasoning, simple deductions of effects from causes, the result of experience and discipline; and, more than this, we see the civilization thus effected, and kept up, influence the character and propensities of a whole race—we see it effect their physical structure.

The results of pure instinct are in no animals so wonderful, so interesting, as in insects. Birds, indeed, cannot but attract our notice: who can examine their nests, so various in form and materials, so artfully constructed, without feelings of pleasure? Look at the nest of the Tailor-bird, a soft couch in a leafy cradle suspended at the end of a slender twig; look at the hanging nests of the Pensile Weaver-bird, (and how many could we not enumerate?) and acknowledge reader, with me, that they are admirable examples of the operations of instinct.

Still, however, as we have said, even more wonderful exemplifications of the governing principle of instinct are to be found in the works of insects. The waxen architecture of the Hive-bee (*Apis mellifica*), its habits and economy, have been the admiration of intelligent minds in all ages, and the greatest philosophers have applied themselves to the elucidation of its history, and of the principles on which it proceeds to build its hexagonal cells with such accurate precision.

It is not, however, to the Hive-bee that we are about to invite attention, but to a relative of less pretensions, whose works are comparatively simple, yet far from being without interest. We allude to the common Humble-bee, which all the summer long we see wandering over clover-fields, and through gardens, busy with every flower, and assiduously trying nectary after nectary with its proboscis. If one of these bees be watched with a little patience and some tact, it may be traced to its retreat, where it has laboured in constructing cells and laying up a store of honey. The domicile of the Humble-bee is a simple excavation in some bank, a little chamber of about six or eight inches in diameter, to which leads a long winding passage, capable of admitting of the ingress and egress respectively of two bees at the same time. Some species, as the *Bombus muscorum*, select a shallow excavation which they dome over with a felt of moss or withered grass, lined with a coat of wax to render it waterproof; but the *Bombus terrestris* makes or enlarges a subterranean vault, a foot beneath the surface of the ground, and in this is the colony established. The population, however, is not numerous, seldom exceeding one or two hundred, and may be divided into *females*, *males*, and *workers*. The females are of two sorts, *very large* and *small*. The large females, or queens, look like giants compared to the smaller females and workers; they produce males, females, and workers, but the small females produce only male eggs. The large females, then, we may regard as the founders of every colony; and by following up the details we shall be able to render the plan clearly intelligible.

These large females, in an established colony, emerge from their pupa state in the autumn, and pair in that season with males, the produce of the small females which have previously acquired their due development. Now on the approach of winter these large females, the pairing time over, retire each to a little snug apartment, lined with moss or grass, and separate from the general vault, passing the cold season in a state of torpidity. Early in the spring they awake, issue forth, and take different directions, seeking for some convenient spot in which to begin their labours. At this time of the year large females may be often observed exploring every cavity, hole, or crevice, in banks or on the ground; they are seeking a fit site for their operations. We will now suppose one of these queens to have formed and established herself in her chamber; she begins to collect honey and pollen, and constructs cells in which her eggs are to be deposited. So rapidly are the latter built, that to make a cell, fill it with honey and pollen (the food of the young), commit one or two eggs to it, and cover them in, requires little more than half an hour. Her first and most numerous brood consists only of workers, which, as soon as excluded from the pupa, assist their parent in all her labours. Her next brood consists of large and small females and males; these appear in August or September; but, if Huber be correct (Linn. Trans., vi., 285), the male eggs, or some of them at least, are laid in the spring with those that have to produce workers. We have now, then, small and large females, males, and workers, the produce of the original queen who singly began to found this establishment. It will be interesting to look a little closer into their transactions; and, first, those of the workers. These are by far the most numerous tenants of the colony, and to them is entrusted the reparation of any part by the deposition of wax, and the spreading of it in patches over the roof. When in any of the cells one of the larvae has spun its cocoon and assumed the pupa state, it is their department to remove all the wax away from it; and after the pupa has attained its perfect state, which takes

The Humble-Bee.

place in about five days, to cut open the cocoon, in order that the perfect insect may emerge from its imprisonment : it is theirs, moreover, to supply the young grubs with food after they have consumed the stock deposited with each egg in the cell, and regularly feed them either with honey or pollen, introduced in their proboscis through a small hole in the cover of each cell, opened as occasion may require, and carefully covered up again. As the grubs increase in size, the cells which contained them respectively become too small, and by their struggles the thin sides split; the breaches thus produced they repair with wax as fast as they occur, attentive to see where their services are required; and it is in this manner that the cells gradually acquire an increase of size to accommodate the increasing larvæ. Besides these duties, in chilly weather and at night the workers brood over the pupæ shrouded in their cocoons, in order to impart the necessary warmth and maintain a due degree of temperature. They relieve the mother-queen in fact, of half her cares and nearly all her labour. In some nests there are from forty to sixty honey-pots, the cocoons of the bees recently emerged from their pupa condition, and more than half of these are often filled in a single day. It must not be supposed that the interior of the nest presents the same appearance as that of the Hive-bee. Instead of numerous vertical combs of wax, we see either a single cluster of cells or a few irregular horizontal combs placed one above another, and supported by pillars of wax. Each layer consists of several groups of yellowish oval bodies of three different sizes, those in the middle being the largest, the whole slightly joined together by a cement of wax. These oval bodies are the silken cocoons spun by the young larvæ: some are closed at the upper extremity, some are open; the former are those which yet include their immature tenants; the latter are the empty cases from which the young bees have escaped. Besides these are the cells of wax, in which are eggs and a store of pollen and honey, but from which in due time the workers will remove the wax, the larvæ having completed their silken shroud. These larvæ, their food being exhausted, are, as we have said, regularly supplied by the workers. There are, moreover, the honey-pots, that is, the relinquished cocoons patched up and strengthened with wax and filled with nectar, and sometimes vessels of pure wax containing the same luscious store. The workers have indeed plenty of business on their hands, and are busy all the summer long. But the winter comes, and they all perish; they have fulfilled their allotted part, and their services are no more needed.

From the workers let us pass to the mother-queen, and inquire into her duties and actions. We have said that the workers are her first progeny, and we must suppose her surrounded by them. They are watching all her movements, for she is about to deposit in the cells the eggs from which the second brood is to spring; and, by a strange instinct, they endeavour to seize the eggs as soon as laid, and devour them. It is not easy to understand the object to be accomplished by this procedure on the part of the workers, unless it be to keep the population within due bounds. Be this as it may, the female has to exert herself to the utmost to prevent her eggs from being all devoured; and it is only after she has driven them back several times and utterly routed their forces, that she succeeds in accomplishing her purpose. When she has deposited her eggs in the cells (each supplied with a store of pollen moistened with honey) and closed them up with wax, she has still to keep vigilant watch over them for six or eight hours, otherwise the workers would immediately open the cells and devour their contents. After this period, strange to say, the nature of the workers

bees changed; they no longer evince any appetite for devouring the eggs or destroying the cells; the female gives up her charge, committing all to their care, and they faithfully and assiduously perform the duties we have previously detailed. From these eggs proceed a few large females, to be, at a future day the founders of colonies; a few males, and small females, closely resembling the workers, but attended by the males, which form their court. And now, as Huber assures us, the whole establishment is a scene of confusion; for these small females begin to prepare cells for their eggs, and this proceeding rouses the anger and jealousy of the queen-mother to the highest pitch. She assaults them with fury, driving them away; puts her head into the cells and devours their eggs, and is in turn herself assaulted and forced to retreat. They then contend among themselves for various cells, several females often endeavouring to lay their eggs at the same time in the same cell, but after a short period tranquillity seems restored. These small females all perish on the commencement of winter. Their produce consists only of males, which pair with the large females in the autumn, the latter retiring to their hybernaculum and sleeping till spring. The males are rather larger than the small females whence they sprung, and their antennæ are longer and more slender. They are not an idle race, for Reaumur asserts that they work in concert with the rest to repair any damage that may befall their common habitation. They act in some sort as scavengers of the settlement, removing every sort of rubbish and the dead bodies of such individuals as may chance to die, but they do not forage for building materials and provisions, nor do they take any share in rearing and attending to the young.

Such then is an outline of the proceedings which occur in every colony of Humble-bees, all of which, with the exception of a few large females destined to continue the race, perish at the close of autumn.

It is the opinion of Huber that the workers of the Humble-bee are really females in an imperfect condition and incapable of reproduction, and that the development of the large and small females is dependent upon the nature of the food with which they are supplied during their larva condition. Kirby says, "As in the case of the Hive-bee, the food of these several individuals differs, for the grubs that will turn to workers are fed with pollen and honey mixed, while those that are destined to be males and females are fed with pure honey." It is, however, still a question to what specific cause we are to attribute the difference between the large and the small females, which are as distinct in appearance as in habits and operations. Humble-bees may be more easily studied than either Hive-bees or Wasps; the two latter, and especially the Wasps, being very irritable, and displaying great resentment against any intruder; while the Humble-bee is indifferent to the presence of a spectator, and while collecting honey will permit itself to be touched or stroked without attempting to use its stings.

Mr. Huber relates a very amusing anecdote respecting some Hive-bees paying a visit to a nest of Humble-bees placed under a box not far from the hive of the former, in order to beg or steal their honey. The narration placed in a strong light the good temper and generosity of the latter. The circumstance happened in a time of scarcity. "The Hive-bees, after pillaging, had almost taken entire possession of the nest; some Humble-bees which remained, in spite of this disaster, went out to collect provisions, and bringing home the surplus after they had supplied their own immediate wants, the Hive-bees followed them and did not quit them till

they had obtained the fruit of their labours. They licked them, presented to them their proboscis, surrounded them, and at last persuaded them to part with the contents of their honey-bags. The Humble-bees flew away after this to collect a fresh supply. The Hive-bees did them no harm, and never once showed their stings, so that it seems to have been persuasion rather than force that produced this singular instance of self-denial. This remarkable manœuvre was practised for more than three weeks, when the Wasps being attracted by the same cause, the Humble-bees entirely forsok the nest." The care and attention displayed by the workers towards the larvæ or young ^{bees} proved by an interesting experiment conducted by M. P. Huber, and which is recorded in the 'Linnæan Transactions,' vol. vi., p. 247. This observer put under a bell-glass about a dozen Humble-bees, without any store of wax, along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height that it was impossible the mass should stand firmly. Its unsteadiness disquieted the Humble-bees extremely. Their affection for the young led them to mount upon the cocoons for the sake of imparting warmth to the enclosed little ones, but in attempting this the comb tottered so violently, that the scheme was almost impracticable. To remedy this inconvenience and to make the comb steady, they had recourse to a most ingenious expedient. Two or three bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and, with their heads downwards, fixed their fore-feet on the table upon which it stood, whilst with their hind-feet they kept it from falling. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades when weary, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days. At the end of this period they had prepared a sufficiency of wax with which they built pillars that kept it in a firm position, but by some accident afterwards these got displaced, when they had again recourse to their former manœuvre for supplying their place, and this operation they perseveringly continued, till Mr. Huber, pitying their hard case, relieved them by fixing the object of their attention firmly on the table.

Must we from these facts infer that the bees in question were guided in their operations by a process of reasoning? If so, we must admit that all the extraordinary manœuvres and labours of bees, wasps, and ants, are under the governance of the same principle; for all exhibit an appearance of forethought, and pursue the best means to produce a given result. "It," says Mr. Kirby, "in this instance these little animals were not guided by a process of reasoning, what is the distinction between reason and instinct? How could the most profound architect have better adapted the means to the end? how more dexterously *hord* up a tottering edifice, until his beams and props were in readiness?" The architect could not, perhaps, have acted better; but he would have been influenced by experience, and reasoned upon the affair. In the case of the bees they were impelled to a given labour (and perhaps in that particular instance a very useless one) by an instinctive impulse, similar to that which urges the beaver to construct his dam, and the same instinct also directed them in the mode of its accomplishment. Surely the leaf-rolling caterpillar displays quite as much apparent reason in the means it employs to shroud itself in its dormitory, or the ant-lion when he makes his pitfall. Man in his operations is guided by experience and reason; and having no natural instruments, he fabricates them, and becomes a builder, a spinner, a miner, a worker in wood and metal; he varies his plans and operations as experience may dictate, as reason may suggest; he alters, he improves. Not so the instinct-guided insect or bird:

it never deviates beyond a certain point from the plan which its species time immemorial has followed; the bird that builds a pendent nest never forms one in a hollow tree: the bee never attempts to become a papermaker, like the wasp, and here be it remembered that to whatever operations instinct urges, the animal is by nature furnished with the proper implements for accomplishing them, and that it never impels to works which the animal has not the natural means of performing or carrying on.—*Penny Magazine*, October 21.

THE FIRST PINE-APPLE GROWN IN ENGLAND.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES II.

SOME pine-apples had been sent from the West Indies, as a present to Charles II., which had greatly delighted that monarch. "Why cannot we grow these fruits in England?" inquired he of Evelyn, after having just partaken of one with great relish.

"It may be done whenever your Majesty pleases," returned Evelyn.

"But how?"

"Only permit me to consult with your Majesty's gardener, John Rose, who reasons so pertinently on all things connected with the hortulan profession, and—" The king was too impatient to hear more, and Rose was hastily ordered to appear before him. The gardener instantly obeyed the summons. He was tall and good-looking, though his features were strongly marked; and, in spite of his English name, he was evidently a Scotchman. He heard all that the king had to say, and listened to Evelyn's somewhat prosy directions as to the best method of extracting the crown of the pine-apple, &c. with a sort of proud humility, but without uttering a single word.

"Do you think you shall be able to manage it, Rose?" asked the king.

"I will do my best endeavours," returned the gardener, bowing. "Indeed, being, by your Majesty's grace and favour, advanced to the supremest glory of my profession, I should be unworthy of my high station, if I did not do my utmost to meet your Majesty's wishes." The king smiled approbation, and Evelyn and the gardener retired to consult farther on the subject.

"Only think of the fellow's pride!" exclaimed Rochester, as soon as the gardener had left the room. "He talks of his high station as if he were lord chancellor at least."

"He is a worthy fellow," said the king; "I like him the better for his pride, as it keeps him honest; and I have but few honest men about my court, you know, Rochester."

"The courtiers feel themselves proud to follow your Majesty's example," returned Rochester.

"Rather true," said the king. "Thou art enough to corrupt a whole monastery."

"That is but a poor compliment," cried the earl; "I should find the monks all ready to my hand. But to return to Rose—what will your Majesty say, if I can contrive to make him give to me the pine-apple he is about to grow, instead of sending it to your Majesty's table?"

"Impossible!" cried the king.

"Nothing is impossible," said Rochester, "that depends on the weakness of human nature. Every man has his price: money will buy some—honours others—some may be coaxed—some frightened: all that is necessary is to know how to touch the right string."

"Thou canst do much, Rochester," said the king, laughing; "but this is beyond thy skill. Rose is a proud Scotchman, indifferent as to money—insensible to love, and possessing a firm belief that all the honours I could bestow upon him would be far inferior to his merit. As to coaxing or frightening him, he is too cold-blooded, and has too little imagination for either. In short, do what thou wilt, thou canst not succeed."

"We shall see," said Rochester.

In the meantime, Evelyn and Rose had entered into deep consultation as to the manner in which the important affair they had undertaken was to be executed. In these days of refinement, it is hardly possible to conceive the labour that attended growing that pine-apple. Hothouses, stoves, pits, frames, and bark-beds, were unknown, and even greenhouses had not been long invented. The only contrivance that had been devised for heating them was drawing a little iron wagon, filled with lighted charcoal, up and down the paths; and even this was not suffered to remain in the greenhouse all night—our ancestors, in the then infant state of chemistry, having some vague notions that the effluvia from the charcoal would be as fatal to plants as it was to men. Evelyn, who was certainly far beyond his age, had devised what one of his contemporaries calls "a cunning plan" for heating a greenhouse, by means of two stoves on the outside. These stoves had earthen-ware pipes attached to them, which were carried through the walls of the greenhouse to let in the heat; while, to prevent the smoke from accompanying it, the ends of the pipes had sliding shutters. The whole contrivance was strikingly clumsy and inartificial; but it was rather the tottering of the baby, which carries in it the germ of the stately walk of the man, than hopeless weakness. Evelyn's plan was afterwards very much improved by himself, and a modification of it is in use even at the present day.

We always love what we have taken trouble to preserve, and thus it was the case with Rose and his pine-apple. The very anxiety it had cost him gave it value in his eyes; it seemed almost like a part of himself, and, as it grew and flourished, he was proud of it, because he felt it was his own skill and attention which had made it what it was. The flowers had appeared and vanished, and the fleshy bracts which constitute the fruit were already beginning to swell, when the king took it into his head to visit the greenhouse in which the pine-plant was growing. He was attended by many of the gay lords and ladies of his court, who all pressed forwards with eager and curious eyes to examine this new wonder. Rose's heart swelled with pride as he heard them express their surprise and admiration, and he felt still prouder when he heard the king jest with Rochester about the fruit. "You will not suffer yourself to be either coaxed or frightened out of it—will you, Rose?" asked the king.

"No, that I will not!" cried Rose, somewhat too energetically; for he felt at that moment as though his single arm could have defended his valued plant against a whole army. Then observing the king and courtiers look at him with some surprise, he attempted to soften his tone, and to remould his speech into the usual forms for an inferior, when addressing royalty. Charles however, who was never very fond of form, was rather amused than offended by the bluntness of his gardener, and he went away, repeating his caution to Rose to take care of the fruit.

There was very little need to repeat this injunction, and indeed Rose felt almost indignant at its being thought necessary. The king had been quite right in supposing him alike inaccessible to fear and bribery, but his Majesty was mistaken in supposing him insensible to love. Charles had, indeed, too seldom come in contact with strong minds to know much of their nature. Accustomed to see honour and principle every day sacrificed to interest, and accustomed himself to sacrifice everything to the whim of the moment, he had no idea of firmness arising from anything but obstinacy, and thought self-denial could only proceed from indifference. The self-denial of Rose was a thing he could scarcely have been made to comprehend, if it had been explained to him; and had it been possible to convince him of its truth, he would have regarded the possessor as a monster rather than a man.

Rose, however, under his cold exterior, hid passions stronger than his royal master ever dreamt of. Pride, ambition, love, and even revenge, were inmates of his breast, but a strong sense of duty kept them all in subjection. The object of his love was a pretty girl called Agnes, who was of Scotch parentage like himself, and who lived with her old, bed-ridden grandmother, her own parents being dead. This old woman was Scotch, and it was one of her greatest

pleasures, to talk with Rose of Scotland, which she remembered with all the fondness with which old people generally recall the scenes where they have passed their youth; while Agnes, who had been born in England, sat by and listened to their conversation. Of course, so momentous an affair as the growing of the pine-apple could not pass unnoticed. The old woman had heard it spoken of by her neighbours, and she had so frequently inquired particulars respecting it of Rose himself, that Agnes was weary of hearing it mentioned. She did not show this uneasiness, however, to Rose; and he never suspected it. In fact, he loved Agnes too well not to fancy all her inclinations must resemble his own; and he often permitted her to enter the greenhouse, and look at his favourite plant, imagining that she must feel as much pleasure at its sight as he did.

It is difficult to unravel the springs of human actions, and still more of human feelings; but certain it is that, though Agnes was quite as much in love with Rose as he was with her, she did not sympathise with his feelings respecting this plant. Perhaps she was jealous of its engaging too much of his attention, and she had certainly some reason for being so—for he thought of little else, except herself; or perhaps she had taken a dislike to it from having heard so much of it: certain, however, it was that she did not like it, and she heartily wished that there was no such thing as a pine-apple in the world.

Time rolled on, and the old woman's health declined daily. Her thoughts were all now centred in her own approaching death, and in the fear of leaving her grand-daughter unprotected. Anxious, however, as she was on that score, she had too much Scotch prudence to wish Rose to marry till he was quite certain that he could maintain a wife; and she thought that his tardiness in pressing marriage could only proceed from that reason. Thus, while she harped on the same string of Agnes's unprotected situation after her death, from morning till night, and frequently through the greater part of the night, with all the garrulity of old age, she never expressed any wish but that Rose were rich enough to marry her. Agnes was very young, and the respect which she had been taught always to pay to her grandmother made her set an undue value upon everything that the old woman uttered, and the incessant complaints and murmuring which she was compelled to hear had such an effect on the imagination of the young girl, that at last she began to fancy that money was the only thing wanting to make herself, and every one she loved, happy.

In the meantime all the energies of Rose were directed towards growing the pine-apple, and he was so absorbed in this pursuit, that he rather neglected his mistress. His love, however, had suffered no abatement. His tardiness in proposing marriage did not arise, as the old woman had supposed, from want of money, but partly from a dislike to taking Agnes from her dutious attendance on her aged relative, and partly from a proud fear of being rejected. He was much older than Agnes, and though he felt an inward consciousness of his own superiority to any of his admirers which her pretty face and artless manners had attracted, he was not quite sure of her opinion on the subject.

The pine-apple was now ripe, and Charles had ordered it not to be sent till the evening before Lady Castlemaine's birthday, as he wished to present it with his own hands as early as possible on that day. The wished-for evening had arrived, and Rose, who had resisted numerous applications which had been made to him to allow different persons to see his precious fruit, unlocked the door himself, and gazed at it growing for the last time. His heart beat with various emotions; he felt proud of having accomplished his task, and happy that he had overcome all the difficulties he had had to contend with; but yet he could not help feeling a degree of pain at parting with what had been the object of his most anxious cares and constant attention for so many months, and he stood for a moment or two irresolute.

"This is sheer folly!" said he to himself at length, and standing up to the plant, he seized the fruit in his hand, and with his knife began to divide it from the stem. He had scarcely begun to do this, when he heard a light step behind him: he started, and hastily severing the fruit from the plant, he turned, still grasping both it and his knife, as though prepared to defend it. The knife,

however, was quickly restored to its sheath when he beheld the tearful face of Agnes. "My grandmother is dying," said the trembling girl, in an almost inarticulate voice, "and she has sent me to beg you to come to her immediately."

"I will only step to my house to lock up this fruit safely, and I will be with her instantly."

"Oh, Rose!" cried Agnes, "can you think of that fruit at such a moment as this? While you are going to your house, and returning, she will be dead." Rose stood irresolute. "Can you not take the fruit with you?" continued Agnes; "it will be quite as safe in your pocket as if locked up in your house. Oh! do not hesitate, if you love me!"

Rose hesitated no longer; he wrapped the fruit up in some moss, which he had taken with him for that purpose, and placing it carefully in his pocket, went with Agnes to the cottage, determined, if he found the old woman sensible, to implore her to witness his union with her grand-daughter before her death. He found the old woman ill, but not so much so as he expected, and as a neighbour was sitting with her, he could not, of course, speak of love and marriage. The king was expected to arrive at Hampton Court that evening; and as it was probable that he would send for the pine-apple, it was necessary that Rose should be at his post. He accordingly bade adieu to the invalid, promising to return soon, and hoping that, when he did so, it would be to claim Agnes as his bride. The old woman slept in an inner room, and, as Agnes lighted her lover through the outer apartment, he could not resist pressing her hand, and whispering a few words expressive of his feelings; but no answering look of love beamed from Agnes's face—she was pale as death, her eyes looked sunk, and her lips trembled. She could not speak, but she returned the pressure of his hand with a fervour which seemed unnatural in a young and timid girl. Rose looked at her, but she turned away her head, though not before he saw that her face wore an expression of horror, almost of despair, which terrified him; but, before he could speak, she hastily bade him good night, and returned to her grandmother's room.

Rose returned home, musing on what had passed, without being able to guess at any explanation of Agnes's conduct. Her look had chilled his heart—there was more than grief in it—there was an expression that he could not understand. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind—the dissolute characters of the king and his courtiers were well known. He had lately seen her but seldom, and the court had been frequently at Hampton Court. Could she have listened to their vows? There was a look of guilt on her features, and she had shrunk from him, unable to meet his eye. The idea was too horrible to be endured. He stood still, and cold drops ran from his forehead with the intensity of his agony. He cursed his own caution;—"Had I spoken," thought he, "she would have been mine, and would have been safe!" And then the thought of her misery, and of what (if she had indeed fallen) would be her fate, crossed his mind; and the strong man wept like a child. He was passing through a narrow lane, which lay between the palace at Hampton Court and Agnes's cottage: and he sat down on the high bank, and hid his face in his hands, forgetting for a moment the king, his duty, and everything but the poor girl whom he had so lately thought his own. He was roused by a noise of carriages and horses, and he saw passing along the high road, past the end of the lane, the equipages of the king and his courtiers, with the flambeaux of the outriders flashing through the darkness, and all the noise and bustle which usually attend the movements of a court. He started up at the sound, and, hastily recalled to a sense of his duty, he entered a private road which led from the lane to his own house.

Gloomily, and without any of those proud feelings of satisfaction that he had felt only a few hours before, he prepared the ornamental basket in which the pine-apple was to be presented to the king, and, when all was ready, he put his hand in his pocket to take out the fruit; but what was his consternation when he found it was not there. He felt in all his pockets, emptied them, and shook his clothes; but in vain—the pine-apple was gone. He hurried back to the lane, and searched wildly, but without success. He was almost mad—the thought of the shame and disgrace he must undergo—the loss of the high

station on which he prided himself—the insulting laughter of the courtiers—the ridicule of the king—and, more than all, the contempt of such a man as Evelyn, all rushed upon his mind, and, in a tumult of passions too fierce to be described, he seized his knife, and was just on the point of putting an end to his misery and to his intolerable sense of shame, by destroying himself, when Agnes rushed up the lane, and fell exhausted at his feet. Her face was pale, her hair dishevelled, and she was panting for breath; but she held a parcel in her hand, which Rose instantly recognised. “Blessings—blessings on you!” cried he, “you have found it—you have saved me from despair.”

Agnes’s heart beat violently—so violently that she could not speak; but when her lover continued blessing her and thanking her, with an effort that seemed to be her last, she exclaimed, “Don’t praise me—I can’t bear it! I stole it from you!” and she fell senseless on the ground.

With difficulty Rose raised her, and carried her and his recovered prize into his dwelling. The motion revived Agnes, and, falling on her knees before him, she confessed that on the preceding evening, as she was returning from fetching water from the spring, a man had met her, and offered her a large sum of money if she could get this pine-apple; that the man had assured her its loss would not injure Rose; on the contrary, that the sum of money she would receive would be of the greatest service to him. Here her voice faltered, and she hurried on to tell how the man had persuaded her to promise to try to get the fruit for him; he had told her what to say, and when to go to her lover. All had succeeded as the man had prophesied for, indeed, Rose had never suspected her. But when she had obtained possession of the fruit, and when the time drew near at which the man had appointed to come to fetch it, her heart revolted at what she had done; indeed, she had never known a single moment’s peace since she had made the fatal promise; and she had now come to give the fruit back—to tell Rose what she had done, and how unworthy she was—and to bid him adieu for ever.

While she spoke, and while she was yet sobbing at his feet, Rose gently raised her, and clasping her in his arms, whispered words of love and comfort in her ear. The astonished girl looked at him through her tears, without being able to comprehend why he did not spurn her from him; for her mind was too innocent to know the feelings she had betrayed, or the transport that her words had excited in the bosom of her lover. “Can you then forgive me?” asked she. She read the answer in his eyes; but, before he could speak, they were interrupted by a summons from the king, for Rose to bring the pine-apple.

The court had assembled in all its usual brilliancy, but the king was evidently displeased; for Rochester had been assuring Lady Castlemaine that he, and not the king, would on the morrow present to her a specimen of the new fruit.

“Your Majesty remembers our previous conversation about this pine-apple,” said Rochester. “Now, I will bet a hundred guineas that I obtain possession of it before your Majesty.”

“I will bet you five hundred,” said the king, passionately.

“Done,” returned Rochester: and the king impetuously desired some of his attendants to order Rose to bring the pine-apple into his presence. While the messenger was gone, the king remained silent and sullen, not replying to any of the gay jests of Rochester.

The messenger soon returned with Rose. “Produce the pine-apple,” said the king, in a voice of thunder: and Rose presented it kneeling at his Majesty’s feet. What words can describe the effect this simple action produced on the whole assembly, or the feelings which agitated Rochester and his confederates? They could not disguise their rage; and as the countenance of Rose yet retained some traces of the emotions he had gone through, the king perceived that something remained concealed. He commanded an explanation; and when Rose had related the whole story he was so delighted that he commanded a picture to be made of the scene, at the moment when Rose presented him with the pine-apple; and this picture is still in one of the rooms of Kensington Palace.

Of course, Rose and Agnes were united. Their lives were long and happy, and they were blessed with numerous children. Rose retained his situation

of royal gardener for many years, and when he retired from it, it was with a handsome income to a pleasant place at Barnes. He died there; and having left a sum of money to have roses always planted on his grave, in allusion to his name, (a fancy which was in accordance with the fashion of the time,) his grave, with its attendant roses, is still to be seen in Barnes churchyard.—*London Saturday Journal.*

TEARS ROBBED OF SENTIMENT.

POETS, who invariably couple tears with the highest flights of imagination, and employ them to depict the strongest of human emotions, would doubtless consider it a desecration to find them submitted to chemical analysis. Sentiment apart, however, there is no reason whatever why investigation should be withheld from nature's excellent eye-water, or why its functions should not be described. Besides, the analysis will be found to bear out in some instances the correctness of several poetical tropes.

The investigations of the celebrated French chemists, Fourcroy and Vauquelin, proved that the basis of tears is water, which holds in solution a small quantity of animal matter called mucus. The water is also said to contain minute proportions of sea-salt, soda, phosphate of soda, and phosphate of lime. Thus the Grecian bards, who frequently gave to tears the epithet "salt," were truthfully poetical; as are their modern copyists. "Bitter" tears, so often used in poetry of the present day—particularly that of the French—is a piece of pure imagination. The term "scalding" tears comes nearer to fact, for after much weeping, the organs take on an inflammatory action, which may possibly increase the temperature of the fluid. But the most happy poetical epithet is "crystal tears;" for on leaving a tear to dry, the water evaporates, and the salts which remain behind are found—when inspected through a microscope—to arrange themselves in serrated lines of pure crystal. The expression "pearly" tears is therefore utterly fallacious, unless upon the extravagant supposition that oysters are susceptible of tender emotions. "Diamonds" present a much better simile, but unfortunately that sparkling comparison is generally exhausted upon the eyes themselves.

Tears are of the greatest use both morally and physically. In the former point of view their effects are constantly experienced, especially by those who enjoy the blessings of the marriage state. They appeal with conclusive force to the feelings of the husband when judiciously shed. Is there a slight misunderstanding? A few tears starting to the eyes of the beloved wife, and it is instantly made up. Is there a new dress coveted, or a grand ball to be given? Tears procure the one and get consent for the other. But the use of tears is not confined to weeping—physically they are necessary to the efficiency of the organ of sight. To be able fully to understand their functions, it must be known whence they arise. They are secreted in what is called the lachrymal gland; which is a white flattened lobe, about the size of a large bean, lodged in a depression under the upper eyelid, and just above the ball. The fluid thus secreted finds its way to the exterior of the eye through seven fine canals, which—arranged in a half circle—descend from the secretive gland, and issue at the thick part of the eyelid, a little above the cartilage which sustains the lashes. The lachrymose fluid falls—not only on extraordinary occasions of sorrow, but continually—into the eye through these little tubes; the constant winking of the lid spreading it over the surface of the cornea. In

fact, tears may be considered to form a small running stream, its even flow interrupted by periodical winks, which clean the eye of the dust that constantly falls upon the cornea. The fluid makes its exit out of the corners of the eyes, passing through the "lachrymose duct" into the nose. The physical utility of tears, then, to animals who live in air at all times laden with dust, is sufficiently obvious; for the eye would remain dry and dirty were it not constantly supplied with a limpid lavement. This supply of tears is only stopped when the organ ceases to be exposed to the action of external objects, as during sleep—a state more necessary to the regeneration and well-being of the eye than to any of the less delicate parts of the human machine. For the ordinary requirements of the waking state but a very small quantity of the fluid would be necessary; but during sleep a large reserve is secreted; so that in case of the eye meeting at any time with injury, tears may make their appearance abundantly to protect the organ. Thus when an insect, or a particle of something hard, gets into the eye, the cornea is immediately suffused with tears to lessen the contact, and sometimes to expell the foreign substance altogether. If the eye be irritated by impalpable objects, such as smoke, or some vapour more or less acrid, the evil effect is warded off by the instant presence of tears. Tears also decrease the action of cold, and dim the intensity of too much light.

But how is it that the sorrowful excitement of the moral feelings produces the physical effect? How is it that in moments of mental suffering we are constrained to weep? This remains comparatively a secret. Some trace the cause to the undue excitement of the nervous system which grief produces; others to the flow of blood to the head, which takes place on such occasions. Excessive joy sometimes calls forth tears, but not nearly so often as excess of grief: hence it has been inferred, though not very logically, that mankind is more sensible of pain than pleasure.

Tears, then, when stripped of the sentiment with which poets have surrounded them, are nothing more than soft and salt water, intended by nature for the wise purpose of washing the visual organ, and keeping it bright, the better to adapt it to the function it so beautifully performs. Their abundant discharge is likewise designed to relieve the poignancy of grief by, in some measure, counteracting the physical effects, which that passion produces on the system.—*Chambers' Journal*, Oct. 14.

GALVANIC LIGHT.

A highly interesting experiment with the galvanic light, proposed by M. Archereau as a substitute for that of gas, has been made at Paris. The light exhibited appeared to be about an inch and a half in diameter, and was enclosed in a glass globe, of about twelve inches in diameter. In the first instance, the gas lights of the Place de la Concorde, which are 100 in number, were not extinguished. The appearance of those nearest the galvanic light was quite as faint and had the same dull hue as the ordinary oil-lamps when near a gas light of the full dimensions. When the gas lights of the place were put out, the effect of the galvanic light was exceedingly brilliant, eclipsing even, in the opinion of many persons present, that of the hydro-oxygen light. It was easy to read small print at the distance of 100 yards, and it was only necessary to look at the shadow of the objects in the way of the light to be convinced of its great illuminating power. The single light exhibited did not replace the whole of the gas lights which had been put out, but we may fairly estimate it as equal, at least, to twenty of the gas burners of the Place de la Concorde, where they are larger in volume than in most of the other parts of Paris. It would, therefore, require five of these galvanic lights to light the whole of the place; but the rays of these five lights meeting each other, would, in all probability, give a much more intense light—to say nothing of the superiority in softness and colour—than the present gas-lamps.—*Galignani*.

THE SHETLAND FISHERMAN.

WILLIAM Manson was a very affectionate husband and father, though the time as yet was short during which he had sustained these endearing relations ; for he had but one child, who was hardly of an age to lip his name. The summer of 18—was squally and unsettled ; but at length, in the end of July a fine track of weather put all the fishermen on the alert to seize the short favourable season that yet remained for their perilous vocation. The rendezvous of the fishing boats is often at some miles' distance from the men's homes. There they have temporary lodges erected for their accommodation ; thence they leave the land to proceed to the fishing-ground and thither their wives, or sisters, or daughters repair, to meet them each morning on their return from the sea, to learn their welfare and success, to carry them the little necessities they require, and to take back some of the fish for the family's use, the rest being delivered to the curer at the station. During the fishing season, therefore, it is only on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, or as it is vernacularly called in the old Norse, the *Helly*, that the fisherman enjoys the comforts and endearments of his home. Among those who were never absent to greet the return of the fishing-boats, was Jean, the wife of William Manson. She was very young, and a most gentle and interesting woman, devotedly attached to the companion of her life, who had been her early and only love.

It was on a very calm and lovely afternoon of the July I have mentioned, that all the boats, including that of William, took their accustomed way to the deep sea, or haaf fishing. Jean stood on the beach with her eyes fixed on her husband's skiff, till it appeared but a speck on the ocean, and then with a deep sigh swiftly turned her steps homewards, where she had left her child asleep in the care of a neighbour.

It was three in the morning, when all who had husbands, sons, or brothers in those ill-fated little barks, were awakened by a violent storm. The sea rose in a manner so tumultuous and unexpected, that many persons thought it must have been caused by a submarine earthquake. By nine o'clock, every point of the island was occupied by distracted females, looking for the barks which were never to return, and weeping in helpless, hopeless misery. Why repeat the too well-known tale ! forty boats with their hapless crews, being a third of the whole number, were swallowed up by the devouring waves. William's boat was among the lost. It boots not now to tell the misery, the desolation, of so many hitherto happy hearths or the hopes lingering in the mourners' hearts, which imaged forth many a dream, that some of the sufferers might have been picked up at sea, and would yet return. It was months ere these hopes were finally extinguished, and the bereaved ones learned to feel, indeed, that they were such.

The melancholy winter passed slowly away, and the month of March now arrived, when we shall take a peep at Jean's little cottage. She was seated at a cheerful fire. An infant two months old was asleep in the cradle she rocked with her foot, her other child being in bed close by. Her sister, some years older than herself, and an active, judicious, and affectionate woman, had just hung on the small pot of potatoes for supper, and now seating herself with her knitting, looked long and anxiously in the fair but faded face of the young widow, who mechanically plied the accustomed knitting needles, while a smothered sigh and a bursting tear told the anguished thoughts that occupied her mind.

"Jean, my woman," began, in accents of the deepest compassion and sympathy, the affectionate sister ; then breathing a short prayer for fortitude to heaven, she proceeded in a more cheerful tone, as the poor widow raised her meek tearful eyes, and struggled for a smile of resignation ; "Jean, you have borne your affliction like a Christian, while you have felt it like a wife ; and, by the good help of God, you will not fail now to rouse yourself, and endeavour to do your duty to your helpless children ; and think what a comfort they are and will be to you ; but you know, dear Jean, that the labouring season is now come, and I ought to go to help our poor father and mother to get their voar* finished." She here paused, hardly knowing how Jean would receive this proposition ; but the youthful widow had a strength of mind and purpose hardly to be expected from the extreme gentleness of her character and demeanour. "You are right, Bessy," she immediately answered. "I have been expecting this these many days, but dreaded to mention it. I know you are right. You have been my teacher and protector, Bessy, ever since I was an infant like that (pointing to the cradle), and in my distress you have been like a guardian angel ; you have worked in my sickness

* "Voar" means either the act of preparing the ground and sowing the seed, or the spring season in which these operations are always accomplished.

and helplessness for my comforts, and for my children's, and it would be selfish and wrong in me to wish to keep you longer from your other duties." But here the full sense of her desolation rushing upon her, she gave way once more to a burst of uncontrollable anguish, and the sisters mingled their tears together. Jean, however, was the first again to speak. "Never mind this; you shall go, then, Bessy, to-morrow if you will; the master (landlord) has sent to tell me I may take this year's crop from the farm, and our neighbours have promised to help me to labour it; you will come and help me too, when you have done all that is needed at our father's; and as for me being alone—here she suppressed with strong effort her rising emotion—why I have still the children, and God will be with me."

To be *alone* is, to a Shetland peasant in Jean's circumstances, above all things to be avoided. Superstition often bows down the spirit weakened by grief; and thus it came to pass, that Bessy's affectionate ministrations in her sister's cottage had never suffered that sister to be a night alone since her sad widowhood. Jean committed herself to rest that night, with fervent prayers to the Stay of the Widow and the Fatherless, that she might be blessed with fortitude to meet the affecting ordeal before her on the morrow. The sisters arose almost equally unrefreshed. Bessy busied herself during the forenoon in putting everything to rights about the little household; and having hung on the humble dinner, while the sun was yet but little past the meridian, she took leave of her cherished sister; we will not say they parted without tears, but each endeavoured to maintain composure for the other's sake. Sweet tie of sisterly love! how often has it soothed the saddest moments of our earthly lot! how has its sympathy enhanced our joys, and its self-denial ministered to our comforts! A fervent "God be with you" were Bessy's parting words, and Jean was alone, except for her infants; to them she turned, and braced her mind, and took comfort. In maternal cares, the afternoon passed; and as twilight drew on, more than one of Jean's neighbours stepped in to offer their assistance, or to be with her through the night; but she only asked one to milk the cow while she put her little ones to bed, and, firmly saying she did not mind being alone, she lighted her little lamp and sat down to her wheel. Can it be wondered at that a few sad and anxious thoughts at first oppressed the desolate widow? But her habitual devotional feeling soon subdued them; and having had the afternoon luxury of a little tea, she had not heart to make supper for only her-self, and so occupied herself with her wheel, whose monotonous sound she almost fancied was cheerful companionship, until she thought the hour of rest was at hand, when she rose to look how high the moon was, before she should retire to her couch. She stood a few minutes at the door, her eyes fixed on the unclouded brilliancy of the lovely planet, when she heard voice approaching from the hill-side. Her cottage was separated from the road by a low grassy dike, and she presently saw several men pass close to the gate that led to the humble dwelling. Jean heaved a heartfelt sigh, for the thought instantly struck her, that these were seamen returning to glad some happy home. Two of the men passed on hastily, after a cheerful good-night; the third leaped the slight wicket, and walked swiftly towards the cottage. Jean stood in the doorway like one entranced, her breathing almost suspended, her heart beating tumultuously; one step she took forwards, so that the moon shone full on her lovely expressive face, and the young man who approached her became aware of her presence. "Jean," said he in a low thrilling voice of eager rapture. "My Willie!" exclaimed Jean, as she fell into her husband's arms. Sacred be the joy of such a moment! We shall not attempt to describe it; but who will not readily imagine that Jean was soon soothed into composure by her Willie's voice—that the father first received into his arms his yet unseen son and namesake—that he kissed his first-born without awaking him, reserving the joy of meeting his blue eyes, and trying his power of recognition, till the morning—that he poured into Jean's sympathising ear the tale of his perils and his wanderings—that she again would not pain him by telling what she had suffered, but only assured him this was the first night she had been left alone; and that, finally, the grateful pair bent in devout gratitude before the Giver of all good, blessing Him for their reunion. It will also be easily imagined how Jean appeared in the morning without the badge of widowhood—how her kind-hearted neighbours congratulated and rejoiced with her; and, above all, how Bessy and Jean wept in each other's arms the tears of overflowing joy, though they had repressed those of sorrow at their parting the day before.

Willie and some of his companions had been picked up at sea when nearly exhausted, by an outward-bound American vessel, and after much hardship and the loss of one of their number, they at length succeeded in working their way home. Letters containing the account of their safety reached their friends soon after their own arrival. The two that returned with Willie were not so fortunate as he. One found the mother of his

children dead. She had been ill before he last saw her, and her anguish at his loss sunk her into the grave. The other young man, by his sudden entrance, so alarmed his mother and her neighbours, as to be productive of serious injury to them. Jean's better-regulated mind insured for her a meeting of unalloyed happiness.—*Chambers' Journal*.

BIRDS.

BIRDS ! birds ! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings.
 Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well ?
 Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark ;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
 And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves ;
 Ye hide in the heather, ye lulk in the brake,
 Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake ;
 Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-deck'd land,
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand ;
 Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,
 When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground
 *Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Gray-haired pilgrim, thou hast been
 Round the chequered world I ween ;
 Thou hast lived in happy lands,
 Where the thriving city stands ;
 Thou hast travell'd far to see
 Where the city used to be :
 Chance and change are everywhere,
 Riches here and ruins there ;
 Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all,
 On rising pile and fading wall.
 Tell us, saw ye not, brave birds,
 In the crumbled halls of old,
 Where the monarch's smile and ruler's words
 Breathed above the chalice gold ?
 Say who is it now that waits
 At the " hundred brazen gates ?"
 Who is now the great High Priest,
 Bending o'er the carrion feast ?
 Who is now the reigning one,
 O'er the dust of Babylon ?
 It is the owl with doleful scream,
 Waking the jackal from his dream ;
 It is the raven black and sleek,
 With shining claw and sharpened beak ;
 It is the vulture sitting high
 In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet
 In busy mart and crowded street ?
 There the smoke-brown sparrow sits,
 There the dingy martin flits,
 There the tribe from dove-house coop,
 Take their joyous morning swoop ;
 There the treasured singing pet,
 In his narrow cage is set,
 Welcoming the beams that come
 Upon his gilded prison-home.

Wearied pilgrim, thou hast march'd
 O'er the desert dry and parch'd,
 Where no little flower is seen,
 No dew-drop cold, no oasis green,
 What saw'st thou there? the ostrich fast
 As Arab steed or northern blast,
 And the stately pelican
 Wondering at intrusive man.

Pilgrim, say, who was it show'd
 A ready pathway to the Alp?
 Who was it crossed your lonely road,
 From the valley to the scalp?
 Tired and timid friends had failed,
 Resting in the hut below,
 But your bold heart still was hailed
 By the eagle and crow.

Pilgrim, when you sought the clime
 Of the myrtle, palm, and lime,
 Where the diamond loves to hide,
 Jostling rubies by its side,
 Say, were not the brightest gleams
 Breaking on your dazzled eye
 From the thousand glancing beams
 Pointed in feathered blazonry?
 Pilgrim, hast thou seen the spot,
 Where the winged forms come not?

Mariner! mariner! thou may'st go
 Far as the strongest wind can blow,
 But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back
 Of the sea running high and the sky growing black,
 Of the mast that went with a rending crash,
 Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash
 And never shalt thou forget to speak
 Of the white gull's cry and the petrel's shriek.
 For out on the ocean, leagued away,
 Madly skimmeth the bodiless flock,
 The storm-fire burns, but what care they?
 'Tis the season of joy and the time for play
 When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray
 Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

Lovers linger in the vale
 While the twilight gathers round,
 With a fear lest mortal ear
 Should listen to the whisper'd sound.
 They would have no peering eye
 While they tell the secret tale,
 Not a spy may venture nigh,
 Save the gentle nightingale.
 Swinging on the nearest bough
 He may witness every vow,
 Perch'd upon the tree close by,
 He may note each trembling sigh;
 Favoured bird, oh thou hast heard
 Many a soft and mystic word,
 While the night-breeze scarcely stirr'd,
 And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew
 Is splashing in crystals o'er him,

The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
 But the lark is there before him.
 He sings while the team is yoked to the share,
 He sings when the mist is going,
 He sings when the noon-tide south is fair,
 He sings when the west is glowing.
 Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,
 Now he drops in the furrow behind him.
 Oh the lark is a merry and constant mate,
 Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful birds ! how the school-boy remembers
 The warblers that chorused the holiday tune,
 The robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,
 The blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June,—
 That school-boy remembers his holiday ramble,
 When he pull'd every blossom of palm he could see.
 When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
 With "Hark ! there's the cuckoo, how close he must be."

Beautiful birds ! we've encircled thy names
 With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
 We paint War with his eagle and Peace with her dove,
 With the red bolt of Death and the olive of Love ;
 The fountain of Friendship is never complete
 Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet ;
 And where is the hand that would dare to divide
 Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side ?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,
 Oh where is the eye that groweth not bright
 As it watches you trimming your soft, glossy coats,
 Swelling your bosoms and ruffling your throats.
 Oh ! I would not ask as the old ditties sing,
 To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king,"
 For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
 "I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
 I will tell them to find me a grave when I die
 Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky ;
 Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
 Where the moon will shine down and the leveret pass by ;
 But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
 Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide,
 For the truest and purest of requiems heard
 Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

ELIZA COOK.

New Monthly for November.]

EARLY DAYS.

How oft, beneath the shadows dim,
 I sat beside the fountain's brim,
 Watching the wildwood flowers which there
 Breathed their sweet perfume to the air,
 And saw each dew-bent blossom shine
 With something of a light divine !
 How oft I watch'd with thoughtful eye
 The clouds that slowly wandered by,
 Amid an atmosphere of blue,
 With pearl, and rose, and amber hue ;
 And felt, as thus they went abroad,
 They were the messengers of God !

THE BUSHRANGERS OF AUSTRALIA.

DURING the year 1840, as I was idling away the sultry afternoon of a Sydney summer day, I was rather rudely interrupted by the boisterous entrance of an old acquaintance, who had just come down from the Bathurst district with his wool. William Beattie Alexander was from the part of England in which I first opened my eyes upon the highway of life. He had, however, been two years in the colony before me. * * * It so happened, that at this particular period I was labouring under great mental depression, caused by the news of the melancholy death of a beloved relative in my far-off fatherland.

I was not by any means pleased at having my melancholy reverie so rudely broken in upon; and after the first warm greetings had passed, I informed Alexander of the severe dispensation under which I was labouring. He attempted to laugh it off; but my manner was so serious, that he very soon took his leave. He came and sat with me, however, an hour or two every morning during his stay in town. He gave me a pressing invitation to ride up with him, and try the effect of country air. I was unwilling to attempt it, but at last I was persuaded to give it a trial as I would, at any rate see something of the country and of bush-life. He cut down his stay to a week, on purpose to get me away; and one fine Monday morning we set out on horseback, bound for Bathurst.

In an assemblage of several hundred persons on Bathurst plains, the eye of the most careful observer would search in vain for a sour or dissatisfied look. Every one that goes abroad appears to enter, with his whole heart and soul, into the scene. The young men career along on horseback with all the grace for which the Australians are remarkable. It is a life replete with freedom. The Australian carrier, in his tall, light, elegant person, and wild sparkling eye, the noble and independent air of one who cares not a straw for any one on earth. The only dread that the most timid entertain, is of the wild bands of bushrangers which, in former times, inspired terror, and spread ruin and despoliation over whole districts. At one time, those bands of blood thirsty marauders kept the whole country in a state of the most feverish alarm; but, of late years, they have nearly disappeared. A few stray runaway assigned servants will, however, sometimes, even at the present day, join together, and start on their cruel work of robbery and murder; although their career is but very temporary; as, the moment the existence of such a band becomes known, the settlers of the district, fully alive to the necessity of checking the thing at first, rise simultaneously, and attack the desperadoes. A good deal of blood flows at times when the bushrangers make an obstinate defence; and the battle will sometimes continue until every one of the ruffians fall. It was my fate to come in contact with one of these bands during my residence at Alexander's station.

That gentleman's station was on the banks of a small creek, in rather a retired part of the Bathurst district. The hut was inferior to most of those around; although, when compared with the huts on many stations in the newer districts, it would have been looked upon as superior in style. It was built of heavy slabs, and made secure against wind and weather by a thick coating of clay and mud. It had a division across; and the inner room was occupied as a bed-room. The outer apartment was without any furniture whatever, except a lumbering deal table, and about half-a-dozen sawn logs, which answered in place of chairs. A huge chimney in the

back, built of rough stone and clay, sent a perpetual stream of heat through the place, which sent a stranger asleep in ten minutes, at the usual computation. There was no floor; but the earth was trodden down to a hard consistency, and was no bad substitute for a deal floor.

About three weeks, after I had been domesticated on Alexander's station I was surprised to see my host return one forenoon at full speed, and, with a look of the greatest consternation, give orders to have the windows of the hut barricaded, and the doors secured. He informed me that he had been a few miles down the creek, where he had received information of a party of bushrangers that had been robbing and murdering at more than twenty stations; and as the ruffians were but two or three miles off, it was most likely we should be favoured with a visit from them that very evening. He was determined to give them a warm reception, and defend his hut to the last extremity. He put it in my power, however, to escape on horseback in a direction contrary to that by which the band were approaching. This, however, I would not hear of. I am far from entertaining an overweening conceit of my own courage; yet, upon an emergency, I can "stand fire" as well as another; and, at any rate, am above such a mean act as leaving a friend in a situation of danger.

A scout was stationed outside to give notice of the approach of the bushrangers the instant they should appear. We cut up several deal boards into equal lengths, and secured the windows inside. A heavy bar was made as a double security for the door, as Alexander expected the bushrangers would burst the lock. All the fire-arms about the station were looked out and put in proper trim, ammunition and cartridges were prepared, the scout was recalled, and the door firmly secured. There were three of us in the hut; Alexander, the hut-keeper, and myself. We expected every moment to hear the tread of the bushrangers' horses as they came up the hill; but we were disappointed. Hour after hour passed slowly away, and we heard not a sound. It began to get dark; and as we had not tasted anything since the dawn of day, we partook of some cold mutton and bread. Not a word was spoken: the length of time we had waited for the attack had made us both nervous. Ten, twelve o'clock passed away, and yet they came not. Alexander now began to suppose the bushrangers had taken some other route, and that our station had escaped their notice. About one we went to bed. All was quiet during the night. Morning dawned as usual; and as Alexander was now confident that the bushrangers had taken a contrary direction, the door was opened, and we sat comfortably down to breakfast. Hardly, however, had we been seated at the table, when the hut-keeper, who was outside, rushed in, crying—"there they come!" Alexander started to the door; and, sure enough, he beheld five men mounted on horseback and heavily armed, riding up the hill at full speed. He had just time to shut the door, and make all secure, when they came up.

There were three of us in the hut; but the hut-keeper was unarmed. I had a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and Alexander had his rifle. The party halted at the door; and the voice of one, who appeared to be the leader, roared—"Halloo, within there! Who lives here? Speak." We answered not a word. The whole party dismounted; and having tied their horses to a fence, proceeded to try the door. So well had Alexander secured it, however, that, although the lock burst in five minutes, it withstood all further efforts; and, with dreadful oaths, the ruffians gave the attempt up in despair. "If you have any wish to live," cried the leader,

"you had better surrender, and open the door; for we are certain to get in, and we will blow out the brains of every man of you." We did not speak. They now approached the windows; and, having smashed the glass, began to batter down the deal boards inside. It was with a beating heart that we saw them give way. The lowermost board loosened, and at last fell in with a heavy crash. Alexander was kneeling in the corner of the room; and the moment the board fell in he discharged his piece straight through the opening. I reserved my fire to protect the breach while he reloaded. The leader roared out, "You——, you shall suffer severely for that. Set fire to the hut at once," he continued to his coadjutors; "surround it with arms presented, and shoot them as they rush out." All was quiet now for some minutes, when the leader again spoke. "You are acting a very foolish part," he said; "you are exasperating us, and bringing your fate on your own heads. We only want money and arms, and you shall have one more chance for your life. Come out at once, and we will not harm you" Alexander began to perceive that this was the most prudent step; and he answered him, being the first word which had been spoken on our part, "that if he would promise not to harm any of the party, he would undo the door." The promise was given; and Alexander left his corner to go towards the door. As he passed the opening, in the window a ball whizzed past him, grazing his arm in its progress. Enraged at such a flagrant breach of faith Alexander sat down in sullen silence, and refused to give any reply to the further questions of the bushrangers. A heavy pile of wood was placed against the door; and every preparation made for smoking us out. "You had better come out at once," again cried the leader, as he set about kindling the fire; "for you will be burned alive in twenty minutes."—"I am afraid," said Alexander. "You did not keep any faith with me last time, and I will not trust you."—"If you come out now," replied the bushranger, "I pass you my word of honour that no harm shall approach you; and you stay there to certain death." It was but too true: our sole chance was now to surrender. We delivered our arms over to the leader through the opening in the window; and in rushed the whole body, having smashed the barricade to atoms with one or two strokes of their heavy battering-ram.

"Down on your knees, and beg for your life. You will not; then take this," cried the most ferocious ruffian, discharging a pistol at the head of poor Alexander, which wounded him in the cheek. We both sank down. For my part I made my mind up for death; as for Alexander, the blood flowed copiously from the wound in his face, which, added to his otherwise ghastly countenance, increased the terror of the scene.

"Now," said the leader, "you have but one chance for your life; I promised to save it. If you act honestly with us, I mean to do so. We want money; and as we are well aware there is money here, deliver it up, and we will do you no further harm." I replied, that we had little money; but all that we had he was welcome to. "Produce then, at once," replied the ruffian already mentioned, "without any of your fine miming lady-miss speeches," continued he, in a threatening manner, presenting his piece at my head, which, by the way, was upon full cock.

All the money in the place did not exceed five pounds, and some odd silver. The bushrangers had expected a richer booty; and were in a passion at being disappointed in their expectations. "You are concealing your money," said the leader. "You had better produce it at once, as I

will shoot you if you do not." The whole of the five now presented their guns, on full cock, at our heads: the finger of each was upon the trigger. It was a fearful sight; the least stumble on their part would have sent one or both of us into eternity.

"We know you are concealing the money in the house from us," said the leader. "Now, I will count over three times, and at the third, if you do not produce it, we fire. Once, twice;" the fingers of each fumbled about the lock. I bowed my head to die. "Good bye, Alexander," I exclaimed. "Farewell," he said. "God bless you!"

"Alexander," said the leader, "are not you from the county of——?"

"I am, indeed," said poor Alexander. And the very thoughts of the blue hills, yellow corn-fields, and clear rapid streams of the home of his early days, made a tear start. I saw it, and was ready to weep for very sympathy. The thoughts of old times and old friends, of a dear father and beloved mother, over whom the grass of the churchyard grew; of many kind-hearted friends, whom I might not now behold in this world, made an unconscious sigh escape from a breast where grief had already been making havoc. That question saved our lives. "Pooh!" said he; "I am from your county, and will not see you hurt; so give up your money, and be friends." "But, Captain," continued the savage-looking monster already mentioned, "the other; we had better shoot him at once." "O! for God's sake, do not touch him, Captain; he is from your county likewise," cried Alexander. "Let him alone," said the Captain, giving his worthy subordinate an equivocal look. "If you harm either, look out." And he touched his own gun in a significant manner.

The Captain required each of us to take an awful oath, that we had no more money in the house; and likewise, that we would not bear arms against them. He then took our watches and gold rings; but upon my soliciting to be allowed to retain my ring, which was of inconsiderable value, he threw it at me, and jokingly said, "You must not come it countryman, over me too often." We were now led outside, and closely watched; while the bushrangers proceeded to partake of an excellent breakfast. They carried a few bottles of rum with them; and the leader several times came out, glass in hand and drank to us both; swore "we were downright good fellows, and he wished us well for the sake of——." Strange! that the ties of home and country bind the heart most hardened in wickedness! By the account of others, this fellow had been the most ruthless and blood-thirsty of the band; ordering his grim satellites to slay all before him; yet to us he was even kind. Poor fellow! wicked as he was, he met a quick and severe retribution for his deeds of blood.

We had been about twenty minutes out of the hut, and were closely guarded by one of the band, who covered us with a double-barrelled gun; but no farther insult was offered. The fun inside waxed furious, as the rum began to take effect. I observed Alexander to prick up his ears, and listen attentively. I also thought I heard a distant sound, like the murmuring of the wind in the forest, or the rush of a body of horsemen at a great distance. By and by, the sound became distinct, and we could hear the tread of a large party approaching at full speed. Such was the confusion in the hut, that the bushrangers were not aware of their danger until their pursuers had come in sight; but, under any circumstances, I do not think they would have fled. The leader drew his men up abreast outside the hut, and, in this position, they awaited the pursuing party. On they came, in full career; but, unfortunately, they did not wait to form

into any regular order, but came up straggling like so many geese. The consequences might have been foreseen. When within ten yards from the hut, the bushrangers discharged four or five barrels straight in their faces. They wavered, and fairly faced to the right-about, and down the hill as fast as they could scamper. There was, in the rear of the party, a stiff, high-coloured old gentleman, a retired cavalry officer of distinguished merit. He was mounted on a little pony, which was the reason he could not get to the front. He was indignant at the cowardly conduct of the front line, or more correctly, front mob—for it could not be termed a line—and abused them as poltroons. Ashamed of their conduct, they halted at the bottom of the hill, and asked the old veteran to lead them on. He complied willingly, for it was to him a labour of love. He first commanded eight of the party to dismount, and, under cover of the forest, which, on one side, ran almost close to the hut, keep up a constant fire, so as to divert the attention of the bushrangers from the party that was to make the attack in front. The old warrior mounted a strong horse, and, unsheathing his long shining blade, proceeded to place his forces in regular order. There remained of the party twelve horsemen. He divided them into two lines of six men, and took his own station in the middle of the front line. Onwards they came, slow and steady. The old soldier sat stiff and upright in his saddle, looking neither to the right nor left. He had the look of a thorough disciplinarian, and his cool courage animated his followers. When about fifty yards' distance from the enemy, the party of foot poured in a deadly fire. "Forward, men," cried the veteran; and discharging their pistols in the faces of the enemy, they were upon them in an instant. The horse of the old veteran was a young high-spirited animal; and by the proper use of the curb and spur at the very moment of closing, he reared. Expecting to be trodden down, the leader drew a pistol and presented it at the horse's head. He had not time to fire, however; the bright blade of the veteran was seen to make a quick circle above his head, and the bushranger fell with a horrible gash in the forehead. The fall of the leader appeared to damp the courage of the others, and they retreated to the hut, and poured a most destructive fire upon their pursuers from the opening in the window. One or two of those in the front rank were wounded; and the veteran drew his men aside, to be out of the reach of their fire.

During the time that what I have been relating was going forward, we had remained inactive. We had sworn not to bear arms against the bushrangers, and we likewise were unarmed. Alexander was faint with loss of blood, from the wound he had received, and I had been endeavouring, for some time, to prevail upon one of the party to go in quest of a surgeon. In this, however, I could not succeed: no one would leave the spot. What was to be done? Alexander was not to die unaided, while I was able to help him. I therefore gave the hut-keeper strict charge to attend him in my absence; and seizing one of the horses, galloped off, about twenty miles down the creek, in quest of the nearest surgeon. I did not draw bridle until I reached his station, and upon explaining the matter, and requesting his aid, I was beyond measure chagrined to learn that the bushrangers had been with him before, and made him swear not to follow them. I argued with him for a length of time, and informed him that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, his oath was not binding. It was long before I could convince him; but such was my anxiety for my friend, that I would not go without him. He at length consented to accompany me with a very

bad grace. Upon our arrival, Alexander was worse, and so faint with loss of blood as scarcely to be able to raise his head. The surgeon, however, pronounced the wound as by no means of a serious character ; and the only inconvenient consequence arising from it, would be a month or two of close confinement. The wound was dressed, and Alexander carried to a stock-keeper's hut at some distance from the scene of action.

The battle had continued to rage with unceasing fury. The besiegers attempted, once or twice, to take the hut by storm ; but such was the deadly fire opened upon them from the window, that even the old veteran who commanded, considered the loss of life too great, and gave over the attempt. Some were for placing a quantity of combustible matter against the wall of the hut, and, when the bushrangers issued forth, to escape destruction from the flames, shoot them, or take them prisoners. Others, again, looked upon this as too ruffianlike a method, and proposed a siege in due form. The veteran, however, would not yet give over the attempt to take the hut ; as he hoped, with a little more attention to tactics, to be able to subdue the stronghold. There happened to be a bullock-dray upon the station, and this was brought forward, and upset about thirty yards from the hut. This formed a secure shelter for half-a-dozen riflemen to hold the bushrangers in check, while another party proceeded to knock in the heavy slabs of the hut. This was a work of both difficulty and danger : the slabs were securely fastened, and presented a strong resistance to their efforts. At last, one of them gave way, and fell in. The report of a couple of fowling-pieces issued from the interior of the hut, and one or two of the besiegers were wounded. The task was now, however, less difficult ; and, one by one, the slabs fell in, until a breach was effected. The besiegers now attempted to enter ; but their progress was stopped by the bushrangers, who fought desperately. The veteran, however, cheered on his men ; and, one by one, the bushrangers gave way, until a large party entered the hut. Even here they would not surrender, but continued to fight with sullen desperation. Few on either side had swords, and the fight was determined by fire-arms. The blood shed in the deadly contest was great, as the pistols were discharged in the faces of opponents. At last the bushrangers were reduced to two, and they were secured by sheer force. They were borne down by numbers ; but such was their desperation that they resisted to the last ; and after every rag of clothing had been torn from their backs in the struggle, and they were totally naked. Their faces streamed with blood, and were blackened with gunpowder. They neither spoke nor looked about them ; theirs was the calmness of desperation. Thus ended the most severe engagement of the kind upon record. Out of the five bushrangers, three lay dead, and the remaining two were severely wounded. Two of the besiegers were killed ; and five, besides Alexander, wounded.

The two bushrangers had their arms tied behind them, and were mounted upon the worst horses in the party. In this manner they were led off to the residence of the police magistrate. Their guilt was too apparent to afford the least hope of pardon : they did not ask it ; and, in a week after, suffered the extreme penalty which the law can inflict.

The summary punishment which followed the marauders, had the effect of deterring others from following their example. It was a losing game for any to have a day's sport,—for those ruffians consider robbing and plundering to be sport,—at the expense of life ; and since that time until now, bushranging has been a thing unknown in the Bathurst district.—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE HEIRESS.

IN one of the narrow streets that have been annihilated by the widening of the Strand and the opening of St. Martin's church to the view of the public, stood a narrow, dark building, which from its external appearance gave no indication of the business carried on within it. In fact, the appearance was that of a private dwelling upon a very small scale; for the one parlour-window and the door nearly filled up the whole of the frontage. In one of the panes of this window, and on the brass-plate below the brass knocker, was engraved and written *SAMPSON DROSS, Army Accoutrement Maker.*

The external appearance of Sampson Dross was nearly as dingy as the outside of his mansion, and only a little less dingy than the inside of his parlour or shop, as it might be more appropriately named, for therein were exhibited the articles wherein he dealt.

Sampson drove a very fair and very profitable trade in the front of his mansion, but the most important portion of his employment was carried on in the little back-parlour. There he passed the greater portion of his days, and there he made the greater portion of his money. He was, in sooth, one of those kind and accommodating personages, who are ready to supply the pecuniary wants of his fellow-men, provided they came ready with title-deeds, or other valuable securities. He lent money—he lent it liberally too, if he could clear 50*l.* per cent. by the loan without any risk. So cautious had Sampson been throughout his long life, that except in one or two instances when he had been overreached by the sons of Moser, he had not made one mistake.

The only luxury that Sampson Dross indulged in, was a Sunday dinner at the shilling ordinary at the Mother Redcap's at the foot of Highgate Hill. It was an inexcusable expense some persons might say, but then he indulged in it as a set-off for a doctor's bill which he might have incurred had he not taken a little exercise on one of the seven days of the week.

Even in exercise Dross was economical. He walked the three miles to his favourite taven, as slowly as he could for fear the perspiration attendant on rapid motion should render his linen useless for seven days' wear, and made a long *détour* round shady lanes, and grass grounds, lest the sun should "take the shine out of" his beaver-hat, and the gravel of the hard roads grind the soles of his shoes out before their legitimate time.

He was not a very welcome guest to the proprietor of the Mother Redcap, as he had great powers of consumption, and had at least eighteen pennyworth for his shilling. He did not compensate for over-eating by even moderate drinking, for he took but one pint of London particular porter—it was his *entire* drink—and one halfpenny pipe, and he never brought a bad-appetited friend with him for "the good of the house," so that in reality the landlord was a loser by him.

He was greeted with black looks both by the landlord and the waiters whenever he made his appearance and seated himself opposite the most substantial joint—but what cared Sampson for that? He paid his fifteenpence for dinner and drink, and gave the waiter a penny with a great deal of emphasis. He placed it—the vulgar *brown*—in the cringing creature's hand with as much toin and ceremony as if it had been a golden guinea.

Both the landlord and his regular customers talked over the conduct of Sampson Dross very freely, and resolved to treat him in such a manner as should drive him to some other house. They made up their minds to offend him if necessary, but before doing so they resolved to pack the table, so that when he entered the room the landlord might be able to tell him truly that there was no room for *him*. This was effected by each of the regular diners bringing with him a friend from London. The table was filled, nay, crammed to suffocation, when Sampson entered. The landlord put on a most polite and hypocritical face, and expressed his regret that it was impossible to accommodate so regular a customer. A grin went round—and then a titter expanding gradually into a loud laugh.

Sampson scowled, put his very large umbrella, which he had been using as

an overgrown parasol, under his arm, slapped his hat forcibly on his head, and was about to quit the ordinary, when his eye fell upon one of the party, who was evidently endeavouring to shelter his diminutive person behind the stoutest man in the room. "Simon Hughes—Simon Hughes!" cried Sampson Dross; "I must look out for another clerk. You must shortly be guilty of embezzlement, if you can spend a shilling and threepence at an ordinary out of six shillings a week. Simon trembled but said nothing. Sampson Dross looked as black as midnight at him, and turned to leave the room; before, however, he had reached the door, the whole company, at least all the regular diners, asked in suppressed tones—"Who is he?"—"My employer (clerks never say *master*)—old Dross, the rich money lender," replied Simon Hughes. "I shall get the sack to-morrow, depend upon it."

The landlord caught the name, and as every body knew Sampson Dross by reputation, he rushed after the wealthy individual, and assured him that if he had known who he was he would have cleared the room of every one else rather than a place should not have been found for him. Sampson Dross was indignant for a time; but relented and took the president's chair, which was given up to him without any hesitation.

After this memorable Sunday, Dross was established as the regular president of the ordinary. A most lucky hit it proved for the landlord, as although the president was a dead loss to him by his consumptive and unimbibable qualities, he was a source of gain to him by attracting many additional guests, who came to dine with the wealthy Sampson Dross, as if they thought he would make all of them his residuary legatees.

Sampson was gratified by the attentions paid to him, but he did not show his gratitude by ordering in the president's bowl, except on one occasion, when—it being his birthday—he "stood" a five shillings'-worth of punch, having agreed with the landlord privately to pay him four shillings and sixpence for it. In the very middle of the bowl, just as the money-lender's heart was expanding either at its owner's unwonted generosity, or the unwonted liquor, Simon Hughes, looking paler than a pale man might be thought capable of looking, hustled up to him and frankly told him, "Missus was dead—seized with an upper-plexy." The punch-ladle fell from Sampson's hand, and he seized his clerk by the collar of his coat, whispering to him—"Did you send for a doctor?" "No—no, sir," said Simon, "she was past that." "Then I can afford another bowl," said Sampson. "Sit down, Simon—sit down, and partake. It is paid for, and must be drunk." When the bowl was finished, Sampson Dross walked calmly back to London, followed by his clerk. He was rather sorry that he had lost his wife, but very glad that he had escaped a doctor's bill. As to the funeral expenses, he resolved they should not amount to much, and the little to which he intended they should amount, he put down in his mind as a set-off against her eating, drinking, and clothing if she had lived.

It was not until the corpse was interred in a style bordering closely on the economic parochial, that Sampson found out that his loss was a more serious one than he had calculated upon. He discovered that it was necessary to hire a person to supply his wife's place. He tried two or three charwomen, but they robbed him and wanted gin and porter two or three times a day. He hired an old woman who had been house-keeper in a tradesman's family, but "she never dined off any thing but a hot joint daily, and did not admire mutton-chops. She liked her tea, too, remarkably strong and green."

Poor Sampson was sadly put to it. He did not know what to do. He was afraid to marry again lest he should be deceived in the character of the lady, who might possibly spend more money in one year than she brought him for her dowry. He dropped all thoughts of a Mrs. Dross No. 2, and resolved to consult his family (who lived far north, and with whom he had had but little communication since he had left his home as a mere child), and find out some female connected with him by relationship, to whom a home would be considered as a compensation for her services. He put his resolution into force, and was delighted to hear that his eldest sister, widowed and dependant on her parents for a scanty support, would be glad to avail herself of the offer.

Mrs. Lascelles, the sister of Sampson Dross, was the widow of a country surgeon, a man of good family and considerable practice. He might have realized a large income, but he had a failing—he loved the turf and a game at piquet. The consequence was, that what he won by physicing he lost by gambling, and being unable to meet his liabilities upon the great St. Leger, went home and took *quant. suff.* of Prussic acid. His creditors seized every thing, even the gilt Galen's head over the door, leaving the widow penniless, and fortunately childless.

When Mrs. Lascelles arrived in town, and was conveyed with her luggage in a hackney-coach to the gloomy residence of her brother, she was quite amazed to see so mean and filthy a dwelling. She did not express her surprise, but resolved to alter its appearance as speedily as possible. The clothes and style of her niece astonished her almost as much as the foulness of her abode; for the girl, now growing up into a woman, was clad but little better than her neighbour's daughter at the chandler's shop, and her manners were of the worst description, resembling those of an uneducated chambermaid.

Mrs. Lascelles knew that her brother was what is termed "a man well to do in the world," but she did not know that he was notoriously one of the wealthiest men in town, until the drudge whom she employed to rid the house of some of its filth, revealed the secret to her.

As soon as his sister had ascertained that the information she had received might be credited, she determined to effect an entire revolution in the miser's affairs and mode of living. It required a considerable degree of tact to introduce the subject, and to carry out her designs; but when a clever woman, and one who knows some little of the world, sets seriously about managing a man, she is sure to succeed at last.

Mrs. Lascelles first succeeded in making her brother own to her the extent of his riches. She in the next place, by pointing out to him the neglected state of his daughter's education, prevailed on him to send her to a first-rate school. Lastly, by assailing his vanity through his pocket, and showing him how profitable a thing associating with the great and fashionable might be made, induced him to take a large mansion in St. James's-square, to furnish it fashionably, and to hire a suitable establishment. The old house of business was retained, and Simon Hughes allowed to occupy it with an advanced salary, which he richly deserved, as he had spent all his life in Mr. Dross's service, and had served him faithfully.

The miser sighed as he sat in his well-furnished dining-room and saw two servants standing, one behind his own chair, and another behind his sister's. He sighed more deeply as he sank down in his down bed, and gazed on its rich chintz furniture; but he positively groaned when he saw the preparations that had been made to entertain a few of his city friends, merchants of acknowledged respectability. He shuddered as he saw his butler tender champagne to his guests—champagne that had cost him eight shillings a-bottle—him who had grumbled the sixpence demanded for a glass of gin-and-water at the Mother Red Cap. It almost choked him as he drank it. When after dinner the table was supplied with clarets of the finest flavour, and his guests emptied bottle after bottle—for wine was drunk in those days, and by that class of persons—he thought he was completely ruined; but as soon as he retired with his friends to the drawing-room, and one after another of them sought to gain his private ear, and asked for a loan, offering him more favourable terms than he had ever succeeded in getting during business hours at his obscure shop, he began to think that the outlay on dinners and wines was judicious, and acknowledged that his sister was right in the plan of proceeding which she had laid down for him. He was as avaricious and miserly as ever, but he felt less reluctance at spending one hundred pounds on an entertainment at his mansion than he had done in paying for his dinner at the one shilling ordinary at the foot of Highgate-hill, because he knew that the profits were all in favour of the enlarged expenditure.

It required but a few months to place Sampson Dross in a position in society which he never dreamed of attaining. What will not gold effect? The proud

and mighty of the land thought it not only not a disgrace, but an honour, to be on the dining list of a low-born, half-educated money-lender. The dinners and evening parties in St. James's-square were duly and daily chronicled in the fashionable journals of the day. Sampson Dross could not take a drive into the park with his sister without seeing the fact recorded on the following morning.

As long as the season lasted Sampson Dross lived in a whirl of pleasure, for he was flattered and fawned upon by all the needy great ones, and made money almost faster than he could tell it. When London was empty, and his customers sought *their* country-seats as they called them, though many of them were mortgaged nearly to their full value to the money-lender, Sampson began to feel himself dull.^b He missed his dinner-parties, and the fun and wit that used to be heard around his table. He could not sit quietly down with the quiet Mrs. Lascelles to a quiet dinner. He had been used to excitement and he required excitement. He tried the plan of inviting the few of his city friends whose occupations detained them in and about town. It would not do. The attempt was a dead failure. They came and ate and drank, they talked too; but it was not the talk which he had lately been in the habit of hearing. It was all about business, and anticipated failures from dabbling in sugars and coffees, and speculating in rises or falls. All this would have been very interesting to him a few short months before, but now it was all flat, stale, and unprofitable. He was astonished at the change in himself, and could not account for his wishing to hear the lively talk of scandal, the playful personal attack, the ready *repartée*, and the sparkling pun or jest, in preference to the more useful and solid conversation in which he used to delight and profit by.

Sampson sat and wondered over his vapid-drinking Lafitte how his great acquaintances—I was nearly calling them friends—amused themselves in the country. He was soon able to ascertain, for one of his best customers, Lord Dumbledore, who wanted a little “ready” to carry on the war, invited him and his sister to spend a week with him at Dumbledore-house, a delightful residence in Sussex. Thither Sampson repaired, and went shooting, though he could not fire for blinking; fishing, though he ran the hooks into his fingers instead of the worm; played at billiards, though he had been unused to *that* sort of pocketing; and rode to races and danced at assize and country balls, though he knew neither the names, weights, and colours of the riders of the horses, nor the names, weights and families of his partner in the dance.

He was delighted with all this however, and determined to have a country-house of his own. On his return to town he looked over his deeds and writings until he discovered the title-deeds of an estate that he thought would suit him. He went down to see it, and knowing that the supposed owner of it was very needy—indeed “hard up,” as he termed it, he foreclosed immediately, and by the help of a “little advance” was put into immediate possession of a fine estate, not very far from the hospitable mansion of his friend Lord Dumbledore. He took the furniture at a valuation, and retained most of the servants. He even purchased the hounds though he could not ride over a broomstick, because Mrs. Lascelles advised him to do so as an additional string to the bow with which he meant to bring down his quarries.

The reader will be so good as to imagine Mr. Sampson Dross so successful in all his speculations that in the course of a few years he was dubbed a baronet, and took his seat in the House of Commons as member for the borough which adjoined his estate. This borough was in the hands of the principal attorney, who handed it over to Sir Sampson for a pretty considerable consideration—not a mere “say two thousand.” Sir Sampson voted with the government, and thereby ensured early information of events which enabled him to go “bull or bear” on the exchange, to the detriment and injury of those who had not the means of acquiring such early information as he had.

But to the more important person in this little sketch. Miss Isabella Dross was thoroughly finished off at the finishing school. She returned home at the age of nineteen full of accomplishments and high hopes. Her mistress and her schoolfellows had not failed to impress her with proper notions of her enviable

position in society. She was rather good-looking than otherwise; of a pretty but *petite* figure. She dressed well, danced well, and she played and sang very prettily, and could throw a dash of French and Italian into her talk, which enlivened it exceedingly. But had all these accomplishments been wanting; had she been as ugly as—any ugly lady of the reader's acquaintance; had she been short and puffy, or tall and scraggy; nay, had she been born with a pig's countenance, what would it have mattered to the only child of Sir Sampson Dross—the heiress of millions?

Mrs. Lascelles was greatly pleased with the manners and appearances of her niece, and the way in which she bore her blushing honours when first introduced into society. She pronounced her perfect when she observed the very lady-like manner in which she ascended and descended the steps of the carriage. She would not, perhaps, have been surprised at her doing it so very genteelly, had she known that an old chariot was kept in the retired gardens of the finishing school for the purpose of teaching the young ladies so necessary a branch of female education. They practised mounting and dismounting for a quarter of an hour every morning before breakfast.

Soon after Isabella's introduction to the world the mansion in St. James's-square was crowded from morning until night. Before his daughter came out Sir Sampson was visited only by gentlemen, except upon state occasions, when he gave a ball or a private concert. Now it was besieged by ladies—especially by mothers who had sons fit for matrimony. Even young ladies were anxious to be upon intimate terms with the great match of the day, for they anticipated very gay doings, and hoped to catch some one of the suitors that would be found flitting around the heiress. They knew that though she would have many adorers she could only have one husband, and that a rejected addresser is very likely to "pop the question" to some other lady who may be thrown in his way, just to show the lady who has rejected him that he is not an object of aversion to the whole sex.

Among the most attentive of the friends of Sir Sampson were the Dumbledores, *pere, mere, filles et fils*. His lordship had a heavy account against him in Sir Sampson's books, and he had a son, the Honourable Mr. Timpkinson Bumblebee, whom he wished to use as a sponge in wiping out the figures, by making him the husband of Isabella, and the inheritor of the ill-gotten gains of her papa. In this object he was nobly seconded by his noble son and his noble family, who looked upon it as the only means of retrieving their squandered fortunes, and saving the small remnant that they could still call their own. Both Mrs. Lascelles and Papa Dross clearly saw through their manœuvring, but they saw it with very different feelings.

The aunt would have wished to see her niece marry any one of respectability, even a commoner, who was deserving of her, and who sought her not for her money only; the newly-created baronet wished to see his daughter a lady of title, and thought that young Bumblebee would serve to make her such as well as any one else. Moreover, Sir Sampson really liked Lord Dumbledore, and felt grateful to him for having put him in the right road to get his baronetcy; and he thought it more than probable that the immense wealth which the future lord would be possessed of on his father's decease, would enable him to convert his lady into a duchess.

What were Isabella's feelings on the subject? She liked Lady Dumbledore much, for she was a goodnatured, lovable person. She liked the girls tolerably, but she really hated Mr. Bumblebee, and showed her detestation of him as openly as she had the courage to do. She liked the father very little better than she did the son; though he showed her every attention in his power, which was a trouble that the suitor did not think fit, or worth his while, to take.

My lady readers will probably wish to learn what sort of a being Mr. Timpkinson Bumblebee was, and their wish shall be gratified. Let them listen to the following dialogue:

"Dupesby, my fine fellow!" said Mr. Timpkinson to his friend, a tall, handsome man, with very black hair and eyes, and exceedingly correct in dress. "Dupesby, this is a bore, isn't it?"

"What is a bore, Timpky?" inquired his friend, who used the *short* for Timpkinson adopted by all his intimates.

"Don't you know, then, that my governor has ordered me to do the amiable with Sir Sampson's daughter?"

"I have heard that he expects you to marry her."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the honourable; "I am ready and willing; but that is not all he expects."

"Indeed!" replied his friend; "does he expect you to give up Signora Schnappes and your book upon the Derby?"

"No, not exactly that—"

"The billiard-table, perhaps, at which you beat us all?"

"No, no, not that."

"Well, then, I cannot possibly imagine the object or end of his expectations, for those are the only things you are capable of doing," said Dupesby, looking his friend calmly in the face.

"No—not the only things, Dupesby. I can fence tolerably well and can set-to a little—at least Jackson says so."

"A little, certainly; but what are you expected to do?"

"To be abominably attentive to my lady that is to be—to dance, to talk to her, and—and in short, to be very attentive—to behave as a perfect gentleman before marriage—ain't it a bore?"

"I should think not," replied Dupesby. "If I were any body I would do my best to cut you out; but you know I am nobody—a mere straw cast by chance in the stream of society, to be carried wherever the whirlings of the current choose to toss me."

"Though you have no legal governor, Dupesby, you are a clever fellow, and make an infinity of tin in some way or another."

"I do my best to earn enough to live upon, and owe no man a shilling."

"I wish I could say so—I owe a great deal," said Timpkinson, sighing as he poured out a large glass of champagne, and tossed it off. "If it was not for my debts and my governor's extravagance, I would see Sir Sampson's daughter at York before I would tie myself up yet."

"Well, I wish I had your chance, that is all. I think Miss Isabella Dross a very nice person, and with one-eighth of her fortune I would soon be as rich as the baronet."

"I don't doubt it. You are a clever fellow, and would soon turn hundreds into thousands. I never could think and scheme as you do—at school I got—"

"Flogged for cribbing another boy's verses."

"And at college I got—"

"Expelled for bribing the college banker to get you a prize essay written by a poor bible-clerk, and passing it off as your own."

"Yes, exactly; and in the guards I nearly got—"

"Cashiered for being too lazy to appear upon parade now and then."

"How *could* I help it?" inquired Timpky; "you know I was at Epsom one day, at Jackson's rooms on the second, and was engaged to finish the rubber match with the billiard-marker at the tables in Jermyn-street on the third."

"All of which might have been done easily enough with a little management," said Mr. Dupesby. "But now, as to your wealthy bride—you must not give way to your indolence in that quarter, or you will lose her. Recollect, she is surrounded by suitors, and who will not fail to draw her attention to your neglect of her."

"It is a bore. I do not want to lose her, for we want her tin, and yet I cannot play the constant lover."

"Cannot you do it by deputy?" inquired Dupesby.

"A capital notion; but whom shall I get to do deputy, eh?"

"I will be your deputy for a few thousands," said Dupesby, looking fixedly and earnestly on his friend.

"Will you, then you shall. I'll stump up handsome when we're spliced—but, eh? I don't know; you are a handsome fellow, and might put in a word for yourself."

"Honour—you know—Timpsy—honour! Besides you, though not quite upon so large or so dark a scale, are much admired by the women. Those curling auburn locks, and those flashing blue eyes, have done execution before now."

"Well, that's true enough—but somehow you dark fellows, with great coarse whiskers, get the better of us."

"What, jealous, Timpsy?"

"Jealous! oh no! Come, that's rather too good; and to prove it, I will introduce you to-night, and you shall do the agreeable for me to the great heiress."

Mr. Dupesby agreed, playfully warning his friend Timpsy, that if the lady showed a decided preference for the deputy, he would run off with her.

As Mr. Bumblebee did not think it likely that any lady *with* *in*, as he called money, would marry a mere adventurer—the natural son of some great unknown, in preference to a good-looking young man of good family and some reputation, as a lady and time-killer, he smiled very good-humouredly, and offered to bet "five to one such an event never came off." Mr. Dupesby booked the bet "in ponies" but Timpsy only smiled the more good-naturedly.

The introduction was effected on the same evening, after a pleasant little dinner at Signora Schnappe's lodgings—and within three weeks of that memorable evening, Miss Isabella Dross was privately married to the handsome and scheming Mr. Dupesby. A note to his friend Timpsy ran thus: "Dear Timpsy,—I will trouble you for five ponies—Isabella is mine. Yours truly, STAFFORD DUPESBY."

Mr. Timpinkson Bumblebee was in the *Post* of the following morning amongst the list of the departed—not from this life—but from London for Paris.

I must beg my reader to fancy himself in St. James' square, about eleven o'clock of the day of the marriage.

"Mrs. Lascelles, madam," said Sir Sampson, laying down the newspaper in which he had been reading the city article and the gazette only, "I am going into the city. I have a presentiment that something will happen to-day which will very much astonish me."

"Why do you think so?" inquired his sister.

"I dreamed last night a very uncomfortable dream. I thought a favourite speculation of mine had turned out a dead failure, and that somehow or another Isabella was the cause of it. It was the utter ruin of the Grand Junction Banking Company."

"Pooh—nonsense, Sir Sampson; put no faith in dreams. What should your daughter have to do with junction companies?"

"I cannot tell; but I dreamed the same dream three times. But where is my girl? I have not seen her this morning."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Lascelles; "she breakfasted in her own room, I suppose, for we were very late last night."

"It was a most delightful party, and I do not wonder at people staying late. That Mr. Dupesby who, by the by, is a very clever fellow, seemed very attentive to Isabella, while that foolish fellow, her future husband, Bumblebee, paid her no sort of attention whatever."

"It is a great pity," said Mrs. Lascelles, "that Mr. Dupesby is not the heir to the peerage instead of his friend. He is a most charming person, and I am sure Isabella likes him better than the inanimate, selfish puppy whom you have selected for her."

"She may like him as much as she pleases, provided she marries the other. I have set my heart upon the match, and come what will, nothing shall prevent its being made."

"Many a slip between the cup and the lip," said Mrs. Lascelles, smiling.

"Not in this case, madam—not in this case. Nothing can, nothing *shall* occur to frustrate my plans," said the baronet, laying his hand violently on the loo-table. Scarcely had he made this rash assertion, when the door was gently opened, and Mr. Dupesby, with Isabella leaning on his arm, entered the room. The gentleman looked proudly and victoriously at the papa and aunt, while the lady held down her head and gazed stedfastly on the carpet. Mrs. Lascelles, from

that instinct belonging of natural right to the fair sex, felt assured that the couple before her were man and wife. The baronet felt that something was wrong, but he could not tell what. His blood retired from the extremities of his person to his heart; his face was pale; his hands shook, and his voice trembled as he said, "Eh?—what—what is the matter?"

"Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Dupesby, my dear sir," said the gentleman.

"Dear father, dear aunt—forgive me—I am married."

"Eh?—what?" said the father.

"How?—married?" screamed the aunt.

"Married this morning, by licence, in St. James' church, and here is the certificate," said the bridegroom.

"I would have asked your consent," said the 'mourning bride,' weeping, "but I knew it would be useless; you were so bent upon my marrying that disagreeable Bumblebee."

"Swindled by all that's rascally!" shouted the baronet.

"Most imprudent, to say the least of it," said his sister.

Isabella threw herself upon her knees before her father, but he spurned her from him, and was about to curse her, when Mr. Dupesby stepped up to him and whispered something in his ear.

What it was that was whispered was never known precisely; the only word that was heard distinctly, was "junction." The consequence was that the baronet left the room with the bridegroom, and returned in about half an hour, and placed his daughter in her husband's arms, bidding God bless her. Lord Dumbledore wintered in Naples.

Four years passed over the heads of the bride and bridegroom in comparative happiness. They lived principally at the estate in Sussex, whence the latter went now and then to assist his father in carrying out some bold plans of his suggesting. These schemes had prospered beyond their warmest expectations; but Dupesby had talents for planning—Sir Sampson caution and habits of business for carrying those plans out. Death, however, which knocks at the door of the rich as well as the poor man, gave a double rat-tat at the mansion in St. James'-square. The baronet could not say "not at home." He was buried by the Banting of his day in great splendour, at the private chapel of the estate which he had purchased for his country residence.

Mrs. Lascelles still resided with her niece, for Mr. Dupesby liked her much, and thought her a safe and valuable companion for his wife, from whom he was now frequently absent, engaged in winding up the affairs of his father-in-law, and in forming plans to add to what was already too much for him to manage comfortably.

In an evil hour he expressed his intention openly in the Stock Exchange to ruin a great capitalist, who had thwarted him in one of his schemes, by taking a government contract, of which he had made sure. "I will ruin him!" cried he. "Ah! ah!" laughed the successful Israelite, "there is two as can play at dat game."

As the subject was openly talked of, it excited a great deal of interest, and bets were laid to a large amount, the odds being greatly in favour of Dupesby. The Jews, however, combined together against Dupesby, who was too proud of his own abilities to ask or take advice. The result was, that he was ruined past all redemption. He relied upon information, which he believed to be accurate, but which had been furnished at great expense and through untraceable channels by the enemy—risked more than his all to crush his foe, and lost it. Madness followed—madness, curable only by death, which speedily relieved him of his sufferings. And what became of Isabella and her aunt?

It was fortunate for her that she had a woman of strong mind with her during the short but severe illness of her husband, or she would have sunk under the blow. When his body was placed in the tomb beside her father's Isabella turned to her aunt, who had had a long interview with the lawyers, and inquired what was to be done. "We must go forth into the world, my child, and seek a living as we best may, for we have nothing left to depend upon. We are worse than beggars, for the assets, large as they are, will not cover the debts. We

must leave this house immediately, and where to go I know not, save to my brother's home, and he is scarcely able to maintain his own wife and children. Fortunate it is however that you are childless, though you have often murmured against Providence for not having blessed you with an heir to all your wealth."

"Fortunate, indeed!" said Isabella, "but I will never murmur more. For myself I can submit to any thing; but to see my children starving round me, I could not endure it. Would that I had but one friend left to aid me!" Scarcely had Isabella uttered this wish, when a servant told her that a gentleman wished to see her. She bid him enter. It was Simon Hughes, Sir Sampson Dross's first clerk. He came to offer a home for a short time to the child of his former patron. He had bought the army accoutrement business from his master, and had been so far successful as to have been able to support and educate a large family on the profits of it.

Isabella, with her aunt, removed to her former home, and afterwards being assisted by Simon with a small loan, they set up a school in the country. They succeeded beyond their hopes, but their success was not lasting.

The scarlet fever, in its worst form, broke out in the school. Mrs. Lascelles was the first victim to its violence. Several of the children died. All sickened, and the spot was as it were *tabooed* ever afterwards. After much struggling in different scenes, wearied with grief and adversity, the Heiress found rest in the Widows' Almshouse.—*New Monthly Magazine for November.*

ZILLAH—THE ONLY CHILD.

VARIOUS are the lessons that may be learned from what we happen to witness in our daily walks. Joy and sorrow, toil and luxury, meet the eye in rapid succession, as we traverse the streets of a great city. Scarcely has the sprightly maiden of sixteen summers gladdened our path, than it is overshadowed by the lonely widow in her garb of woe. The exhilarating effect of the rosy face and springing step of a merry child, is suddenly checked by the sight of the white hair and stooping gait of an aged man. The weary labourer and the gay man of fashion, the lowly mendicant and the high-born dame, may be seen side by side; all pass on their way, some to scenes of pleasure, others to those of misery. But amidst the different objects which suggest serious reflections in the mind of an observant pedestrian, few afford a wider field for contemplation than the frequent removals which we cannot fail to notice as we go through the several quarters of the metropolis. The upholsterer's cart, laden with costly furniture, and the humble truck which bears away the homely chattels of the working-man, have each a history connected with them. Happiness is not always packed up with the magnificence of the former; nor is discontent the invariable companion of the latter. Such were my thoughts one day when walking through one of the fine squares of London many years ago. A handsome house attracted my attention, from the circumstance of there being a large wagon at the door; and between the windows of the ground-floor were printed notices, announcing that in a few days there would be a sale. An air of sadness was visible on the countenances of the domestics, as they moved to and fro with different pieces of furniture, which they deposited in the wagon; and as I stood for a moment reading the printed notice, I heard one of them say, "No, no, Will, *that's* not to go—it is to be sold. Master couldn't bear to see it." I looked hastily round, and beheld a pretty little table—such as the French call a *bonheur du jour*—surmounted by a small bookcase, opening with glass doors, which were lined with green silk. Now, I do not consider that it is necessary for a writer to state how he acquires his information, or collects his stories. These are the secrets of his art; and having premised this, I shall simply relate the history of the little work-table, or rather of its owner, the beautiful Zillah.

She was an only child, and, as may be supposed, a beloved one. Reared in the midst of luxury, her every wish anticipated and gratified, she grew up without the slightest idea of the necessity of practising self-control. She was generous and affectionate, intelligent and accomplished, and her sweet counte-

nance often proved an excuse in the eyes of indulgent friends for her waywardness and self-will. Sometimes when Zillah proposed some wild scheme, her gentle mother would venture to remonstrate, but had not firmness to resist the playful embrace and merry laugh of her idolised daughter; so that the latter invariably succeeded in obtaining the fulfilment of her wishes, were they ever so extravagant. Zillah had attained her eighteenth year, and several suitors had aspired to her hand. Her parents did not attempt to control her choice, until they discovered that it had been decided in favour of an individual, whom they had frequently met in society, and whose disposition and principles were, in their opinion, ill calculated to insure her happiness.

For the first time the indulged Zillah met with opposition from her father and mother, and her lover was forbidden their house. Irritated by this unusual, and, in her estimation, harsh exercise of parental authority, the inconsiderate self-willed girl secretly left her home, and those who had so tenderly cherished her from the hour she first saw the light, and contracted a hasty marriage with one of whom she knew but little. Before her departure, she placed in the work-table above-mentioned a short letter to her parents, informing them of the step she was about to take, and her determination to become the wife of Mr —.

When the news of Zillah's flight was communicated to her mother, she was struck with grief and alarm, and for some time remained weeping over the little *bonheur du jour* with the letter in her hand. She was found in this attitude by her husband, whose indignation overpowered his paternal affection, and he declared that no entreaties should ever make him hold any intercourse with his ungrateful child. For two long years he kept his resolution, and resisted the tears and pleadings of his wife; and at length forbade any one to mention Zillah's name in his presence. Indeed the sight of anything which had belonged to her caused such violent paroxysms of anger, that it was alarming to witness them. The afflicted mother was therefore compelled to conceal the deep sorrow which was undermining her health, for she durst not speak of the cause of her grief. She knew that her husband mourned in secret also, although his sterner nature would not allow him to confess it; and she still cherished the hope, that by patiently yielding to his commands, he would in time consent to a reconciliation with their unhappy child.

At last some friends of the family persuaded the distressed parents to remove from their house in town, and reside in the country, trusting that a complete change of scene might be of service. It was at this juncture that the removal of the furniture, described at the commencement of this tale, took place; and it will now be understood by the reader why the little work-table was to be sold.

But it is time to speak of its once happy possessor, immediately after her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Paris, and, for some months, the young couple appeared to be free from all care, and to be devoted to each other. Zillah's affection was true and disinterested; she had proved this, at the expense of every dutiful feeling towards her parents; but, alas! that affection was unworthily bestowed.

Mr. — was proud of his youthful wife's grace and beauty, but his heart was too much absorbed by avarice, to love any human being. He knew she was an only child, and reputed to be a great heiress. Seeing that she was artless and generous, he wrought upon her noble nature, by representing that his want of an adequate fortune was the sole cause of her parents' opposition to their union. If Zillah had not been blinded by a misplaced affection, she would instantly have repelled such an unjust assertion, for she must have known that her father and mother were incapable of placing any mere worldly advantages in competition with her happiness. Alas! she was destined soon to discover that their reasons for refusing to sanction her marriage were but too just, and that she had been deceived by empty professions of love; for when her husband found that his wife's wealthy parents persevered in refusing to hold the slightest communication with her—that letters, soliciting pardon, were returned unopened—and that the fortune he had imagined she would inherit was made over to a distant branch of the family, his conduct towards her completely changed. Then the unhappy Zillah began to experience the most cruel neglect from the

only being to whom she had a right to look up for protection and tenderness : then she was left alone for hours, to weep over her filial disobedience ; and when her husband found her beautiful countenance pale and altered from the effects of grief, he would coldly turn away, without uttering a word of consolation ; or else he would upbraid her for making his home miserable.

It was in the second year of this most unfortunate marriage, and Zillah was sitting beside the little bed of her infant child, thinking of her once happy home, of her indulgent father and gentle mother, when the clocks of the gay city, striking the hour of midnight, recalled her wandering thoughts. She rose, and opening the window, looked out into the street, hoping to catch a glimpse of her husband, who had been absent, as usual, for many hours. All was still ; the moon shed a clear placid light on every object. Zillah fixed her tearful eyes on the beautiful orb, and thought of the mansions of the blest. She prayed for strength to bear her sorrows, and humbled herself before Him who looks upon the lowly and the contrite with tender compassion.

At length the sound of carriage wheels met the ear of the anxious wife, and she soon perceived a hackney coach at the end of the street. As it approached, her heart beat violently, an indefinable sensation of fear suddenly assailed her. The vehicle stopped at the large *porte cochere* of the house, and the porter was summoned to open the gate. Zillah hastily closed the window, and waited tremulously for the arrival of her husband, whom she now heard slowly ascending the stairs. When he entered the room, she was alarmed at the expression of his countenance. His eyes were sunken, and his face deadly pale. It was evident that he was ill. "You are suffering, dear Richard," exclaimed Zillah-tenderly, for at that moment all the affectionate emotions of her young heart, which he had so often slighted and rejected, returned. "O tell me what is the matter?"

"I am ill, Zillah," replied he in a hollow voice, and taking her small hand, he pressed it against his burning forehead.

"We will have advice instantly," cried she, and immediately despatched the porter for a physician, who speedily arrived, and pronounced the patient to be labouring under the distressing symptoms of a low fever.

For many a long day and weary night did Zillah watch by the sick-bed of her husband, nursing him with the most tender care, and forgetting all his past unkindness at the sight of his sufferings. His malady terminated fatally, and poor Zillah was left a widow, in a foreign land, and without friends ; for peculiar circumstances had prevented the young couple from forming any acquaintances in Paris, who might have been useful to them. The only drop of comfort in the youthful widow's cup of sorrow was the reflection, that her husband had appreciated her affectionate attentions, and had asked her forgiveness for the troubles his selfishness had brought upon her.

Zillah mourned for her departed husband with the deepest sorrow, for she had loved him with all the disinterested tenderness of a woman's heart. She recalled the days when she first knew him, when he had gained her youthful affections by his apparent devotedness to her, and his promises of unchangeable regard. All these recollections were attended with painful thoughts of her parents, and of the desolate condition of herself and infant daughter ; and it was only by resorting to the highest of all sources of consolation, that she was enabled to support her heavy afflictions.

In order to obtain medical assistance, and to defray the funeral expenses, Zillah had (through the instrumentality of a worthy nurse, who had sometimes shared her long watchings) disposed of all the valuables she possessed, and she was now nearly penniless. It was with a breaking heart that she once more sat down to write to her father. Alas ! the letter was returned to her through the post office ! marked as it was by the ensigns of woe, it had not been opened by her parents. This circumstance almost overwhelmed her, and she gazed on her innocent child in an agony of grief. In the hope that her father would relent, and send her some pecuniary aid, the afflicted widow had suffered the rent of her apartments to accumulate, and the proprietress was now impatient for payment. She sent for her, however, and implored her to wait a little longer. The woman reluctantly consented to wait for her money, but she told the un-

happy Zillah, most decidedly, that she must quit the house on the following day. The morning came and Zillah packed up the few articles she possessed, which principally consisted of her baby's clothes, for she had been compelled to part with most of her own, and having locked the small trunk, she seated herself upon it, and burst into tears. Those tears were such as angels rejoice to see, for they were shed by a sincere penitent. After a while, the desolate widow drew from her pocket a little bible, the gift of her beloved mother. She opened the sacred volume, and falling on her knees, read some of the blessed promises which abound in its inspired pages. Strengthened and comforted, she remained for some time in her humble attitude, her face buried in her hands. When she rose, she perceived the proprietress of the house standing gazing upon her.

The woman had entered the apartment with the view of hastening the departure of her poor lodger, but was diverted from her purpose by the sight of the widow on her knees. The timid glance which responded to her astonished gaze touched the heart of the landlady, and she said in a gentle tone, "You are well, madame, I hope?"

Zillah thanked her for the inquiry, and added, pointing at the same time towards the bed, "As soon as my child awakes, I will go; but—" And here her voice failed her, for she knew not whither she should direct her steps.

The landlady turned away, and, for once, forgot her rigid maxims in her sympathy for the beautiful and patient creature before her. At last she said, "Have you no friends, madame, in England, to whom you could write and state your situation? If you have, and would like to occupy a small room in another part of my house, you are welcome to stay here until you get an answer."

What a load seemed to be removed from poor Zillah's mind by this proposal! Gladly was it accepted, though just then she knew not to whom to write.

"And now, madame," resumed the landlady, seating herself with an air of protection and good humour, "it strikes me that you might employ your talents, and so gain a little money."

"I should be glad to do so," replied Zillah, "but in what manner?"

"Give lessons in your own language, and in music," returned the proprietress; "even royal folks have so employed themselves, before now, in foreign parts."

"I am most willing," said Zillah; and it was then agreed that the widow should remove immediately to the small room, and that the landlady should endeavour to procure some pupils for her.

Zillah now felt a cheerfulness of spirit to which she had been long a stranger. She took possession of her new abode with a grateful heart, and occupied herself in arranging the humble furniture in the most commodious way, and in forming plans for the profitable employment of her time. One day, as she was dressing her little girl, singing all the while a simple English air, in order to amuse the sprightly child, the porter of the house knocked at the door of the modest apartment. The widow opened it, and the man put a letter into her hand, saying, "Forty sous, madame, if you please."

"Forty sous for a letter! it must be from England," thought the agitated Zillah, and then she remembered that she had scarcely so much as that sum. The porter marked the expression of the widow's countenance; he was a kind-hearted old man, and he said rapidly, "Madame need not pay for it now; it is of no consequence, and I am in a great hurry."

He then ran down stairs as briskly as a youth of twenty, and his heart was as light too. He "would sooner lose three times the sum," he said to his wife, "than give a moment's pain to such a sweet young lady." And, to the credit of his spouse be it recorded, she quite agreed with him.

But we must leave the good-natured porters, and return to poor Zillah. With a trembling hand she opened the letter. It was from her mother's cousin, an aged lady, to whom the afflicted widow had written immediately after her husband's death: by some accident Zillah's letter had wandered out of its course, and thus the answer also had been delayed. Zillah had long abandoned all hope of hearing from this venerable relative, and feared she was dead; for she felt sure that her appeal for succour would not have been left unnoticed, if it had

reached the hands of her cousin. The letter which she now perused proved how justly she had appreciated the kind old lady's disposition, for it was full of tender and soothing expressions, and contained a remittance of fifty pounds, with an earnest recommendation to Zillah to return to England immediately, and take up her abode at the house of her benevolent cousin.

Zillah thought her heart would burst, from the effect of sudden joy, and she was obliged to put the letter aside for a few moments, and speak to her child, in order to recover herself. At length a flood of tears came to her relief. As she now listened to the sound of approaching footsteps, how different were her sensations to what they would have been an hour before! Then she would have dreaded lest the landlady had repented of her permission for her to remain in the house, and a thousand other vague fears would have taken possession of her sensitive mind. But now she wished to see the proprietress, to tell her the good news, to thank her for her kindness, for Zillah quite forgot that she had met with anything else from her. It was, then, with an elastic step and smiling face that she answered the summons at the door of her humble chamber; but instead of the landlady, she was greeted by a little sprightly lass, the good porter's daughter, who presented to Zillah a covered cup, saying, as she did so, "Maman begs madame will take a little chocolate; it is very good, and maman has just made it on purpose for madame."

A bright drop rested for a moment on the long dark eyelashes of the young widow, and then it fell on the extended hand of the little French maiden as she held the cup towards her. The child possessed all the tact of her nation, and took no notice of this evidence of some strong feeling, but began to caress the infant whom Zillah held in her arms. "Ah, how pretty she is, madame," said the good-natured girl; "what sweet blue eyes she has!" Zillah smiled through her tears, and said, "Thank you my little Angelique; and pray, tell your mother that I am much obliged to her, and that I accept her kind offering with pleasure."

"But madame must take it directly, while it is quite hot," replied the child, "or it will not be so nice." So saying, she was hastily descending the stairs, when Zillah called her back, and begged that she would request the landlady to come to speak to her as soon as convenient.

When Angelique re-entered her mother's lodge, and had delivered the messages intrusted to her, she added, "The lady shed tears, maman, when she took the cup out of my hand."

"Did she?" said the portress. "Poor young creature, she has heard of some fresh troubles, perhaps, in that letter; but run, tell madame that she is wanted up stairs." The landlady soon presented herself, and Zillah communicated to her the pleasing change in her affairs. The intelligence was received with great satisfaction; and, to do her justice, it was not merely the prospect of obtaining the payment of the money owing to herself that produced this emotion. She was really and truly pleased that Zillah was thus relieved from her troubles—for she thought only of pecuniary ones—and she apologised for the harshness she had formerly been guilty of quite as much from a sense of regret as from that of shame.

We must pass over the details of Zillah's movements, and hasten her return to her native land. Before leaving Paris, however, she had the pleasure of testifying her gratitude to the worthy porter and his wife for their sympathy in her hour of need. The poor people shed tears as they bade her adieu, and Angelique waved her handkerchief until she could no longer see the carriage.

Traveling was not so expeditious in those times as it is now, and many days elapsed before Zillah and her little Ellen found themselves in London. It was late in the evening when they arrived at their cousin Mildred's residence. The old lady left her seat at the drawing-room window, where she had been watching for them, and hastened down stairs to receive the widow and her child. No words were spoken by either party, but they clasped each other in their arms, and wept. At last Mrs. Mildred disengaged herself from Zillah, and turned towards Ellen, who, attracted by the lights and bustle, was laughing and clapping her little hands. "She is a beauty!" exclaimed cousin Mildred, taking the merry infant from the servant who held her. "Hush," said Zillah; "do not

say that; she may understand you, young as she is, and that would be dangerous." The little girl laughed again more merrily than before, and hid her rosy face on her good cousin's shoulder. The old lady smiled affectionately, and caressed the child with great tenderness.

Oh, how sweetly the voice of her kinswoman fell upon the ear of Zillah! and the sight of her fatherless child thus folded in her arms, added to her joy. But Mrs. Mildred had yet much to accomplish. She had determined, as far as lay in her power, to complete the work of peace which she had commenced. Taking the arm of the trembling Zillah beneath her own, she led her to the drawing-room, where she made her partake of some refreshment, soothing her all the time with words of affection and encouragement, and answering her questions respecting her parents with tender caution. Zillah was too much excited to perceive the restraint in her good cousin's manner when speaking on the latter point; and her inquiries followed each other too rapidly to enable her to receive direct answers to all, so that in the confusion of her thoughts, she only recollected that her father and mother had left London, and were settled in the country.

Fatigued with her journey, she was glad to retire to rest early, and her benevolent kinswoman reserved any further communications until the next day.

The morning dawned, and Zillah arose refreshed and strengthened; but her heart yearned towards her parents, and she repeated the prayer she had so often offered to heaven, that she might be permitted to see them once again, and that their anger might be changed for forgiveness. Mrs. Mildred entered her room while she was dressing, and after an interchange of affectionate inquiries, they descended together to breakfast. The social meal being over, they repaired to the library, which communicated with the drawing-room by folding-doors. The kind old lady placed Zillah on the sofa, and taking her hand tenderly, as she sat down beside her, said, "My love, I have an object to accomplish, in which you must assist me." The young widow fixed her eyes anxiously on Mrs. Mildred, and replied, that anything which she could do to prove her gratitude to so beloved a friend would indeed afford her great happiness.

"Well, my dear," returned her cousin, "all that will be required is a little patience and calmness. Listen, then, to what I have to say, and do not interrupt me, since, for reasons which I will explain by and by, we have but a short time for conversation. I told you, my beloved Zillah, that your parents were gone to reside in the country. Several months had elapsed since their departure from town, when I received your letter from Paris; and after I had answered it, I could not rest without making a great effort to induce your father to consent to a reconciliation with you."

"It was a deed worthy of an angel," exclaimed Zillah in a voice trembling from emotion.

"Hush, my love! time presses. But last night your poor spirits were unequal to bear what I have to tell. I knew it was useless to write to your father, for had he seen your name in the letter, he would have refused to read it; so I took post horses, and went in person to plead your cause. Your mother was not at home, but I was welcomed most kindly by your father, who probably thought my visit was the result of one of the caprices of an old woman. I was anxious not to excite my cousin, but I thought it advisable to disclose the object of my sudden appearance at once, trusting to Providence for success. Taking his hand in mine, then—just as I hold yours now dear Zillah—I said, 'Cousin *she* is a widow, in distress, in a foreign land.' I felt your father's hand tremble, and looking into his face, saw that it was pale as a marble statue. I then ventured to continue in a low voice, 'Forgive her, cousin; she is penitent.'

"You spoke truth!" exclaimed Zillah passionately. "God knows I *am* penitent!"

Mrs. Mildred proceeded: "I waited for your father to speak, and at last the hard struggle between paternal love and long-indulged anger terminated. The former triumphed. He rushed from the room, whilst loud sobs burst from his breast. I heard his groans as he paced the apartment above. Do not speak," added the kind narrator, as she saw that Zillah was again going to give utter-

ance to her feelings. "We have no time; here, love, take a little wine; you look faint." This was true. Poor Zillah could scarcely support herself. At last she said, "Go on, dear kind friend."

"I must now be brief," resumed Mrs. Mildred; "suffice it to say, that your father forgave you, my dear cousin; your mother had long ago done so; and when they both found that I had already sent to beg you would return immediately to your native land, their joy was great. Your gentle mother seemed to gain new life from the idea of seeing you and your infant; for, by degrees, I told them all about you. And now, my love, tell me, do you feel equal to a meeting with those dear parents from whom you have been so long separated?"

"Oh yes!" said Zillah weeping. "Oh, how I wish they were here!" Just then a carriage drove up to the house; but Mrs. Mildred desired Zillah to remain quietly where she was, as she had given orders that they should not be disturbed. There was however, a sound of feet on the stairs, and the old lady seemed agitated. The door of the adjoining room was opened, and some persons entered. Zillah was so absorbed, however, in her own feelings, that although she heard these movements, she was, as it were, unconscious of them. Mrs. Mildred kissed her forehead, and then, saying that she would return in a few minutes, left the library.

The widow remained for a short space still engrossed by her own thoughts. At last a voice, proceeding from the drawing-room startled her. The tones were those she had heard in her childhood; they were her mother's gentle accents! Transfixed to the spot, Zillah stood in the middle of the room—her hands pressed against her beating heart, and her beautiful head bent forward in the attitude of listening. Thus was she found by Mrs. Mildred, who entered, leading the little Ellen by the hand. The child ran to her mother, and caught hold of her robe with her tiny fingers. This action recalled Zillah to herself; and taking up the astonished infant, she cried, "Cousin, they are *there*! Oh, let me see them! My child will plead for me."

"You shall see them, dearest Zillah," said the benevolent old lady, opening the folding doors, and the parents and child were soon in each other's arms.

Forgiveness and penitence marked that meeting, and sorrow was soothed by the voice of affection. Tears fell abundantly, but they consoled and relieved the heart. The little Ellen was caressed in her turn, and her young mother smiled through her tears, when she heard her own beloved parents express their admiration of her infantine beauty. But with these joyous feelings sad recollections were mingled. Zillah thought of her husband, whom she had so much loved, and for whose sake she had suffered so severely. She could have wished that he, too, had been spared to acknowledge his errors to her parents, and to receive their pardon. These beloved relatives guessed the thoughts which were passing through her mind, and they spoke indulgently of the dead, avoiding all allusions to his errors. Mrs. Mildred had retired from the affecting scene, and was weeping for joy in the next room. Her heart was all kindness, and her feelings as unsophisticated as those of a child. She was now summoned to join those who owed their present happiness to her. It was soon settled that cousin Mildred's society was essential to their future comfort, and that they never could be separated from her. A few weeks, therefore, after this happy meeting, the whole family went into the country, where they passed the remainder of their days in peace, Zillah devoting herself to the comfort of her beloved parents and cousin, and thus endeavouring to atone for the many sorrows of which she had been the cause.—*Chambers' Journal*.

ANOTHER AERIAL.—Mr. Monck Mason is exhibiting, at Willis's Rooms, a large model of a Balloon propelled by machinery. The balloon is supported in the air by the ordinary means of hydrogen gas; the propelling power is the Archimedean screw, worked, in the model, by a spring wheel; and the balloon can be made to ascend or descend, to a limited extent, by raising or lowering an attached rudder. The contrivance is ingenious, and the experiments were successful. As it is not offered as a model of an aerial locomotive by which road and railway travelling are to be superseded, we are not called on to point out those inherent defects which would prove insurmountable obstacles to any such practical application of it.—*Athenæum*, Dec. 2.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Birthright, and other Tales. By MRS. GORE.

MRS. GORE may justly be ranked as one of the most brilliant and talented writers of the day. Her previous well-earned reputation led us to expect much from the announcement of a new novel from her pen, and in that expectation we assuredly have not been disappointed. *The Birthright* we deem the most finished of her productions. In almost every point, it is a masterly performance. It is a tale of exceeding power compressed within the compass of a volume; yet, withal, so beautifully rounded and complete as to be capable of pleasing the most fastidious, and gratifying those who may be most prone to excitement. Our authoress is pre-eminently the painter of aristocratic life and manners. Though some of her tales contain true and affecting representations of humble life, yet this does not seem the atmosphere in which she breathes freely. She loves a high element, and moves through it with a grace peculiarly her own. She deals chiefly with character, and has hitherto considered plot a secondary matter. Her materials for incident are drawn from veritable life—but life so far idealised that, while it rests on the basis of reality, it still satisfies the most ardent imagination. Like some of her great predecessors, whose simplicity of manner seemed to take its rise from nature, her's is that of a high art. She is a powerful as well as a polished writer. One gift she possesses beyond most of her contemporaries in the field of fiction—it is that of compression; a consciousness of power makes her sparing of language; she looks to thoughts rather than to words, and seems nothing daunted at breaking through the immemorial custom of allowing three volumes at least to a fashionable novel. Had she lived with the SMITHS and the MONTAGUES and the sentimental and sickly scribblers of a former age, she would have made sad havoc among them; the “Minerva Press” would have been paralysed by her influence, and she might have had cause to congratulate herself if she escaped being smothered under the voluminous piles of six-volume romances heaped upon her by the hands of those horror-stricken devotees of wordy nonsense. Her personages are by no means sentimentalists. She cannot exaggerate—this in an author is an inestimable quality. She is little of a colourist—she looks more to form than to drapery. If, as we have said, in her delineations the ideal is manifested, it so nearly approaches the confines of reality that it is at once taken for truth. Judging from the present volume alone, without reference to her other works, we deem her second to no writer of her class. Her characters are each consistent, clear, and well-defined; they are the faithful representatives of their respective kinds—yet still preserving their individuality intact. Possessing such powers, we cannot but wish that her moral perceptions should be well regulated and acute, and that her courage should equal her sensibility—nor are our wishes left ungratified. Though she walks in lofty places, she moves straightforward, steadily, courageously; she never falters in her determination; wherever she finds evil she exposes it, and the faintest traces of virtue are neither neglected nor reckoned unworthy of consideration. This gives a healthy hue to her philosophy, and in a great measure ensures her successful characterization. Amid her least attractive or darkest pictures there are gleams of sunshine—the aristocratic and well-bred *Mary Stanley* could discern refinement and merit in plain *Mr. Everard Sparks*—and the stern and proudly vindictive father of the unfortunate *Mary* could kneel at his departed daughter's feet, and beg the melancholy consolation of placing her remains among the tombs of her highborn ancestors. A fine genius not only knows, but feels, that in spite of all artificial distinctions the heart of humanity is one; that it ever yearns for a close, a universal sympathy with its kind, and that in this respect the fables of Eutopia and the visions of poetry may have their realization. Our authoress is not a stranger to this feeling; it pervades her works, and stamps them with truthfulness. It would look more like sentimentalists than calm judges if we were to state with what breathless anxiety we perused the princi-

pal story contained in these volumes: we were at once prepossessed with it—we were taken at first sight by surprise; instantaneously, as it were, we found ourselves in *medias res*—in the very midst of excitement.

There appeared a boldness in this mode of proceeding which startled us. It seemed like a sudden throwing-down of the gauntlet—a determination to falsify the *parturient montes* of every snarling critic, from the ancient satirist downwards. We had, however, some fears that the skilful writer had forgotten her cunning, and that for once she was wrong in her calculation. We shall be candid enough to confess that we found ourselves mistaken; and we imagine that on this point we shall not form the solitary exception.—*Atlas*, Dec. 6.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

LETTERS from Egypt announce the death, in the 28th year of his age, of Mr. George Lloyd, only son of Major Sir W. Lloyd. He was accidentally killed near Thebes, by the bursting of a fowling-piece on the 10th of October. Mr. Lloyd was born in India and educated in Germany. Though Mr. L. left India when a youth, he was singularly well acquainted with the character of the people of that country, and the modifications it had undergone from European associations; he had devoted much time to the study of Middle Age history, and particularly to the influence of Saracenic science on European civilization; and latterly to Egyptian antiquities.

Silliman's Journal announces the death of Mr. Nicollet, at Washington, on the 11th of September, aged about forty-eight. "Mr. Nicollet's labours," says Prof. Silliman, "in the departments of physical astronomy and geography are well known. Mr. Nicollet came to this country about ten years since, and has been engaged principally in carrying out a survey—geographical, topographical, astronomical, and geological—of the vast region embraced by the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. His map of this important labour was completed before his death, and was shown by him at the Association of American Geologists in April last, at Albany, and referred to in explanation of an interesting paper on the geology of the region in question. Mr. Nicollet also devoted much effort to the collection, and preservation of the various Indian dialects and in fact every thing which could illustrate the history of this interesting race."

Rev. W. L. Rham died in Berkshire, on the 31st October, aged 64. He was of a German family, but born in Switzerland, and well known as a very able writer on agriculture. Mr. Rham contributed many valuable papers to the *Journal of the Agricultural Society*, the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.—*Athenæum*.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The express Mail with intelligence to the 6th of December arrived in Calcutta on the 19th of January. The queen during the month of November visited Drayton Manor, the residence of Sir Robert Peel, Chatsworth (Duke of Devonshire) and Belvoir Castle (Duke of Rutland).—The Anti-Corn-law League have determined to raise the sum of £100,000, for carrying on the operations of the League, which now extend to the suppression of bribery at elections.—The trial of O'Connell and other repealers, was fixed for the 15th of January.

BRAZIL.—On the 4th of September, the Emperor of Brazil was united in marriage to the sister of the king of the Two Sicilies.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.

At the date of the latest advices there was no change of consequence in the manufacturing interests of England to notice.—The stocks continue to maintain a firm position, with a slight improvement of prices in consols.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS, DEC. 6.

Bank Stock, 181½; Reduced 3 P. C. 95½; 3 P. C. Consols, 96½; Reduced 3½ P. C. 102½; 3½ P. C. New Annuities 102½; Long Anns. 12 ¼; India Bonds, 73 7½ p.; Exchequer Bills 1½d 56 7 9 p.; Spanish 5 P. C. 16½; Belgian 5 P. C. 102½; Brazilian, 74½; Mexico, 31½.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—At the usual monthly meeting of this body held on the 7th June last—the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop in the chair—the following communications were read:—1, from Major Troyer, stating that up to 4th April last he had not succeeded in recovering the lost consignment of the Mahabharata from London. 2, from Government a report by Dr. W. Jameison, on the geology, zoology, &c. of the Punjab and of part of Afghanistan. 3, from the same, a report by Capt. Graham on the resources of Shoa. From Capt. Cunningham at Ambala a stuffed specimen of the *gaspal* or snow-fish of the Spitti valley. From Capt. Williams, Arracan, a gold coin, found in Cheedooba probably a coin of some of the Eastern Islands. The report of the Curator Museum Economic Geology for May stated the receipt—1, of six specimens of tobacco and two of sugar soils from Kurnool; 2, an additional box of specimens from the mad volcanoes at Arracan; and 3, a number of geological specimens obtained by Rev. Mr. Pratt, at various parts on his recent voyages.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A general meeting was held on the 10th January—the Hon. Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—when one gentleman was elected, and the names of eight proposed for election as members. The office-bearers for the current year were elected—*President*, Hon. Sir J. P. Grant; *Vice Presidents*, C. K. Robison, and W. Griffith, Esqs., Baboo Ramoomul Sen and Dwarkanath Tagore; *Secretary*, J. Hume, Esq.; *Deputy do and Collector*, A. H. Blochynden, Esq. [We have not room to specify the members of the different committees.] The first communication read was one from H. C. Tucker, Esq. in which he desired that as no competitors had come forward for the gold medal and three hundred rupees offered by him as a prize to the person who should show the largest new plantation of trees in the Agra presidency at the close of the year 1842,—it be left to the discretion of the Society either to offer it again for the same object, or to transfer it as a prize to be awarded for any one of the following objects of agricultural utility:—1st. A good vernacular hand book of agriculture, horticulture, and farming, suited to natives of India, giving them practical hints on the improvement of produce by change of seed, rotation of crops, artificial grasses the feeding of cattle, &c. &c., with a brief explanation of the rationale. Such a work would also form a useful school-book. I should give the preference to the Hindostanee, Persian character, as the vernacular and character most widely used by respectable natives. 2nd.—The best practical paper on the *Oomur plains* of the N. W. Provinces, giving their chemical analysis—the substances in which they are redundant and deficient,—the best and cheapest means of removing, or neutralizing the former, and supplying the latter, i. e. the proper manure for such lands,—the vegetable products, indigenous or foreign for which they are best adapted,—the merchantable articles derivable from them, in short, the best means of bringing them under cultivation, or of otherwise rendering them available to increase the assets of the country. The Settlement for 30 years having been concluded, any improvement of these barren plains will be clear gain to the people. 3rd.—The erection and working of a full sized *Windmill*, either for crushing sugarcane, and oil seeds, grinding corn, raising water for irrigation, draining jheels, or any other useful agricultural purpose. The mill should be of the cheapest material, and simplest construction, so as to serve as a model for the natives. India, from its strong periodical winds, seems peculiarly adapted for the use of wind power; and I feel sure that a good cheap windmill once established, would be quickly and extensively imitated."

MEDICAL RETIRING FUND.—At the quarterly general meeting held on the 8th January, the report of the secretary stated that eight out of the ten annuities of the present year had been already taken up, two therefore still remain open.

UNION BANK.—At the meeting of the bank held on the 20th January, the report of the directors for the past half year stated the loss on the insolvent estates of Messrs. Gilmore and Co. and Fergusson Brothers, to be about ten lacs. A dividend of seven per cent. however was declared. Mr. J. C. Stewart's appointment as secretary in the room of Mr. G. J. Gordon resigned, was confirmed on a salary of Rs. 2000. The following resolutions were then unanimously carried:—1. That with respect to alterations in the deed of partnership, as controlled by the 61st section, which provides that the same

shall not be binding unless confirmed by a second meeting to be held on a day not less distant than one calendar month from the first meeting—the words *six calendar months* be substituted for the words *one calendar month*. 2. That at a second meeting for the confirmation of alterations in the deed, the written proxies (addressed to another shareholder or the secretary,) of absent proprietors, be received expressing therein the shareholder's assent to or dissent from, the alterations passed at the previous meeting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIGHT-HOUSE AT MADRAS.—A new light-house has been erected at Madras—the dimensions are as follows:—From the ground to the vane 125 feet; light above the ground 117, and above the sea about 130; diameter at base of column 16, and at neck of column below the capital 11½; height of shaft of column 84. Cost of material for the buildings, granite from Palaveram, about Rs. 60,000, of lighting apparatus, reflectors, and lamps about Rs. 15,000.

THE EUROPEAN MILITARY AND CIVIL STRENGTH IN THE THREE PRESIDENCIES AND CAYLON we find, from a statement put forth by the Chamber of Commerce, to be as follows:—

	Military.	Officers	Men.	Civilians.	
Ceylon, Engineers and 3 regiments,		200	2,000	Ceylon,.....	86
Bombay, 43 regts.....		1,460	8,000	Bombay,	130
Madras, 75 regts.....		2,500	10,500	Madras,	205
Bengal, 109 regts.....		3,400	18,400	Bengal,.....	447

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's Office, Calcutta, and show the range of the thermometer and barometer at apparent noon; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Dec. 1	74.0	30.870	N. E.		Generally clear.
2	75.0	946	N.		Ditto ditto.
3	74.3	986	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
4	75.0	990	N.		Ditto ditto forenoon, afternoon, cloudy.
5	74.8	984	N. E.		Cloudy throughout.
6	69.0	975	Calm.	0.72	Raining forenoon; drizzly and overcast, afternoon.
7	73.5	978	N.	0.67	Sunrise very cloudy; afternoon, clear.
8	73.0	990	N.		} Clear throughout.
9	73.5	970	N.		
10	69.0	935	N.		
11	70.8	930	N. (sharp)		
12	69.5	918	N. W. do.		
13	69.0	968	N. do.		
14	69.5	984	N.		
15	69.8	945	N.		
16	68.9	974	N. (sharp)		
17	67.5	985	N.		
18	66.8	30.037	N.		
19	70.4	068	N.		
20	69.0	037	N. W.		
21	68.6	040	N. W.		
22	68.5	045	N. W.		
23	69.4	20.980	N. E.		} Scattered clouds.
24	68.0	30.021	N. W.		
25	"	"	"		
26	69.8	29.993	E.		
27	72.5	978	N.		
28	73.0	981	W.		
29	73.9	994	W.		
30	70.4	982	N. W.		
31	70.5	995	W. S. W.		
					Sunrise, dense fog; ditto ditto.

RAIN FALLEN DURING 1843.—The following is the quantity of rain which has fallen in Calcutta during each month of the year 1843:—January, 1.67 inches; February, 0.64; March, 1.39; April, 2.42; May, 5.33; June, 8.64; July, 10.18; August, 20.05; September, 11.19; October, 2.16; November, 0; December, 0.86—Total fall of rain, 63.24 inches.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.*

BIRTHS.

- Oct. 5. Macao, lady of C. Kerr, Esq. son.
 Nov. 6. Calicut, lady of Capt. A. S. Williams, daughter.
 — 12. Ahmedabad, lady of Brev. Capt. R. C. Warmold, son.
 — 14. Aurungabad, lady of Brigadier Bagnold, daughter.
 — 21. Debrooghur, lady of J. Arnold, Esq. M. D. do.
 — 22. Agra, Mrs. J. Parnal, do.
 — 23. Purneah, Mrs. J. T. Good, son.
 — Bareilly, lady of J. E. Fraser, Esq 4th N. I. daughter.
 — 25. Loodiana, Mrs. C. Bath, son.
 — 26. Allahabad, lady of R. Marshall, Esq M. D. daughter.
 — 28. Dinapore, lady of M. Kelly, Esq. H. M. 62d regt. son.
 — Colabah, Mrs. I. Bentley, do.
 — 29. Barrackpore, lady of Capt Durand, Bengal Engineers, daughter.
 — 29. Cawnpore, lady of Capt. B. Browne, Arty do.
 Dec. 1 Mhow, lady of E. Impey, Esq. H. A. daughter.
 — Jessore, Mrs. C Dove, son still-bn.
 — 2. Agra, lady of A. U. C. Plowden, Esq C. S. daughter.
 — Agra, lady of Dr. Nisbet, do.
 — Allahabad, Mrs. Armstrong, son.
 — 3. Juampore, wife of Rev. R. Heries, daughter.
 — Meerut, lady of Capt. M. H. Hailes, 10th L. C. do.
 — Ferozepore, lady of Capt. Lindsay, 3rd L. C. son.
 — Byculla, Mrs. Lodge, daughter.
 — 3. Umballah, lady of J. Henderson, Esq. M. D. 3rd Dragoons, son.
 — 4 Mrs. E. McMahon, daughter.
 — Dum-Dum, Mrs C. Ogle, son.
 — Chittagong, lady of A. Sconce, Esq. daughter.
 — 5. Mrs. J. Graves, son.
 — Bombay, Mrs Vears, daughter.
 — 6. Mrs. C. C. Seymour, son.
- Dec. 6. Lady of Lieut. Tytler, 9th Foot, do.
 — Colaba, lady of F. B. Russell, Esq. H. M. 28th Regt. daughter.
 — 8. Beebhoom, Mrs. Whitmore, do.
 — Sultanpore, Oude, lady of Capt. G. P. Austen, 18th N. I. do.
 — 9. Benares, lady of Lieut. A. S. O. Donaldson, son.
 — Delhi, lady of Lieut. C. B. Young, Engineers, son.
 — Mrs. J. B. Elias, daughter.
 — 10. Umballah, lady of J. Taylor, Esq. do.
 — 11. Meerut, lady of Dr. J. Morce, son.
 — 13. Agra, lady of Lieut. R. C. Tytler, 38th L. I. do.
 — Cuttack, Mrs. F. K. Rogers, daughter.
 — 15. Lady of R. Swinhoe, Esq. do.
 — Lady of W. P. Palmer, Esq. C. S. do.
 — 16. Jellapore, Mrs. Campbell, do.
 — 17. Dehra, lady of Brev. Capt. A. C. Campbell, 1st Cav. son.
 — 18. Chuprah, Mrs. Gordon, do.
 — 23 Mrs. C. H. Cameron, do.
 — 25. Mymensing, lady of T. Taylor, Esq. C. S. daughter.
 — 26. Mrs. Hornbrook, do.
 — 27. Lady of Major Griffin, 24th Regt. N. I. do.
 — 28. Mrs. W. G. Campion, son.
 — 29. Mrs. R. S. Mahing, do.
 — 30. Mrs. J. J. Llewelyn, do.
 — Mrs. A. Apcar, daughter.
 — Moorshedabad, Mrs. Anthony, son.
 Jan. 2 Mominabad, lady of Capt. H. P. Lawrence, Nizam's Pioneers, do.
 — 5. Mrs. J. Rowe, do.
 — 13. Serampore, Mrs. C. Ashe, do.
 — 14. Mrs. N. Major, do.
 — Mrs. M. D de Silva, do.
 — Lady of Capt. J. Gilbert, (Flora Macdonald) daughter.
 — 19. Mrs. J. C. Sarkies, do.
 — 26. Mrs. W. R. Lackersteen, son.

MARRIAGES.

- Nov. 13. Bombay, Rev. D. O. Allen to Miss A. C. Condit.
 — 20. Major J. D. Browne, 10th N. I. to Miss M. Taylor.
 — 21. C. H. Boye, Esq. Bombay Army, to Miss H. Bellairs.
 — 25. Bareilly, Mr. J. B. Fanthome to Miss S. Fanel.
 — Mr. Yeoward to Miss Penman.
 — 27. Benares, Lieut. J. R. Fughe, 47th N. I. to Miss J. L. Frances.
 — 28. Purneah, T. Sandes, Esq. C. S. to Mrs. A. Palmer.
 — 29. Ingeram, Mr. J. P. Eaton to Miss H. H. Cornet.
- Nov. 29 Capt. R. Miller to Miss Nind.
 — 30 Mr. Kerr to Miss Richmond.
 Dec. 2 Allahabad, Capt. W. White to Miss M. A Staunton.
 — 4. Mr. T. Rose to Miss Hollands.
 — Mr. H. Madge to Mrs. Gibson.
 — 5. Burdwan, Lieut. L. A. Cook, 36th N. I. to Miss E. C. Cameron.
 — 7. Bareilly, H. R. James, Esq 44th N. I. to Miss L. Berkeley.
 — 13. D. Begg, Esq Surg. to Miss E. W. Macfarlane.
 — 14. Mr. W. Baldwin to Miss E. A. Martindell.
 — Mr. J. Floyd to Miss E. Powell.

* Where no place is mentioned Calcutta is understood.

- Dec. 19. Rev. H. Thomas to Miss D. Dealtry.
 — Rev. S. Harvey to Miss Roberts.
 — 27. Mr. R. C. Lepage to Miss F. D. Collins.
 — 28. Benares, Mr. W. Dolby to Miss C. Sethi.
 Jan. 3. Agra, C. H. Lushington, Esq. C. S. to Caroline E. daughter of G. P. Thompson, Esq. C. S.
 — 9. Bombay, Mr. J. Muirhead, to Miss C. McKay.
 Jan. 10. Mr. W. Ferns to Miss G. Robinson.
 — 20. Mr. W. B. Davis to Miss J. Stacy.
 — 23. Howrah, Mr. T. R. Shipp to Miss E. Watkins.
 — 24. Mr. J. H. Madge to Mrs. Peterson.
 — Mr. A. Millet to Miss E. Barjon.
 — 25. Mr. H. Oatts to Mrs. A. Tweedie.

DEATHS.

- Nov. 7. Mrs. E. F. Williams, aged 18 yrs. 9 mos.
 — Mr. F. H. Taylor, aged 38 yrs. 3 mos.
 — Mrs. J. Mathew, aged 72 yrs.
 — 8. Mr. F. B. A. Telles, aged 47 yrs.
 — Miss A. Le Vade, aged 26 yrs.
 — Major H. DeBude, aged 44 yrs.
 — Kotree, Mr. J. J. Towsey.
 — 9. Mr. C. Hampton, aged 74 yrs.
 — Madras, infant son of Dr. Lorimer.
 — 10. Lieut. Col. L. B. Jenkins, 44th N. I. aged 68 yrs.
 — Mr. L. Cullen, aged 56 yrs. 10 ms. 15 days.
 — Anna, daughter of T. R. Davidson, Esq. C. S. aged 16 yrs.
 — Delhi, Eliza J., daughter of Major Troup, 15th N. I.
 — 10. Kurachee, Esther, wife of Capt. A. S. Hawkins, 8th N. I.
 — 11. Sukkur, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bease.
 — 12. Infant son of Mr. C. Prince.
 — Mrs. S. Victor, aged 29 yrs.
 — 13. Mr. G. P. Powle, aged 26 yrs.
 — Monghyr, Mrs. J. F. Caston, aged 17 yrs.
 — 14. Miss C. Esaw, aged 56 yrs. 10 ms. 15 dys.
 — 15. Mrs. C. Prince, aged 32 yrs.
 — Mrs. M. S. Gomes, aged 40 yrs.
 — 16. Mr. J. Christian, aged 43 yrs.
 — 18. Mrs. E. Leach, aged 34 yrs.
 — Agra, lady of Capt. P. Harris, 70th N. I. aged 37 yrs.
 — 20. Mr. W. W. Bruce, aged 48 yrs.
 — Deyra, Master F. R. Shorts, aged 11 yrs. 2 mos.
 — 21. Mr. Kenyon Parsons.
 — Mrs. A. D. Kemp, aged 34 yrs.
 — Mr. J. Jewell, aged 48 yrs.
 — 22. Mr. J. Overitt, aged 70 yrs.
 — Mr. W. S. Smith, aged 45 yrs.
 — T. H. Sympeon, Esq. C. S. aged 45 yrs.
 — Howrah, Miss E. B. C. Statham, aged 8 yrs. 6 mos.
 — 23. Master D. C. Elliot, aged 4 yrs.
 — Mrs. R. Townsend, aged 30 yrs.
 — Kurnool, J. Milligan.
 — 24. Dacca, Mary Cœckburn, aged 4 yrs.
 Nov. 26. Mussorie, Capt. J. Elliot, Artillery, aged 38 yrs.
 — 27. Nalda, Mr. Phillips, aged 23.
 — 28. Delhi, Mrs. S. G. McDonald, aged 35 years.
 — 29. Mozufferpore, infant daughter of Mr. W. H. Urquhart.
 Dec. 1. Dinapore, Ellen, wife of Asst. Surg. Burke, H. M. 56th Regt.
 — 2. Mr. A. V. Ireland, aged 23 yrs.
 — 3. Purneah, Mr. J. R. Killwick, aged 23 yrs.
 — 5. Bycullah, Catherine, wife of Capt. G. J. Jameson.
 — 6. Miss E. C. Carrau, aged 4 yrs.
 — Colaba, Mr. Collett, aged 72 yrs.
 — 10. Dinapore, Mr. J. Macdonald, aged 81 yrs.
 — Mr. Elliot aged 48 yrs.
 — 11. Miss Oughton, aged 70 yrs.
 — 13. Bombay, Mr. W. Butler, aged 31 yrs 5 mos.
 — 14. Chandernagore, Master Speed, aged 5 yrs.
 — 15. Colaba, Miss Cotton, aged 22.
 — Meerut, infant son of Dr. J. Moice, 2d Bengal European Regt.
 — 16. Mrs. M. Carter, aged 27 yrs. 3 mos. 15 dys.
 — 17. G. H. only son of the late Capt. G. B. Brock, aged 4 yrs. 14 dys.
 — 21. Mr. R. D'Costa, aged 24 yrs.
 — 23. Mrs. M. E. Molloy.
 — 24. Mr. A. Landley, aged 30 yrs.
 — 26. Mrs. M. Millar.
 — Mr. F. Shields, aged 45 yrs.
 — 28. Mr. W. Sanders, aged 78 yrs.
 — 29. Mrs. C. Cooper, aged 40 yrs. 9 mos. 13 dys.
 Jan. 3. Between Rahawulpore and Ferozepore, Lt. A. H. T. McMahon, 9th N. I. aged 25 years.
 — 7. Mrs. R. J. Bouchez, of Chandernagore.
 — Susanne, wife of Lieut. H. Thullier, Arty.
 — 22. Jno. Ravenscroft, Esq. aged 44 years.
 — Mr. G. D'Shaw.
 — 23. Mrs. Graham, aged 31½ yrs.
 — 26. Mr. W. L. E. McKay, aged 10 yrs. 8 mos.

THE
CALCUTTA LITERARY GLEANER;

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL PAPERS ;
NOTICES OF WORKS PUBLISHED IN INDIA ;
SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM THE
BRITISH LITERARY PERIODICALS,

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. II.

CALCUTTA :

PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD.

1844.

INDEX TO PART I.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PROSE.

	<i>Page</i>
Aerial Steamer, The	14, 35
Anti-Duelling Association, The	161
Bheels of Rajpootana, The	102
Character of Addison as a Poet,	163
Childhood,	142
Christmas Eve,—a Tale,	105, 137, 154
Comet of 1843, The	38
Criticism on Collins' Odes,	75, 97
David Drummond,	81
D. L. B.'s Poetical Selections,	88
Editorial Remarks,	1
Editor's Table, The	21, 67, 143, 175
Follies of the Wise,	23
Haunted House, The	165
Letters from the Ditch,	120, 127
Marital Affection,	118
McClelland's Journal—Geology,	42
Plague at Tabreez, Persia, The	213
Rajpootana Rajpoots, The	191
Remarks on Shakspeare's Macbeth,	109
Retaliation,—a Tale,	193
Ruins at Dacca,	202
Scenes in China,	69
Sketches of Military Life in India,	145
Some Thoughts on Shakspeare,	181
Spinoza's Pantheistic System,	5, 27, 59
System of Education at La Martiniere,	89
Suicide's Last Hour, A	205
Veiled Nun, The	209
Vision of the Past,	49

POETRY.

Anacreontic,	87
Anticipations,	2
Athanasia, To	102
Battle Song,	20
Bethlehem,	125
Betrothed Burmese Convert to her Heathen Lover, The	73
Bit of Do. gerrell,	32
Comet, The	56
Dirge to the Departed,	203
Disconsolate Bride, The	215
Epigram, An	206
False One, The	164
Farewell Stanzas,	13
Forgetful Friends,	203
Hagar and Ishmael,	66
Heavenly Visitants,	201

	<i>Page</i>
Imitation of Wordsworth, An	26
Infant Sleeping, On a . . .	67
King Porus—a Legend of Old,	134
Leaving England, On	150
Lines, . . .	95
Lines indicative of the Feelings of a Mother after the death of her Infant,	80
Mother, The	96
Mother's Love, A . . .	192
Muse, To the—in imitation of Mrs. Hemans,	215
Neglected Wife, The	37
New Year's Day, . . .	204
Palmyra, . . .	190
Passage of the Red Sea, The	170
Passover, The	141
Past, The, . . .	211
Poverty, To	19
Return Home, The	3
Scene at Sychar, . . .	151
Song of the Irish Mariner,	108
Sonnets, . . .	21, 25, 41, 136, 143, 151, 160, 200
Stanzas, . . .	48, 216
Summer, . . .	104
"Sappho's" Lament, . . .	207
Spirit of the Clouds, To the	211
To * * *, . . .	187
Twilight—Moonlight—Daylight,	188
21 who C's 0 b yond her Noar,	25
Verses, by a Lady in a deep Decline to her Infant, nine months old,	207
Watch, On a . . .	74
Wind, The . . .	208
Winter—a Sketch, . . .	212

LOCAL REGISTER.

Dangers in the China Seas,	xiii
Domestic Occurrences, . . . v, ix, xv, xix, xxiii, xxvii, xxxi, xxxv, xxxviii, xl, xlv, xlvii	
Miscellaneous,	iv, viii, xviii, xxvi, xxx, xxxiv, xxxvii, xlv
Monthly Meteorological Journal, iv, x, xvi, xx, xxii, xxviii, xxxi, xxxviii, xli, xliii, xlvi	
Proceedings of Societies, . . . i, vii, xi, xvii, xxi, xxv, xxx, xxxiii, xxxvii, xxxix, xlii, xlv	

SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A LATF PUPIL OF LA MARTINIERE,	95	L. *	206
A. R.	74	M.	162
B.	41	M. H.	95
B. B. D.	80, 101, 164, 187	M — K,	88
D. L. R.	13, 25, 26	M. S. D.	136
E.	73	R.	33, 34
F. W. P. 5, 141, 150, 164, 175, 187,	212	R. C. T.	56, 87
190, 203, 207,	212	R. G. H.	20
G. C. D.	21, 25, 41, 48, 104, 136, 160, 200, 206, 211,	R. N. M.	117
125, 133	216	S.	202
GIBBIE MACWHEELLE,	125, 133	THADY McLARRY,	37
H. T. G.	2, 67, 192	* * *	87
I S U,	25	Ω	143
J.	192	†	58, 102, 126
JAS. GREGOR GRANT,	108, 202	Δ	66, 80, 190
J. B.	120	Φ χ ψ Ω	153
J. C.	142	7. + 7 = 0	169
J. H. Q. 19, 37, 74, 96, 200, 206,	208, 210,		
208, 210,	212		

INDEX TO PART II.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

	<i>Page</i>
Adventure in the Pyrenees, An (Clifton's Letters from the Pyrenees,) ..	504
———s of Captain Mitchell, .. (Chambers' Journal) ..	338
Aerial Steam Carriage, (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	176
Ancient Pleasure Yacht, An (Athenæum,) ..	39
Anecdote of Frederick the Great, (Frederick the Great and his Times,) ..	143
By Ashtley Cooper, (Life of Sir A. Cooper,)..	464
Atmospheric Railways, (Athenæum,) ..	516
Babylon .. (Poems by Methuen,) ..	(a) 455
Baker's Daughter, The (Chambers' Journal,) ..	326
Band of the Forty Seven, The (Bentley's Miscellany,) ..	57
Beadon's (Commander) Life Buoy, (Mechanics' Magazine) ..	241
Beauty, The—a Story of Real Life, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	578
Beauty of Brabant, The .. (Germany and the Germans,) ..	294
Bells, On (Chambers' Journal,) ..	(a) 456
Bibliomania, .. (Chambers' Journal,) ..	(a) 441
Birds, .. (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	595
Bushrangers of Australia, The (Tait's Magazine,) ..	598
Canadian Scene, A (Chambers' Journal,) ..	295
Chess, .. (Chambers' Journal) ..	460
Childhood, .. (Bentley's Miscellany,) ..	82
Colour of Birds' Eggs, The (Saturday Magazine,) ..	535
Curiosities in Gardening, .. (Quarterly Review,) ..	322
Curious Epistle, A .. (Chambers' Journal,) ..	274
Dancing Doctor, The .. (Fraser's Magazine) ..	243
Dead Monk's Finger, The (Metropolitan Magazine,) ..	559
Death, (Chambers' Journal) ..	(b) 424
——— of Dr. John Leyden, On the (Tait's Magazine,) ..	517
Discoveries in Abyssinia, .. (Athenæum,) ..	47
India, .. (Athenæum,) ..	29
Domestication of Animals for Pleasure only, } (Saturday Magazine,) ..	(a) 425
Early Days, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	597
England and France, or, the Sisters, (Illustrated News,) 385, (a) 428, (b) 425, ..	488
Ensign Martyn's First Escape, .. (Chambers' Journal,) ..	111
Faint Heart never won Fair Lady. (Fraser's Magazine,) ..	345
First Pianoforte, The (Chambers' Journal,) ..	95
——— Pine-apple grown in England— } (London Saturday Journal) ..	586
a Tale of the Times of Charles II.	
French City's Soiree, A (Blackwood's Magazine,) ..	122
Galvanic Light, .. (Athenæum,) ..	592
Gardner's Educational Treadmill, .. (Chambers' Journal,) ..	290
George Selden, the Genius. .. (Chambers' Journal,) ..	181
German Schoolmaster, The .. (Foreign Quarterly,) ..	353
Gossip, The—a Tale (Chambers' Journal) ..	43
Grandfather's Story, A (Chambers' Journal) ..	(a) 442
Great Britain, Iron Steamer, .. (Atlas) ..	409
——— Pyramid of Gizeh, .. (Athenæum,) ..	246
Guy de Bere, (Chambers' Journal) ..	537
Henness, The (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	602

	<i>Page</i>
Hills, The (Chambers' Journal,) ..	101
Hint to Benevolent Improvers, (Mrs. Hall's Ireland,) ..	281
Humble-Bee, The (Penny Magazine,) ..	591
Hypochondriac's Daughter, The (Metropolitan Magazine,) ..	263
Identity of Persons, (Penny Magazine,) ..	284
Ignis Fatuus, The—or Jack o' Lantern, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	323
Insurance of Shipping—Lloyd's List, (Penny Magazine,) ..	291
Is it Meekness or Vanity? (Chambers' Journal,) ..	547
Lament, The (Colton's "Tecumseh,") ..	505
Last Farewell to my Harp, The (Tait's Magazine) ..	250
Last of the Carbonari, The (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	(b) 451
Leap Year, (Blackwood's Magazine,) ..	250
Lighthouses on Sand, (Saturday Magazine) ..	553
Lines, (Metropolitan Magazine,) ..	(a) 447
Locusts, (Life of a Travelling Physician,) ..	313
Lost and Won, (Metropolitan Magazine,) ..	519
Low Life,—a Tale, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	506
Luckie Callaghan takin' the Wat'lers, (Chapman's Magazine,) ..	530
Luminous Insects, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	191
Manuela, or, the Tale of a Nun, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	554
Marriage Customs of Different Nations, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	483
May Fair with the Flemings, (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	(b) 417
My Father, (Forget Me Not,) ..	577
Natural Daguerreotyping, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	31
Newryphology, (Tait's Magazine) ..	(a) 454
New Pianoforte Player, (London Newspaper) ..	195
Night at a German Village, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	159
Nonsense, (Ancient Druid's Magazine,) ..	321
Novel Source of Heat (Chambers' Journal) ..	(a) 447
Organs of Voice in Birds, (Stanley's Familiar History of Birds,) ..	410
Our Fatherland, (Tait's Magazine,) ..	42
Passage Vendôme, The (Fraser's Magazine,) ..	314
Pedlar Poet, The (Bentley's Miscellany,) ..	213
Pekin, (Athenæum,) ..	297
Perault, or, Slaves and their Masters, (Tait's Magazine,) { 9, 67, 128, 196, 365	
Perpetual Day in the Arctic Circle, (Beechey's Voyages,) ..	(b) 438, 467
Photography, or, Drawing by } ..	384
the Agency of Light, .. } (Magazine of Science) ..	361
Pilgrim of Nature, (Tait's Magazine,) ..	464
Popes' Villa at Twickenham, (Britannia,) ..	118
Pre-entation Copies, (Metropolitan Magazine,) ..	(a) 440
Preternatural Rains, On (Penny Magazine,) ..	247
Recent Archaeological Discoveries, (Athenæum,) ..	543
Recent Demonstrations in Mesmerism, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	(a) 448
Recent Increase of Speed on Canals, (Saturday Magazine,) ..	459
Regeneration of Parts in Animals, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	544
Rosae's (Lord) Reflecting Telescope, (Athenæum,) ..	517
Ruined Cities in Yucatan, The (Athenæum,) ..	36
Sagacity of Rats, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	272
Selshness,—a Tale, (Chambers' Journal,) ..	303
Sensations in a Trance, (Binns on Sleep,) ..	337
Sensibility of the Heart, (Turner's Lectures,) ..	(b) 432
Sheep among the Cheviots, (Tait's Magazine,) ..	180
Shetland Fisherman The (Chambers' Journal,) ..	593
Silver Plating at Sheffield, (Athenæum,) ..	242
Star of Destiny, The (New Monthly Magazine,) ..	89
Story of a Skull, (Bentley's Miscellany,) ..	1
Students' Funeral, The (Rural & Domestic Life in Germany,) ..	99
Substance of Omuts, (Penny Cyclopaedia,) ..	289
Sult in of Muscat, The (Ruschenberger's Voyages,) ..	516
Surfaceism, or, the Malverses } ..	141, 165, 221
of the World and its Wife, .. }	

	<i>Page</i>
Tattle,—a Tale, (Chambers' Journal,)	(a) 419
Tears robbed of Sentiment, (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 591
Thames Tunnel, The (Penny Mechanic,)	.. 257
Thunderstorms and Lightning } Conductors, }	(Saturday Magazine,) (b) 433, 496
Tuft Hunting, (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 328
Two Brothers, The (New Monthly Magazine,)	.. (a) 433
Varieties, .. 8, 29, 35, 48, 88, 102, 121, 143, 179, 190, 194, 195, 212, 240, 275, 288, 293, 298, 325, 352, 354, 380, 384, (a) 424, 427, 432, 441, 453, (b) 448, 450, 495, 528, 534, 536, 558, 618
Vincent Sinclair, (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 573
Walrus Hunting, (Buchan's Voyage to the North Pole,)	.. 273
Watering Out-door Plants, (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 546
Wedding in Garrison, A (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 83
What is the Colour of the Sea, (Saturday Magazine,)	.. 382
Where is Truth? (Bentley's Miscellany,)	(b) 449
Wild Flowers, (Poems of Robt. Nicoll,)	.. 529
Yankee Geologist, The (Athenæum,)	.. 99
Year's Farewell, The (Athenæum,)	.. 488
Zillah, the only child, (Chambers' Journal,)	.. 612

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Apostolic Christianity,	53	Money Lender,	161
Australia and the East,	465	Narrative of a Residence on the Mus-	
Bible in Spain,	53	quito Coast,	107
Birthday and other Tales,	619	Natural History of Man,	52
Change for the American Notes, ..	414	Paper Lantern for Fuseyites, ..	299
Days in the East,	50	Polynesia; or, an Historical Account	
Godfrey Malvern; or the Life of an		of the Principal Islands in the	
Author,	50	South Seas, &c.	52
History of the Baptist Missionary		Popular History of British India,	103
Society,	108	Commercial	
History of the House of Commons, ..	217	Intercourse with China and the	
Holy Bible,	277	Insular Possessions of England in	
Jack o' Lantern; Le Feu Follet, or		the Eastern Seas,	49
the Privateer,	51	Tales of the Colonies,	355
Jessie Philips,	569	Tecumseh; or, the West Thirty Years	
Last of the Barons, The	161	Since,	570
Lives of the Princes of Wales, &c. ..	277	Tuft Hunter,	162
My Daughter,	106		

LITERARY NEWS.

Pages, 54, 109, 163, 217, 278, 300, 358, 518, 572.

MEETINGS

OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Asiatic Society,	54, 109, 163	Paris Academy of Sciences, ..	358, 415
Geographical Society,	109	Shakespeare Society,	278
Literary Fund Society,	278	Society of Arts,	109, 163, 218, 301
Medico-Botanical Society,	218, 278	Statistical Society,	55
Oriental Translation Fund,	301	Zoological Society,	278

HISTORICAL REGISTER;

OR MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Adelung, F. D. '	164	Lenormand, Mdle.	416
Allen, J.	280	Murray, John	358
Collings, Charles	302	Quin, Michael J.	164
Ewart, Peter	359	Robison, Sir John	219
Fitzgerald, Wm. Vesey, ...	301	Roehlitz, Frederick	110
Fouqué, Baron DeLaMotte ..	164	Rose, W. S.	280
Hahnemann, Dr.	416	Southey, Robert	218
Hakewill, Jas.	466	Stieglitz, Baron de	280
Hawkins, John S.	55	Wieseking, Karl Friedrich Von ..	55
Ivory, Jas.	278	Wrangham, Archdeacon	110

LITERARY OBITUARY, 572, 620.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
Brazil,	620	Guadaloupe,	220
France, .. 56, 164, 220, 280,	302	Sandwich Islands,	302
Great Britain, 56, 110, 164, 220,		Servia,	416
280, 302, 360, 416, 466, 518, 572,	620	Spain, .. 56, 360, 416, 518,	572
Greece, 56, 164,	518		

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.

Pages, 56, 110, 220, 280, 302, 360, 416, 466, 518, 572, 620.

PLATES.

Aerial Steam Carriage with description, &c. in three positions,
Commodore Beadon's Life Buoy,

Note. In consequence of the paging of the supplement issued with our number having been inadvertently repeated in the subsequent month's issue we have been obliged to distinguish the two sets of folios by the letters (a) and (b).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Per whole page.....	Rs. 10	
„ half ditto.....	Rs. 5	
„ line,	As. 4	{ the whole width of the page.

* * * Contracts taken separately.

* * * When the number of insertions required is not stated, the advertisements will be continued till countermanded.

PERRY'S MEDICATED MEXICAN BALM.

A lovely fair 'tis said whose hand to gain,
Admiring youths long sought, but sought in vain;
Was so fastidious in her choice that none
Who proffer'd love, her approbation won,
At length, a bolder swain prefer'd his claim,
Urg'd by the ardor of his new-felt flame.
By all the Graces, and the Nymphs he swore,
By all the fabled goddesses of yore,
That ne'er did Beauty's charms so please his eye,
"As thine, fair maid," the am'rous youth did cry.
She heard his suit with doubtful look, and broke
The silence with, "Sir! surely, you're in joke;
"But as I am candid, tho' the folks do say,
"Fastidious fancies lead my heart astray,
"I'll speak my mind, for truth in such a case,
"Must o'er a woman's vanity take place.
"Your face and figure, both will suit my taste,
"The one is classical, the other's chaste,
"But, pardon me, your hair's not quite the thing,
"That lovers dream of—youthful poets sing.
"I vow, I ne'er could bring my mind to wed,
"A man with grisly bristles on his head."
Abashed, our hero fled, he knew not where,
His dreams of Pleasure vanished in the air;
Oppress'd with sorrow, tho' not sunk at heart,
He vowed he'd strive to win her love by art.
And as he cogitated how he'd try,
My *well known Sign-board* caught his wand'ring eye.
Hither he came—his wants were soon supplied,
With *MEXICAN BALM!* whose virtue oft was tried.
Such was its power, that ere a month had fled,
A wondrous change was wrought upon his head;
A softer down succeeds the bristly hair;
And soon in curls, it wantons in the air.
"None but the brave," 'tis said, "deserve the fair!"
And soon again our Hero urg'd his prayer,
Nor urg'd in vain; his suit at length he won,
And Hymen's bonds, the happy pair made one.
Such are the virtues of the *MEXICAN BALM*,
Kind friends and patrons; and were you to please
Your fancy once, you'd surely like it more
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Bass' first rate London bottled Pale Ale, also new hogsheds of last October's Brew-
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We have also added to our establishment a first-rate Modiste, who has passed many years in the most fashionable Houses in Paris.

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CALCUTTA LITERARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1844.

RETALIATION—A TALE.

In a station on the west of India, there lived a young man who was among the number of those gay gallants, who pride themselves on being distinguished at all public places. In fact, none had more reason to boast of those accomplishments which ever pave the way to the heart of a female than Thomas Park Leonard: he sung, danced, and dressed well;—had the knack of setting off to the best advantage his family, his fortune, and his person; and knew how to trace his ancestors to the sixth and seventh generation, to discover some particular perfection in every member of his family; in fine, he was what the fair sex would term “an agreeable young man.”

Many friendships were broken and great animosities arose on the score of this Almazanor, who triumphed in his love affairs wherever he came, without giving any of the fair contenders for his heart leave to think she had the power of entirely subduing it. If one seemed to have the advantage over him to-day, she was sure of soon yielding it to some other beauty, who again lost it in return:—nay, sometimes in the same hour, he would press one lady by the hand, whisper a soft thing in the ear of another, look dying on a third, and present a love sonnet of his own composing to a fourth.

In this manner did he divide his favours, till he became acquainted with Charlotte Summers, a young lady of reserved disposition, who though she had an affinity of wit, chose rather to be thought to have none, than to expose it by speaking more than she thought consistent with that modesty, which she set the higher value upon as she saw others value it so little.

It was perhaps owing to this character of reserve, more than to any perfection in her, though few women could boast of greater, that made the conquest of her heart more flattering to Leonard than any he had yet gained. But, be that as it may, he approached her with a different kind of homage to what he had ever paid to any other fair one, and not only gave her that proof of his serious attachment, but also a much greater, which was this: he entirely gave over his gallantries to every former object, and confined his addresses to her alone, to the astonishment of all his acquaintance, who spoke of it as a profligcy.

This change in his behaviour, joined with a secret liking of his person, and the sanction of a near relation who had introduced him, engaged her to receive him in the quality of a lover; though it was long before he could prevail on her to acknowledge that she did so through any other motive than merely in compliance with the request of a person so nearly allied to her.

To make trial of his perseverance, she persuaded her relative mentioned above, to send her up the country for a short time, alleging as a plea, that a very intimate female friend had solicited a visit of some weeks' duration, which

she would consent to grant. Leonard no sooner heard of this, than he attempted to accompany her; but that not being permitted, he followed her to her lodgings, engaged a private room in a house near to where she lodged, and visited her every day, renewing the declarations he had made at her own house. Nor could he return till she had fixed her day for coming also. As she came by easy stages, she could not prevent his doing so too, if she had not expected enough to attempt it; yet all his assiduity, his vows, and protestations, did not afford her the farther reward than the bare acceptance of them.

By degrees however he gained further on her, and got the better of that cruel caution which had given him so much trouble, and she at last confessed that she thought him worthy of every thing a woman of honor could bestow.

He had now nothing to do but to press for the confirmation of his happiness, and in the most tender terms besought her to name a day for that purpose: to which she blushing answered, he must depend for that on the gentleman who first made them acquainted, and had always been so much his friend. This he seemed very well satisfied with, as she doubted not but he would, and as she knew the person she mentioned had greatly promoted the interest of his love, she began seriously to consider of the marriage state, as one she would soon enter into.

Some days however passed over without her hearing anything more of the matter than that he had been to wait on her cousin, but had not the good fortune to find him at home. Prepossessed as she was in favor of this lover, it seemed a little strange to her that the vehemence of the passion he professed should not influence him to watch night and day for the sight of a person to whom she had referred the grant of what he had seemed so ardently to desire. Besides she very well knew there could have been no difficulty in finding him, had he attempted it in good earnest: and this, with the imagination that she observed somewhat of a less tenderness than usual in his looks and behaviour to her, filled her with very perplexing emotions.

A week had elapsed since Charlotte Summers made that soft confession recited in the foregoing chapter, when Leonard sent to acquaint her he was extremely indisposed with a cold, and could not have the pleasure of waiting on her.

This message, and the manner in which it was delivered, heightened her suspicions that she had deceived herself in an opinion either of his love or honor. She however kept her vexation concealed: and though her cousin had visited her several times since she had seen Mr Leonard, she never once mentioned any thing concerning him till that gentleman one day, in a gay humour, said to her, "Well, cousin, how thrives my friend's hopes? When are we to see you a bride?" On which before she was aware she cried, "I am not the proper person to be asked that question. What does Thomas say?" "I cannot expect that confidence from him, which you as a near relative deny," he answered, "but indeed I wanted to talk a little seriously to you on that head. I am afraid you are at cross-sticks with each other, for I have met him two or three times and he seems to shun rather than court my company."

To hear he was abroad at the time he pretended sickness, and that he had seen the very person to whom she had consigned the disposing of herself, without speaking any thing of the affair, was sufficient to open the eyes of a woman of much less penetration and judgment. She was at once convinced of his falsehood and ingratitude, and the indignation of having been so basely imposed upon was about to show itself, by her telling the whole story to her cousin, when some visitors were announced.

No opportunity offering that night to disburden the inward agony she was enduring by reason of her cousin quitting the company before the rest took leave: she passed the hours till morning in a situation more easy to be conceived than described. The more she reflected on Leonard's past and present behaviour, the more she was confounded; and how far soever he had insinuated himself into her heart, she suffered yet more from her astonishment than from her abused affection.

Her greatness of spirit as well as natural modesty and reserve, would not permit her either to write or send to know the meaning of his absence,

and her cousin not happening to come in, she had none on whose discretion she could rely to make a confidant in an affair which she looked upon as so shameful to herself, and endured for three days longer a suspense more painful than the certainty which the fourth produced had the power of inflicting.

The morn had far advanced when her maid intruded on her privacy with a letter, which she said had been left for her very early by a servant of Mr. Leonard's. This took her by surprise, and she broke the seal with apprehensions of evil, though she used every argument to convince herself of the folly of giving way to them. Still she could not get rid of the presentiment of ill, that seemed to hang like a dark cloud on her spirits, totally excluding the warm sunshine. With a heavy heart she read the letter, which ran thus:—

"MADAM.—Circumstances of more than ordinary importance have turned up since my last visit, to induce me to accept of a proposal of marriage which was made to me some days ago, and which I find very much to my advantage to accept, and I do so the rather, as I perceive but too little affection on your side to render my so doing any disappointment to you. Rather than that you should be pained by a relation of this fact by another, I do myself the honor of acquainting you by letter, and wish you as happy with some more deserving man, as I hope this morning will make,

"Madam,

"Your most hum. and obedt. Servt.

"T. P. LEONARD."

Whatever might have been her feelings on reading this letter, with her usual prudence she confined them to her own breast, and though during that day and several succeeding ones, she heard of nothing but her base lover's marriage and the wonder every one expressed at its suddenness, as well as that it was to any other but herself, yet did she so well stifle all the emotions of her soul, that none could perceive she was the least disturbed by it.

His ungenerous behaviour had doubtless turned her heart against him, for she soon grew to despise him much more than ever she had loved; but then the thought how much she had been deceived in him, and that he had it in his power to boast of having made an impression on her, gave her the most poignant anguish. In fine, all the passion she now had for him was revenge, and by what method she could inflict a punishment adequate to his crime, took up her whole thoughts, and at last, having hit on one it was not long before she put it into execution.

She knew he was accustomed to walk every day on the beach, and being informed that since his marriage he continued to do so, she made it her business to throw herself in his way; and meeting him according to her wish, accompanied only by an old gentleman, who did not seem to be a person of any great consequence, she pursued her walk, with a desire of bringing him into conversation, as she knew he would on discovering her. Mr. Leonard however was so confused at the sight of her, that he was scarcely able to return the salutation she gave him with complaisance; and to add to his mortification, she told him she noticed his confusion, but added with a great deal of seeming gaiety, that he need be under no apprehension; for though his quitting her for another was extremely cruel, he had it in his power to atone, if he was willing to do as she required. All this which he could not but look on as railery, was very surprising to him; and his confusion on meeting her was still so great, that he could not reply as he would have done, had he been more master of himself; and it was with a stammering voice he at last drawled out, that he should rejoice to make such reparation for her injured feelings as she pleased to receive.

Miss Summers felt a gloomy satisfaction at his confusion, but that was little to what her resentment demanded; and it was necessary to ease his present disquiet in order to have it in her power to inflict on him revenge of a more terrible nature. She therefore assumed as much softness in her eyes and voice as a person not accustomed to dissimulation could possibly put on, and with a half sigh, exclaimed, "Well Thomas, I accuse you not; love I know is an involuntary passion, and besides I have heard say there is a fate in marriage which is not to be withstood. I only think the long acquaintance we had toge-

and would not to have been so abruptly broken off. I might have expected you would have taken one tender leave of me at least!"

She was beginning to make some apology for his behaviour, when she cut him short with, "Say nothing of it, what is done is past recall; but if you would have me think you never meant to deal unfairly with me, or that all your vows were but to ensnare and triumph over my heartless innocence, you must comply with the request I make you; which is to visit me once more at my lodgings. I give you my word you shall hear no upbraidings. I desire no more than to take a last farewell; and if you will gratify me in this, I give you my solemn promise never more to trouble you."

Such an invitation, and delivered in this manner from one whom he had reason to believe would have dealt with him differently, might very well have astonished him. He thought her behaviour, as indeed it was, a little out of nature and quite the reverse of that reserve, and perfect modesty with which she had formerly treated him. But to whatever source this change in her was owing he could not be so impolite as to refuse compliance with her request, though in his heart he wished she had not made it, and it was agreed that he should breakfast with her next morning.

Mr. Leonard reached his lodgings with painful and ill-arranged reflections; and but for the attentions of his wife he would have been completely exasperated. There were moments while he lay restless on his pillow, that his conscience pricked him for his perfidy; but nature, entirely worn out with these unpleasant reflections soon gave him a temporary repose. The morning however again intruded upon him, and he racked his brains for some suitable apology for his conduct; he entered the house of Miss Summers with a tremor and a consciousness of having been guilty of what in the eyes of the world would cast a slur on his fair name, never to be forgotten. She however received him with great civility, but somewhat more seriously and more like herself than the day before. Breakfast was soon served up; and the servants were in attendance. Miss Summers entertained him only with discourses of ordinary affairs. When they had done, she ordered a bottle of cypress wine to be set on the table, and made a sign for her servants to leave the room.

Now being alone together, she filled two glasses, and presented one to her guest; but he excused himself by saying he never drank wine of a morning.

"You may break through the custom for once," said she smiling, and to engage you to do so, as well as to show I have not the least animosity to my more favored rival, the toast shall be 'health and happiness to your fair bride.' This surely you will not refuse." With these words she put the glass a second time into his hand.

"Well, madam," answered he, "it would not become me to refuse you: since you so much insist upon it, I will do myself the honor to pledge you."

She then drank the health she proposed, and he having drained his glass to the same, "Now I am satisfied," cried she, "though my cruel stars denied me the pleasure of living with you, we shall die together at least. I drank my happy rival's health sincerely, and may she enjoy long life, and many prosperous days, if she can do so with Thomas; but for a little, a very little time will she triumph with him over the forsaken Charlotte Summers."

"What is it you mean, madam?" said Leonard hastily.

"Only that you have drank your bane," she answered. "That wine that I gave you, and partook of myself, was mixed with the most deadly poison, nor is it in the power of art to save the life of either of us."

"You would not do so, sure!" cried he.

"What could I but die," replied she, "when your inconstancy had made my life a burden not to be borne? And to have died without you would have been mean and poor, unworthy of my love, or my revenge: and now both are gratified."

It is a question whether these last words ever reached his ears, for, before she had quite given over speaking, he started up from the table, and bolted out of the room like a man distracted, overturning every thing in his way, uttering a volley of curses on her, and on himself, as he went down the stairs. The servants rushed in to the scene of confusion, and wondered what the gentleman

was secret. The people in the streets stood around as the soldiers went, which he seemed to take himself off; and a few chowkedars who were bringing in their chowkays suspected him of decamping with valuable property and accordingly gave chase; and when he was but a few paces from his residence, they had secured and brought to the chowkey against his wildest declamations; and not until he had explained that he was poisoned did they give him his liberty, when he again set off at his utmost speed.

The moment he got within his doors he sent for a physician, scarcely daring to reply to the anxious enquiries of his wife, as to what was the matter. The physician soon came, and he told him he had swallowed poison; and that he had reason to fear it was of the most deadly kind; though by whom administered, and for what cause, he kept secret, not to alarm his wife. Oil was the first thing necessary, great quantities of which he took; powerful emetics were then prescribed, which had the other effect than to throw him into fits. Yet, low and weak as he was, he continually cried out, "Have I yet evacuated the poison?" and being answered in the negative, told the Doctor and Apothecary they were ignorant fellows, and he would have others sent for.

It was in vain the one assured him that there was not in the whole *Materia Medica* a more efficacious medicine than what he had prescribed; or that the other, alleged the prescriptions were for the very best medicines; he still called out for better advice; and accordingly two others of the faculty were sent for.

These said that it was possible the poison might be lodged in some of the secretory passages, and therefore the former prescriptions, which could reach no further than the *prime viæ*, wanted its due effect;—that there was a necessity for the whole viscera to be cleansed; that every gland must be deterged; all the meanders of the mesentary penetrated; not a fibre or membrane, even to the capillary vessels, but must suffer an evacuation, which should pass with the chyle into the subclavian vein, in order to purify the blood, and abrade the points of any sharp or vicious particles, which the poison might have thrown into it, and were not to be eradicated by any other methods.

This, and a great deal more of learning which it was impossible for any one, not practised in physic, either to understand or remember, our patient listened to with the utmost attention; and looking on this second doctor as an *Æsculapius*, told him he relied upon the great judgment he found he was master of, and put himself wholly under his direction.

Glisters, cathartics, and diaphoretics in abundance were now prescribed, all which 'my gentleman' readily submitted to, and went through their different operations with consummate resignation, till, to avoid death, he was brought even to the gates of it; and when reduced to such a condition, as not to be able to move a finger, or speak accurately, it was thought proper, in order not to lose so valuable a patient, that some intermission to his tortures should be permitted, and in the room of the former remedies balsamic cordials, and all manner of restoratives were administered. As youth and a good constitution helped him to sustain the asperity of the first medicines, so it greatly added to the efficacy of these latter, and he was in a few days able to sit up in bed, and take nourishing food, though in small quantities.

The fears of his own death dissipated, Leonard became curious to know the fate of Miss Summers, and accordingly he sent privately to enquire after her in the neighbourhood where she lived.

The person charged with this trust brought him word that she was dead, and had been buried in a very private manner about three weeks past; and that some of those whom he had questioned concerning her, spoke as if it was whispered she had committed suicide; but as to that, they could not be positive, though they were so as to her decease; and that they saw her coffin put into a hearse early the very next morning after they had heard of her death, attended, by one mourning coach with only her maid in it, and that it was supposed, they carried her out of the town.

This intelligence made him beg himself for the precautions he had taken, to which alone he thought he owed the preservation of his life; but then, at the same time, he shuddered at the reflection of the danger he had escaped.

He did not, however, enjoy this calm of mind for any length of time, for shortly after, a friend of his, who came to visit him, happened to mention Dr. ~~Smith's~~ treatise on poisons, which maintained that there was a possibility for the poison to lurk in some parts of the body for many years after it was thought to be entirely expelled, and then break out with a fierceness which no art could subdue. The poor unhappy man presently imagined that such might be his case, and could not be at rest till he had again consulted his physician.

Few people choose to argue against their own interest. Our patient had been too liberal with his fees for the doctor to offer anything in opposition to this tenet; he on the contrary favored it obliquely, by asking him if he did not sometimes feel little twitches in his head, his back, or his heart? Which he answering with great concern in the affirmative, as indeed it was impossible that he should not, after the violent operations he had undergone, "Alas! alas!" cried the empiric, shaking his head, "these are bad symptoms—you must have more medicines. I am afraid, indeed, that the venom is not quite expunged." And he then ran on a long discourse on the nature and subtlety of some poisons, till he had terrified his patient almost out of his senses.

Whether the same remedies as were before resorted to, or others were now administered, we are not aware; but whatever they were they brought him into such a condition, that his life was despaired of; and the doctor was obliged, indeed, to have recourse to all his art to save him.

But not to be too tedious in so disagreeable a part of my story, I shall only say, that fate had not yet decreed to call him away to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" he once more recovered, and seemed to want only change of air to re-establish his former health.

As he was thought too weak to travel, lodgings were hired for him by the sea-side, the air of which was judged extremely necessary for his condition by his doctor, as being neither *too foul* nor *too fair* for one so much weakened as he had been. He soon experienced the good effects of the change, and in a few days was able to walk about the gardens, every morning bringing him an increase of strength, of appetite, and spirits. In fine, he grew in a very short time so perfectly well, that he had contemplated arrangements for returning home, when an unlucky accident happened to throw both his mind and body into fresh disorders, equal, at least, I may say, to any he had before experienced.

It was a fine evening in September 18—, though as usual boisterous and windy, attended with squalls of rain; and the roads, in spite of the showers, were dry enough to permit the public to venture out without catching cold. Altogether the hour was tempting—very tempting, and our hero yielded to the temptation of taking a walk for mere physical pleasure.

Musing as he walked he observed a lady dressed in white, enjoying the fresh sea breeze with more nonchalance than himself; but wrapt in meditation he thought nothing more of the occurrence: when within a few paces of the lady he imagined he beheld in the figure before him that of Charlotte; he started back and stopped, all horror and amazement; but unwilling to be deceived by similitude, he summoned up all his courage, and looked attentively at it, till the object of his terror turned full upon him, which before it had not, and crying out 'Thomas!' immediately vanished from sight, or his sight forsook him, for he fell into a swoon the instant he heard his name pronounced.

Unluckily for him he had ventured out this evening entirely alone, which since his illness he had never before done; and but for the diligence of one of his servants who fearing, as the night was drawing on, the air might be prejudicial to Leonard, came in search of him, he had probably lain in that condition till some worse accident had befallen him. The fellow seeing him lie prostrate and motionless, at first thought him dead; but rubbing his temples, and partly raising him perceived his mistake, and with much ado, brought him to himself. The first words Leonard spoke seemed strangely incoherent, for he talked of nothing but ghosts and death, and said it was not his fault she killed herself—recollecting his senses, however, by degrees, he ceased these extraneous topics, but asked his man if he had seen anything, to which he answering he had

met. "No!" cried Thomas, "then 'tis only myself that such a cruel fate must be parcelled by."

He was almost persuaded to go to his lodgings; but made his servant go to the room near his bedside, who was ordered to look that instead of sleeping he talked all night to himself in so odd a manner, that the other believed him delirious, as indeed, he was: the fright he had suffered had thrown him into a fever, and the next morning the doctor was sent for once more.

In his ravings he discovered to every body that came near him all that had passed between Charlotte and himself; and how, not content with attempting to poison, her spirit had appeared and called to him;—nay, so strongly did the remembrance of what he had seen work on his disordered mind, that he frequently imagined he heard her voice crying out to him "Thomas!"

In this unhappy situation let us leave him for awhile, and return to the authoress of it, the injured but well revenged Miss Summers.

Man is an active being—to him, disappointed affection only blasts some prospects of felicity; his thoughts are engaged in the whirl of varied occupation or pleasure, and if the scene should be full of painful associations, there are other abodes in which he can strive to forget it, and in the society of new acquaintances, render his situation as agreeable and pleasant as if nothing had ever happened to him. With woman it is the contrary; naturally secluded and meditative, disappointment, like the cankerworm of grief, preys slowly, but alas! too surely upon the heart of its devoted victim. The man who can so trifle with the human heart can never be an object of pity or commiseration when retributive justice overtakes him.

After Miss Summers found herself forsaken for another, at a time when she thought herself most secure of her lover's affections, she bewailed not the loss with tears, but rallying herself, bent her whole thoughts on gratifying her resentment for the affront. To this end she affected to appear so passive, neither upbraiding his infidelity, nor discovering any surprise at it, till she prevailed on him as I have already related, to come to her lodgings, when she, indeed, frightened him to some purpose. The wine she gave him was just as it came from the shop, unmixed with any poisoned drug; but, as she judged, it happened. Conscious he deserved all the vengeance she could inflict on him, he easily believed she had in reality done as she said; and the terrors he was in, which he in vain strove to conceal, under a show of rage as he went from her, gave her the highest satisfaction.

She made her cousin and her maid privy to the plot she had laid, and between them they had found means to obtain intelligence as to how he had behaved, and the cruel operations he had submitted to, in order to get rid of the supposed poison; all which gave her a diversion, (not unmingled with pain, however,) beyond what can be expressed.

Not thinking him yet sufficiently punished, she ordered it to be given out that she was dead, and to strengthen the report, caused a coffin to be carried from the house in which she lived attended by her maid. The reader knows already the effect this stratagem produced.

To prevent all possibility of his being undeceived, she took up her residence in a house at the end of a street near the beach, where she was not at all known; but she happened to be near the very house where Leonard resided for the recovery of his health.

Chance, in the very choice of her situation, assisted her revenge, when she was beginning to grow weary of prosecuting it any further. As she admitted no company but her cousin, who had provided that recess for her, she frequently strolled along the sea side without attendants; and, as if every thing concurred to favor the undesigned deception, she happened to have a white robe de chambre on, when, in one of those little excursions she saw and was seen by her perfidious lover. As she had not heard he was so near a neighbor, the unexpected sight made her shriek out "Thomas!" without any design of renewing his terrors, nor did she immediately know the effect it had upon him, for she flew back into the house with all the speed she could.

The next day, however, afforded her sufficient matter to have gratified her

...had any remained in her, against a man, now too contemptible to be thought of as the object of her hate. Every one's mouth was full of the news that a gentleman had seen a spirit on the sea-side, and that he had run mad in consequence. Impossible was it for her to refrain being merry at the first part of this intelligence, but mean and base as he was, she could not avoid shedding a tear of pity at the last. She resolved, however not to give herself any further trouble concerning him; and having (by a method that cannot, however, be justified) gratified her resentment even more than she had expected, returned to town, and appeared in society with all her former serenity and good humour.

It was some time before he could be brought to believe that she was still living; and even when his fever left him, and he grew perfectly restored to bodily health, yet, still his mind continued in a disturbed state; and after being with great difficulty convinced of the truth, the railery he found himself treated with wherever he came, on the subject of poisoning and having seen a spirit; so much soured his temper, that from being that gay, polite, entertaining companion I at first described him, he is one of the most morose, ill-natured men in the world.

J. H. Q.

SONNETS.

Man's but a shadow and life a dream — *Vision of Mirza*

I.

WHEN in wild dreams fantastic, we are lost—
—Now borne in rudeness o'er the ocean's foam,
Far from our flow'ring clime and natal home
By adverse winds and roaring waters crost;
Now headlong thrown on some deserted coast,
A hapless exile desolate to roam,
Without one star of hope to cheer our gloom,
—O'er fearful doubts how then the soul is tost
When next our dreams to fancy's eye present
The lovely landscape, or the summer bower,
To beauty's glance where all its power is lent,
How beats the joyful heart in that glad hour?
With hues celestial then our path seems blent
And grief's dark shades no longer o'er it lent!

II.

Thus earthly joys and sorrows.—Pleasure bright
This moment reigns and hope's enlivening beams
On life's romantic prospect richly gleams.
The next,—enwraps us in the gloomiest night!
Now, all is full of poesy and light;—
The fragrant fruits,—and balmy summer flowers,
The classic streams,—and jasmine covered bowers,
The rolling ocean with its terrors dim,
Are tinted all with morning's freshest ray!
And now again their fancy colours fade
Fair hope departs,—and fearful doubts o'er shade
The anxious heart oppressed with wild dismay!
All but a dream, whose wildering trance is o'er
Then life's long fever ends for evermore.

G. C. D.

HEAVENLY VISITANTS.

[Written after a conversation in which the existence and ministry of Angels upon earth were religiously contemplated and questioned.]

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep !"—*Milton*.

" How oft their silver bowers do angels leave
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The sitting skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !—
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward—
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?"—*Spenser*.

" For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits ; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone !"—*Addison*.

I.

ARE they around us, those white-winged powers ?
Though seen by the pure eye of Faith alone,
In solemn vision from the Eternal Throne—
Missioned by love to guard us at all hours ?
And will they leave their bright and stainless bowers
To watch o'er dust and sinful flesh and bone,
And all the rueful pageants that are shown
In this sin-deseccrated world of ours ?
They will ! if Truth from holiest minds proceeds,
If Milton, Spenser, Addison, aright
Moulded their awful but benignant creeds,
And colour'd them with hues of heavenly light !
And we, whate'er our hidden thoughts or deeds,
Are thus divinely tended, day and night !

II.

Hath God, then, need of messenger, or guard,
To serve, or save, or chasten whom he will ?
By aids and helps must He his works fulfil,
Even as *Man* ?—Deep mystery and hard !
Such let *them* solve who have beheld unbarr'd
The dread twin gates of righteousness and ill,
And seen from whence the Powers of Darkness fill
Their urns of terror for the evil-starr'd !
Whither have flown, or wherefore sleep they now,
Those radiant forms that in the world's fresh prime
Greeted its Patriarch-Fathers brow to brow,
To guide, or bless, or warn from threatened crime ?
Such as did once (so holiest words avow)
In Padan Aram's sky descend and climb ?

III.

It is a lovely, though an *useful* thought,
And may be hallow'd to a sinless boast,
That solitude, when solitary most,
With heavenly companionship is fraught !

That we upon our life's stern paths are brought
 Onward by those who "at God's bidding, post
 O'er sea and land!"*—O bright angelic Host!
 Whether of *Prayer* ye come, or grace unsought,
 Float near me, if ye may, celestial things!
 Ministrant ever with the sweet control
 Of purest, wisest, holiest whisperings—
 Eternal prompters to the eternal goal!
 Methinks, e'en now, of your descending wings,
 I hear the soft sound in my listening soul!

JAS. GREGOR GRANT.

RUINS AT DACCA.

IN my late visit to Dacca, I was solicited by a friend to accompany him on a visit to the ruins of the Pashaw's Mahals. On the appointed day, we accordingly wended our way to the place, which is about a quarter of an hour's drive, from Engrageesliah. We were attended on our arrival there, by a poor native convert of the name of Joseph, who has taken upon himself the charge of the place, being the most congenial (he says) with his disposition, in return for the bounty he receives from the charitable institution of Dacca.

The first place we entered was the *Zenana Khanah*, consisting of about a dozen apartments, for the women of the Emperor Jehangere's seraglio. These apartments are subterranean, having iron gratings on the terrace for the purpose of ventilation. They are at present very damp and so dark that one is obliged to grope his way. There is a subterranean passage which leads to the *Hamam Khanah* or Shower Bath, through which we were taken, at the risk of our lives; for the atmosphere was so disagreeable, from dampness, that we could with difficulty breathe, not to mention the many falls we had from the rubbish, holes, &c. On one side of the *Hamam Khanah*, there is a tank from which water was carried by a machine, (no longer in existence) to two places, the cold bath and the boiler, and from thence to two other receivers, from which water was drawn by tubes into a pond, in which, Joseph informed us, the women used to bathe. The groundwork is beautifully ornamented with flowers. There are many other apartments in the Bath, but Joseph could not inform us for what purpose they were made.

By very narrow brick stairs we went to the upper apartments where the Pashaw used to take an airing. The masonry everywhere is solid and firm, notwithstanding the many centuries the mahal has been in ruins.

The *Nongut Khanah* was the next place we visited, and for the benefit of my readers, I will explain what the name means. It is a native custom, even prevalent to this day in the Upper Provinces, in these great Rajahs' houses, of having always with them, a number of drummers, dancers and singers just contiguous to their *cotee* that they may have the benefit of the music without their odious presence. The *Nongut Khanah* or the place where these drummers, &c. stop, is situated about thirty yards from the *Hamam Khanah*, just distant enough to make their harsh music sound agreeable, if that be possible.

From the *Nongut Khanah* we were taken to the tomb of the Emperor Jehangere, and a better specimen of Eastern architecture (excepting the Taj) I have not seen. It is an entire building of marble, built in the best style; and I would recommend my readers not to forego the opportunity, should it ever occur, of visiting the very interesting ruins of Dacca.

S.

*———"Thousands, at his bidding, post
 O'er sea and land."—*Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness.*

FORGETFUL FRIENDS.

FORGETFUL friends ! ah what are they,
Not those bright fixed stars of our youth,
Who would not lose a single ray
To dim the shine of morning's truth.
'Tis not the priceless jewel set—
No love's regalia we regret.

II

Forgetful friends ! ah, what are they ?
Not those, the generous and the true,
Who when life's leaves are passed away
Depart not with the summer too.
But those who *still* remain to cheer
The coldness of the wintry year.

III.

Forgetful friends ! ah, what are they ?
Those meteors which in darkness set ;
False lights, which turn the head astray—
Which but for age we'd not regret :
Those insects of the sunny hour
Which wing their way from flower to flower.

IV.

Forgetful friends ! oh, what are they ?
Flatterers, who when the bloom is bright,
Drink in the honey dew all day,
But leave the lonely tree at night ;
False gems within love's mazes set ;
Those are the friends we may forget.

DIRGE TO THE DEPARTED.

ARE the trees budding and thou not here,
To watch the spring time of the year ?
Are the flowers blooming and thou not nigh
To catch their earliest perfumed sigh ?

Spring will come with its freight of gold ;
Summer too and winter's cold ;
And the sun will shine gladly on what ? thine urn !
My sister dear, wilt thou never return ?

Thy dirge for thee, dead, was sounded when nought
Thou lov'dst of yore to its shrine was brought ;
When the flowers had faded, the young birds fled,
All, all like thyself, young, unfortunate, dead.

I may watch the blithe bees as they hum among
The flowers, and hear the young birds' song ;
I may tender them all but no longer with thee ;
Dear one, thou wilt return never to me.

F. W. P.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE sun is on his eastern throne,
 And light illumines the sky's blue zone,
 There's laughter in the sunlit air,
 And joyous shouts from woodland fair
 Make answer to the hunter's horn
 Whose notes from forest depths are borne !

The mountain breeze,—the “fresh, the free”—
 Is wandering over dale and lea,
 And softest odours floating by
 Reveal the rose's waking sigh,
 Where'er the rude unpitying gale,
 Has rent aside her dewy veil !

The lotus flaunts her gaudy dress,
 And woos the wanton wind's caress,
 Obscure to the god of day,
 The sunflower smiles in rich array,
 Meet emblem of the constant maid
 Whose love no fears nor doubts o'er shade.

With modest blush in rocky dells,
 The rich geranium hangs her bells,
 Her crimson petals,—small and fair,
 Lavish their incense on the air,
 And twined with her, like gloom with light
 The drowsy poppy opens to sight.

The Dyal o'er me breathes his lay—
 His accents hail the festive day—
 All nature's music leads the breeze,—
 There's music in the murmuring trees,—
 There's music e'en in ocean's roar,
 As dash the billows to the shore.

But richly though the landscapes glow,
 Though fairest flowers around me blow,
 Though sparkling streamlets onward stray,
 Though laughing fields and forests gay,
 I pant to leave these torrid plains
 And rest in lands where winter reigns.

For there e'en now the social throng
 Perchance have raised the merry song,
 Perchance they list to stories old
 Of demons and of heroes bold,
 Of carpet knights and ladies gay—
 But hush my heart !—'tis New Year's day.

A lonely exile's lot is mine,
 Unfriended I my fate repine,
 And sorrow's mantle o'er me thrown
 Has often drawn the secret mean—
 But still there's sunlight on my way
 When freshly bursts the NEW YEAR'S DAY.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

LOST AND WON.

"MARRY and amen," said Felix Wallace, with a King Richardish sneer; for Richard has had the credit of all the sneers from his own days downwards even to our own. A long time for any one thing to keep in fashion, but so it is. "Marry and amen, then, say I, with all my heart, and much good may it do you!" "Marry and amen, say you? That would be taking the office both of parson and clerk."

"No, rather of the poor victim at the altar—the calf, bound with cords and wreathed with orange flowers." Philip Lindsay winced.

"How exactly," resumed Felix Wallace, "does the priest of the present day perpetuate the priest of the olden time! Only for a knife he has a book, and a word for a blow." "Some words," replied Philip Lindsay, "cut deeper than any knife, and such wounds may be mortal to a friendship."

"Ay, words have great power. If I were disposed to moralize, which I am not, for I do not much like unfolding the fusty bindings and windings of a mummy, I would hold forth on the importance of words, little syllables made up out of little crooked signs, and little silly sounds, and yet more binding than chains and fetters, bolts or bars; and I am sure that no better instance could be chosen than that most insane '*I will*,' which all married men have been silly enough to say, and which is nothing less than rivetting the manacles which never can be broken." "Well, as you put it, I must say there is a pleasant prospect."

"What I have said is a mere nothing to what you will find out. You may '*guess and fear*.'" "Ah, those vague terrors are the most dreadful. Put them into some palpable form, some tangible shape, and I shall know how to face them. The bravest soldier fears to encounter ghosts."

"The one hydra (but it has a thousand heads) is the loss of our birth-right, freedom, for a very nasty, ill-flavoured, ill-seasoned, mawky, sickening, mess of pottage." "Matrimony, then, is this delectable mess."

"And freedom, the aspiration of every human heart under heaven, its price." "And you really think matrimony slavery?"

"Think it! It is the *thing*, not the *word*." "But how?"

"In every ramification: all usurpers are tyrants; your wife will be one. If you *think*, you must hide your thoughts; if you *speak*, you must say what she pleases. You must *like* what she likes, *love* what she loves, *hate* what she hates. Go out when she pleases, come home when she pleases. Your home must be chosen by her, your servants selected by her, your very foot allowed you. If you go out and meet with a friend whom you once prized, you cannot stay with him because you are a *married man*; and to take him home unexpectedly to dinner would be treason. You are a *married man*. You cannot link your arm in his and say, 'Come home with me, and partake of my single cover, and my bachelor's fare, whether it be good, bad,

as indifferent.' You must not, if he visit you, say to each other, give me this, or give me that, or even take it without the asking, and still less must you forget to bore yourself with the trouble of playing politeness, and being obliged at every turn to elaborate, 'Will you permit me?' or, 'may I be allowed,' and 'much pleasure,' and 'I thank you,' and 'you do me much honour.' Why, the positive amount of trouble which a married man has to endure would well nigh wear out a galley slave." "You are enough to frighten Wellington."

"I had rather frighten you" "And have you really no pleasure in the society of women?"

"I hate to be with ignorant people" "Are all women ignorant?"

"Yes, certainly, how should they be otherwise? Both nature and education make them ignorant, and the worst of the matter is, that we are obliged to appear to think that they know everything." "And their beauty—beauty which feasts the eye and heart, the taste—the feelings?"

"Yes, perhaps you are right there. I do think a fine woman looks better than a picture." "And then the tender charm that floats like an atmosphere round a gentle woman?"

"Ah, that's all fancy—fudge!" "Her sympathy?"

"Fudge" "Her vivacity?"

"That is *always* impertinence" "Her softness?"

"Simpering mawkishness" "Her ready charity?"

"Sometimes credulity—more frequently display" "Her open heart?"

"Yes—ready for any lodger." "I should be very angry, only you do not know my lady's love."

"Knowing one, I know all. One is but a sample of the rest. They are all alike." "The worst of that idea is, that you imply that all are alike to them."

"O no, only those that have tolerable looks, tolerable style, tolerable manner, tolerable fortune, and tolerable power of flattery." "Classes, then, but no individuality?"

"Just so" "But heartfelt preference—in other words—love!"

"Fudge." Philip Lindsay looked rather woe-begone "I had begun to flatter myself with a gleam of preference."

"Then you have already committed yourself. What is the use of asking my advice?" "Committed myself! in looks, in tones, but not in words."

"Psha! nonsense! If you go three times to a house where an unmarried lady lives you have committed yourself" "I have been three dozen."

"Then are you regularly booked. Every time that you open your lips, depend upon it the lady is expecting an offer." "And I have it upon my lips, every time I open them, to make one."

"Well, then, marry and amen, once more" "And yet for you to think that another might stand as fairly in her favour——"

"Ay, that touches—that smarts—that wounds—that stings—but why not? Another may be as good-looking as you?" "Far more so."

"Have as good eyes—as good teeth—as good style—as glossy hair—as fine a complexion—as well made—hands, feet, figure——" "Yes, yes, yes! without doubt."

"May have as soft a voice—flatter as well—speaking eyes—use them as well." "Yes, yes, yes."

"Then you see for once the woman has reason on her side—by accident. I allow—why should she not like another with the same advantages as

well as you?" Philip Lindsay gave two or three energetic stamps upon the floor.

"My dear fellow, be persuaded. Leave toys to children. The honey-moon may have a few sugar plums, but the long years beyond are strewn with wormwood, and not with roses, as you foolishly fancy. I know that you have been inveigled by some finessing mamma; but come, let me play the oculist, and open the eyes that Cupid has infected with his own blindness." "Some of the sex may have given cause for your heathenish blindness to their merits; but others of them, and my Katherine the foremost, are hedged about with a sort of divinity."

Felix Wallace gave another of his Richardish sneers. "Some of the lesser angels without wings in French mantelets and the Queen's Own bonnets of the very last and newest of all fashions?" "I cannot but think that if a man choose wisely——"

"A contradiction of terms. He cannot choose wisely if he choose at all." "If he choose wisely, the society of a woman that he loves must make him a much happier man."

"Choose wisely—why, my dear Philip, choosing a wife is exactly like choosing a horse; you are sure to be cheated—jockeyed—done." "Like choosing a horse!"

"Yes, the horse is so doctored, so groomed, so painted, so dentisted, so dressed and made up, that you do not even know what the animal is like till you find it out by woful experience; and a wife is just made up the same." "Made up!"

"And then for the *vices* of the horse; you know nothing of its temper until you are kicked, or thrown, or shyed at, or bit, or run away with, or some comfortable thing of that kind; and the *vices* of the lady are just the same." "The *vices* of a horse and the name of my Katherine in the same breath!"

"Yes, why not? I suppose that a woman can have her tempers the same as the other animal." "Sir," began Philip Lindsay.

"Nay, if you begin with '*sir*' to me, I have done." "Sir, you have already gone too far."

"Well, well, do as you please. Every man to his taste. Chains for the slave! The free air and the high bounding heart for the sons who have the soul of liberty." "I certainly asked your advice——"

"Without intending to take it." "But I gave you no license to speak of——"

"Well, well, we will not quarrel for such a trifle. You know it is only a woman." "Only!"

"And yet by a woman came death into the world; and by a woman has all evil things followed ever since. And after all I am not personal, since I have never seen your little morsel of a love." "Little morsel of a love! you are too provoking. Yes, there lies your injustice, in scandalizing without knowing her."

"If I knew her, I should discover and individualize as many faults as I see stars on a fine frosty night; not knowing her, my astronomy teaches me that the stars dwell just in their accustomed places, though absent, like a murky evening, makes me certain that they are there all the same on faith." "Well I must forgive you," said Lindsay, feeling all the time most desperately offended. "The blind can never be made to understand the beauty of colours; and he who has been born and bred in a mist can never imagine what are the glories of the sunlight!"

"*Ham titi tooti highti tighti tam.*" "*Ham titi tooti highti tighti tam.*
Very witty, no doubt."

"*Don't be angry, Lindsay.*" "*Angry! ha! ha! ha! I was never
 warmer or cooler in my life! Ha! ha! ha!*"

"*You have got a very red face, considering that you are so very cool:
 but I suppose it is red with cold and not with heat.*" "*Hark you, sir.*"

"*No, no. I'm deaf.*" "*I must make you hear one thing, however
 deaf you may be.*"

"*Ham titi tooti——*" "*And that is——*

"*——highti tighti tum.*" "*That you are——*"

"*Highti tighti! no better than a fool! To be sure, so I am, I
 quite agree with you—carried unanimously. There can be no greater
 proof of folly than reasoning with an insane man. Casting pearls before
 swine. By-the-bye, that puts me in mind—Cleopatra must have belonged
 to the swinish brood, since she fed on pearls. Don't you think so,
 Lindsay?*" "*Psha.*"

"*Well, Lindsey, well, marry and amen, once more, you have my con-
 sent. Die we all must; and if you think that knocking your head against
 a post is the most comfortable way of travelling out of the world, why
 even follow the bent of your own taste. I am very willing, as a last act
 of friendship, to follow as chief mourner—I mean be bride-man.*" "*Psha.*"

"*Well, psha on till your acrimony has all evaporated in pshas! An
 excellent safety-valve indeed. Psha! psha! psha! are like puff! puff!
 puff! of steam. Those puffs keep a few score of us out of the bills of
 mortality.*" "*Pah! stuff! nonsense!*"

"*That will do quite as well. All excellent expletives. Are you
 better?*" "*I wish you better sense!*"

"*Thank you.*" "*And better feeling.*"

"*Much obliged.*" "*And better manners.*"

"*You are very kind. Pray, Philip, when you happen to be ill do you
 always make a point of quarrelling with your doctor?*" "*I am very foolish,
 I believe you mean well.*"

"*The excuse for every sin in the world. People always mean well—to
 themselves: but I have meant well to you.*" "*I am obliged to believe you.
 What else could you mean—but you are most abominably disagreeable.*"

"*It would be a most extraordinary thing if insanity liked its own
 strait waistcoat.*" "*Well, prudence is a disagreeable strait waistcoat, but
 I will try to wear it as patiently as I can. I will think over all that you
 have said, and give it due weight, if you on your part will divest yourself
 of prejudice and see Katherine.*"

"*Agreed.*" "*I am going into the country for a fortnight. I will
 give you some pretence, some commission, some trifle or another, anything
 will do, for an introduction to her, and then if you are not cured of your
 heresy——*"

"*You will be cured of your folly.*" "*Well—perhaps—I don't know.
 We shall see.*"

Notwithstanding the indignation of Mr. Philip Lindsay at the injustice
 of his friend towards his mistress, the seed had not fallen into quite an
 uncongenial soil. As soon as the warmth of his first feelings had sub-
 sided the maxims of his worldly friend began, though faintly, to germinate;
 and, as people are not very, very often indignant with themselves for what
 they call *prudent considerations*, Philip Lindsay listened to his own argu-
 mentations with much more complacency than he had done to those of his

friend: "And if, after all, Wallace should be right," thought Lindsay, "Per-
haps my feelings mislead me, perhaps my passion blinds me—Wallace is
cool—Wallace is my friend, can he not see clearer, and judge more wisely
—and is he not wholly disinterested? Is there one of my married friends
that I would exchange with—my freedom for their shackles—and yet not
one of them that has not felt as warmly as myself, not one that would not
have scorned the thought of repentance, that did not think his mistress an
angel, and now every one of them has changed his opinion. Are not all
the wives of my acquaintance tiresome and silly, or else termagants and
shrews? Yes, Wallace is right—all wives are tyrants; but would Kath-
erine be such? I will not believe it! no! no! and yet I am rather glad that
I have not committed myself. No; on recollection I have been guilty of
nothing but general gallantry. No, I have not committed myself."

So much for the eternity of the passion of a lover.

"Well, I suppose I must," said Wallace. "I suppose I must make up
my mind to endure half an hour's twaddle with Lindsay's doll. I wonder
whether she is a blue or blonde, an everlasting talker or nothing to say.
A pretty fool, or a would-be-intellectual. It is little less than marvellous
how men can barter their personal freedom, their purse, their everything,
for a pair of eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a chin. But catch me making
such a fool of myself! that's all!" Notwithstanding all which sage con-
siderations, Wallace dressed as men dress when they intend to visit wo-
men; that is, he was about three times as much of a fop, and took treble
the length of time in making himself such, than he would have done had
he been going to a bachelor's party.

Now it happened that Lindsay had quite without malice prepense, often
spoken of his friend Wallace, referring to his sentiments and opinions in
that unpremeditated way in which we are apt to mingle up our own
thoughts and feelings with the thoughts and feelings of those with whom
we are most intimate, and Kate Middleton therefore knew that Felix Wal-
lace, Esq. gloried in the heresy of not being a "marrying man."

It was a fashionable morning when Wallace drew up his phaeton at the
Middletons' door. He had once had his own name mentioned by way of
introduction to a sour-cream-faced lady, whose complement of limbs seem-
ed an ingenious arrangement of tobacco-pipes, and he remembered perfect-
ly well having shut his eyes, and bowed to the fire-place, and walked away,
—and now he was made to comprehend that this lady was none other than
Kate Middleton's amiable aunt. It suited him, however, to recall this li-
censed acquaintanceship, and, coupling it with a commission from Lindsay,
to make it legalize his visit.

He was kept waiting some fifteen minutes, and then came the same
sour-cream-faced lady, decked in nods and becks and wreathed smiles and
flowers. She had only staid to adjust a few curls that had gone rather
awry without leave, to add a flower or so, and to throw a few drops of
fragrance on a clean French cambric handkerchief.

Wallace hoped that the honour of her acquaintance allowed him the pri-
vilege of calling. The lady looked all sunshine.

And having a commission from his friend Lindsay to Miss Katherine
Middleton, trusted to her kindness for an introduction. A cloud gathered
over the sunshine. Then his visit to herself was only a pretence.

It is exceedingly difficult for unmarried ladies to think themselves old.
They are willing enough to allow that married women of the same age,
who are probably blessed with from six to sixteen children, are old

though; but whilst they remain on the outside of the church porch, and may not use any of the royal plural pronouns, they know that they ought to be young, and young they are determined to be.

Now, as Wallace did not think it worth his while to endeavour to persuade Miss Middleton that fifty was only fifteen, nor take the trouble of putting her into better humour with herself, she was consequently in worse humour with him; and after having despatched a servant requesting the presence of Miss Katherine Middleton, the lady and the gentleman proceeded to snarl at each other in the best bred manner possible. And they had plenty of time to do so, for Kate Middleton did not seem in the least inclined to hurry herself.

The girl is dressing, said Wallace to himself. Thinks she shall make another fool; another conquest. She need not have taken any trouble, as I shall very soon make her comprehend. "I am afraid Miss Katherine is engaged?" "I am sorry you think the time so long."

"Time is always long when we are waiting." The lady only tossed her head. The gentleman looked out of the window, up at the sky; then, as gentlemen often do, admired the shape of his own boots, glanced at himself in the glass, and passed his hands through his hair.

"I am afraid I am hurrying Miss Katherine," said the gentleman, as if he would like to hurry her much more. "It does not seem as if she were hurrying herself," said the lady, with a sneer.

And am I to wait here cooling my heels and dancing attendance on any bread-and-butter miss in the kingdom? thought Wallace. Yet if I do stay, it will be for the sole purpose of giving a little dose of bitters, that she may have a better appetite for company another time. At last, a light, tripping, bounding footstep was heard on the stairs, and in a moment more a young girl entered the room, so entirely different from all that Wallace had expected, as to make him feel perfectly disappointed.

Katherine Middleton was very young, very beautiful, very girlish, very innocent looking. Indeed she was as much like a picture stepped out of the frontispiece of an Annual as could well be.

Wallace drew himself up very high, that he might look down upon her. He had no idea of being kept waiting by anything less than a duchess, but for a girl in a white frock and blue ribbons!—he hoped nobody would know. "Mr. Felix Wallace, my niece Miss Katherine Middleton," &c. &c. said the sour-cream-faced lady. The gentleman condescended to incline his head an inch; the innocent-looking girl humbled her own somewhere about an eighth.

"My dear, you have kept Mr. Wallace waiting," said the aunt. "Have I?" said the innocent-looking young lady. "What a pity that he should wait."

Humph, said Wallace to himself, what a simpleton! "The avocations of ladies," said Wallace, ironically, "are of course of much more importance than those of men." "Are they?" said Kate.

"Are they not?" asked Wallace. "Let us instance,—what would you have been doing had you not been here?" returned she.

"Undoubtedly nothing so important as what has kept you from us." "I was looking at something so very pretty."

"Not so pretty as that which I am looking at now," and Wallace cast his eyes on the glass, but at what reflection it would be difficult to say. Howbeit, Kate Middleton gave him credit for a compliment: she smiled accordingly, and smiled upon him; in doing so the brightness of a pair of beaming eyes flashed upon him, and the rosiest lips in the world smiled upon him.

Now, such to my, smiles are very beguiling things; People may be smiled out of house, and home, and heart, and mind. A smile may be a very pickpocket, house-breaking, purse-stealing, swindling, forgery-like sort of affair. Fortunate indeed it is for the well-being of the world that smiles, like fashions, are not universally becoming. Your long-faced, large-eyed, solemn-looking, Mrs. Siddonish sort of women, lose all their tragic dignity when they condescend to dilate their lips; a still larger class, by doing so, show the ill construction of the machinery of their features when put in motion, which yet while quiescent, seem tolerably well put together; whilst a still larger portion, by opening the casket show its utter emptiness and vacuity. But the few to whom a smile is really becoming exercise positive witchcraft, and if they ought not to be burnt under the old statute laws, they ought at least to live with the blind, that so their spells might fall innocuous around them. Kate Middleton happened to be among the few to whom smiles are peculiarly becoming. Her smile was the payment of Wallace's compliment, and acted upon him as a bribe for more; as, casting aside his ill-humour, he flattered and flattered, and she smiled and smiled, until both got pretty considerably intoxicated.

Six months after this, Philip Lindsay returned to town after a tour to the Lakes. His first visit was to his friend Wallace, who received him with an air one-third sheepish, one-third frightened, one-third ashamed.

"Been spending your time passably?" asked Wallace. "Passably, without a pun. And you?"

"O, I—ha—um—em—I believe so." "Have you been as yawnyish all the while as you are this morning? Wanted me to laugh at?"

"Are you a laughing matter?" "All men are laughing matters when they are in love."

"Of course you were never guilty of the folly," said Wallace, spitefully referring to the past. "O, I remember,—ha! ha! ha!"

"Do you laugh at yourself or at me?" "At myself, to be sure. Who else should I take such a liberty with—except, indeed, with a friend?"

"And pray, sir, what moves your mirth?" "Why, Wallace, are you really troubled with such a short memory? Don't you remember, don't you, how unmercifully you used me when I made my confessions to you, quite in the Corydon style, just half a dozen round moons ago? Don't you remember how insane I was about blue ribbons and golden hair, and how I raved about eyes and smiles and sighs, and loves and graces?"

"You have been guilty of so many follies, that it could hardly be expected I should remember them all." "Very charitable for you to have such a short memory for them; but if charity has a short memory, gratitude ought to have a long one. I remember very well that you saved me from a great folly, for which I should have had to have done penance all my life. You snatched me from the destruction of marrying a pretty simpleton." Wallace coloured, coughed, winced, flounced. "Ay, pretty Kate Middleton!" continued Lindsay—"pretty Kate! You were quite right about her, Wallace. She was a nice little thing to look at on the outside, but, as empty as a spendthrift's purse within. A tolerable statue of Eve on a pedestal, in a corner of your room, would quite as well satisfy one's admiration of the beautiful, and not be nearly so expensive, besides not fatiguing one with airs, and graces, and never-ending mawkishness. I was certainly insane when I thought of the folly from which your friendship saved me, and I cannot thank you enough."

"Psha!" ejaculated Wallace, "Ay, in gratitude of you not to do

mind me of my folly, and to make light of your services, but you certainly saved me from a fate that would have been worse than drowning, or hanging, or being burnt alive."

"You have an absurdly good memory for bachelor's gossip," said Wallace, pettishly. "And pray what have you been doing this I don't know how long?" "Fluming my wings, soaring, fluttering, hovering now here, now there, enjoying my liberty, thanks to you, my good fellow, who saved me from worse than Egyptian bondage."

"No wonder, then, that you seem a little wild—relapsed into untamed habits." "And you, my dear fellow, you seem to me so—I don't know how—so subdued, so nerveless, so tame, so languid, so insipid—you seem to have lost all your flavour, all your good-humour, all your gaiety, all your life, all your vigour, all your hopefulness, all your energy. If stretching my wing has made me relapse into wildness, folding yours has reduced you to the luckadaisical condition of a bird in a cage. I am sure you must have met with some misfortune: pray, what is it?"

"None that I am aware of." "Positively, you look altogether as if you were married. Isn't that a good jest? Ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" faintly re-echoed Wallace, as if, out of complaisance, willing to look for the jest, but not able to find it. "You must have heard bad news?"

"Not I." "If not in your own person, at least in that of some of your friends?"

"Shall I tell you the worst news I know?" "I have my condoling face quite ready. What is it?"

"That you are a horrid bore!" "Ha! ha! ha! What, as borish as you used to be when you gave me advice?"

"Advice! Psha! Who takes even their own advice?" "Why, 'tis as fusty and musty as any M. D.'s prescription—but then 'tis as wholesome. I know to my heart's content what good yours did me."

"Pah!" "Wallace, my good fellow, as matrimony is out of the question, and you could not have slipped into that, are you out of health, out of spirits, or out at the elbows?"

"I have just received my quarterly payments, my tailor's bill is paid, and I had a very good appetite this morning for my breakfast." "Out of spirits, then. Well, I'll stay and dine with you, on purpose to cheer you up." Wallace looked particularly discomfited. "Not engaged, are you?"

"I really believe I am." "Well, no matter, since you are not engaged for life. By-the-bye, that is a very judgish, black-cap, sentence-death sort of an affair phrase, 'till death do us part.'"

"He! he!" "But then, you know, the sentence does allow you benefit of clergy."

"He! he!" "By-the-bye, you don't ask me how I got over my last attack."

"Have you been ill?" "How matter-of-fact you are! Ill! No; I speak of my love attacks."

"If you can jest about them you must be heart-whole." "Jest! why, I think them good for nothing else. I have just recovered from an attack, but I find the disorder milder every time I take it. By and by it will be nothing but a little pleasant stimulant, to prevent one getting sleepy before midnight."

"No fear, then, of the malady proving fatal?" "Not the least in the world. I have been in love about a dozen times since I last saw you, and

each time, as I think, with less virulence. Let me see, it has amused my country quarters really wonderfully, and the diversity of candidates for the honour of my fair—is that the right phrase?—my fair hand, amounts almost to newness of sensation in myself. I have been in love with a blonde and a blue; a shrew and a snint; with a simpleton and a wit; with a widow, fat, fair, and forty, and a school-girl of fifteen; with a lady who sang, and another who was mute; with one who was all sighs, and another who was all smiles; together with a few incidentals."

"You might as well write a calendar, something after the botanical style. For instance, December, the best time for falling in love with a wit, because she may enliven you; January, with a school nymph, because she can dance with you; February, with a fat widow, because she will provide you, some three or four times a day, with a *bonne bouche*; and so on. But you must have had hard work to be in love with so many." "Did I say that I was in love with them? Why, 'twas a *lapsus lingue*. No, no; I meant, of course, that they were in love with me."

"I hope it has not proved fatal to all of them." "No—O no; they got over it pretty well, all but one or two now and then, and here and there. I am charitable; I do not let them go too far. I want to hear something, though, of that poor little Kate Middleton. I have always had qualms about her. I am afraid I went a little too far. Poor thing! I know that she doated upon me—quite doated. I hope she has not died of a broken heart?"

"I rather think not." "Ah, but she was very far gone, poor thing! very far gone. Poor little Kate! She amused me very nicely for more than a month—nay, I do believe two. I hope she got over my dismissing her!"

"Your dismissing her!" "Well, well, I know you advised me! and a good thing too! By this time I should have been an old frumpish, severe, discontented, wrinkle-browed, pursed-up-lipped, snappish, snarling Benedict, instead of the free, blithe, happy, care-for nothing fellow I am. My dear fellow, you have heaped upon me a mountain of obligation."

Wallace looked as if he wished him crushed beneath it. "Poor little Kate!" resumed Lindsay. "She really was rather pretty, though now, I dare say, I should think her insipid; and, by-the-bye, Wallace, don't you think that fair insipid women generally get fat when they marry? I suppose that inactivity is a sort and a kind of contentment, and contentment is another version of 'laugh and grow fat.' I hope, poor thing, my untying myself from her apron-string did not induce too deep a despondency; but I'm sure, had I married her, there would have been the greatest danger of her growing coarse, and then I should really have been quite ashamed of her."

"I hope that you need not pity her so very much," said Wallace, with a sneer. "Poor thing, I hope not. I hope that she did not commit any rash act when I acted so wisely upon your advice. I hope that she did not drown herself, or poison herself, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing of the kind, I do assure you." "Nor drop into insanity?"

"Nor that either." "Nor sink into despondency?"

"O no, not she." "Her blue eyes grow dim?"

"O, no." "Her fair complexion become sallow?"

"No, no." "The pretty pink of her cheeks blanche and fade?"

"No, no, no." "Her rosebud lips wither?"

"No, no, no, no." "Her light step flag and drag?"

"No, no." "Her plump person become emaciated?"

"No!" emphatically and passionately reiterated Wallace.

"In short, sink into a state of the deepest despondency," continued Lindsay, as if the contemplation of his ideal picture afforded him exquisite enjoyment, both men and women having an infinite pleasure in contemplating the misery which they themselves occasion, it being one of the most gratifying proofs of their own power that can possibly be offered to them, people always being miserable against their own will rather than with it. "Ay, poor thing," continued Lindsay, "I should be very sorry, it would be quite a reproach to me, to meet poor little Kate looking pale, and thin, and sickly, and languid, and worn, and weary, and heart-sick, and dejected, and pining, with 'concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feeding on her damask cheek,' and a lagging step, and jaundiced by melancholy, and her eyebeams trailing on the ground, and a voice like a dying swan, or the last note of a lute."

"Felix, my dear!—Felix!" called out a full-toned, merry, rather high-pitched voice, from the adjoining apartment. "Felix, my dear, do come here. Ha! ha! ha! I have something that I wish to show you!—something so laughable! Ha! ha! ha! Nay, then, if you don't make haste and come to me, I must come to you! Felix, where are you? Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were alone. Ah, is it you, Mr. Lindsay? Well, I declare! Felix, my sandal is untied—do, there's a good soul, stoop down and tie it. There, now, I had the greatest temptation in the world to push you down, you dear soul. Well, Mr. Lindsay, you see you've come back to find us transformed into quite old-fashioned, plain, antiquated people. Now, do tell me how you think matrimony agrees with Wallace and me."

Lindsay gazed first at one, and then at the other, with a look of bewildered astonishment. Katherine was looking most perversely happy, and most provokingly fat; her eyes were dancing joyously, her complexion was as radiant as might be, her cheeks and lips glowing with ruby light; there was a laughing happiness redolent around her that was particularly mortifying to a gentleman who was encouraging a latent hope that she might have died of love for his own divine person. In fact, there was something quite cruel, and it was very inconsiderate towards his feelings, to see her laughing, fat, and married.

The two stood looking at each other; a little—no, a good deal of embarrassment was among them. Lindsay looked like a boy that had been flogged—Wallace like one that ought to be—Katherine with a little of the confusion of a matronly bride. Having the least to be ashamed of, she was the first to recover, and, glancing from the one to the other, her rosy lips opened with a note merrily rung out. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out the bride. "Ha! ha! ha!" re-echoed the bridegroom. "Ha! ha! ha!" responded Philip Lindsay.—*Metropolitan for October.*

GALILEO.—Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazzi Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !
 That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
 Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather—
 Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
 And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
 Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;
 And I can image you as in a dream,
 Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth
 Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem :
 Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
 Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth ;
 As light erewhile into the world came—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !
 The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
 Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
 Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow
 And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !
 Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
 And shaded o'er by green and arching trees .
 I often wish that I were one of you,
 Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !
 The evening star grows dim and fades away,
 And morning comes and goes, and then the day
 Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;
 But we are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !
 The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
 And in your native woods and wilds to be.
 All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
 The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
 And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !
 Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;
 And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
 I love ye all !

LUCKIE CALLAGHAN TAKIN' THE WAT'HERS.

CAPTAIN STEELE, a relation possibly of Mr. O'Connell's *fidus Achates*, located himself some years ago at a village in a snug corner of Wales. The captain had seen a good deal of service; made experiments on spirits in both the Indies, swallowed more than he liked of the fever-miasma at Sierra Leone, and galloped, just half an hour too late, over the neutral ground, when his regiment happened to be stationed at Gibraltar. It was to this last circumstance that he always attributed the unimilitary condition of his legs, which had now for several years refused to obey orders. Captain Steele had, up to that time, been on the best of terms with the wines of Spain. Many a time and oft had he ridden, whether in company or alone, to the epicene establishment in the cork wood, which is neither an inn nor an ale-house. The Spaniards soon discovered that the captain was not of the *Moderado* party and liked him the better for it; his partiality for *exaltation* proving upon the whole rather profitable to them than otherwise.

It was while plunged in the delicious state of effervescence at which we have hinted, that his nether extremities acquired their propensity towards repose. Finding that the old fellow with the scythe had been beforehand with him, and that the fortress would not be accessible till next morning, he alighted from his nag, measured his length on the marsh, and slept soundly till he was awakened at peep of day by the market-people. Rheumatism had clearly entered his joints, for he found himself, to adopt his own expression "vastly stiff." But this was not the worst of it. From that day forward, Captain Steele's limbs grew gradually more and more rigid, which led ultimately to the delights of half-pay. Still, he never relinquished the hope that he should one day sport his Wellingtons again, though at the time we are speaking of he was reduced to the necessity of being wheeled about in a chair.

It is consoling to reflect, however, that his situation was as comfortable as could be expected. He had a very pretty wife, whose cars he boxed now and then, just by way of showing his affection; a huge Newfoundland dog; and an orderly, Luckie Callaghan by name, altogether as rough as the quadruped, and little short of him, perhaps, in fidelity. It was part of Luckie's duty to keep up a communication between his captain and the sea. Captain Steele daily wrought the miracle which Mohammed only half got through, for, not being able to go to the sea, he persuaded the sea to come to him. In other words, Luckie was despatched three times a week at least, to the shore for two or three casks of salt water, which, according to the medical oracle of the parish, was the only thing that could possibly put the captain to rights again.

Mr. Callaghan, who had as smooth a tongue in his head as ever warbled on the bogs of Connaught, had scraped acquaintance with a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, the son of a sort of squire, whose lands it was supposed would some day come to him, though he had inherited no atom of his pride. This easy-going youth had been captivated by Luckie's adventurous narratives—descriptions of hair-breadth escapes and pictures of bloody battles, coloured by the richest brogue imaginable. Luckie and Lion, the Newfoundland dog, were consequently scarcely more inseparable than were the worthy orderly and "Mast'her James." People in general were unable to comprehend what the young squire could see in that "Irish blackguard," that he kept so constantly in his company. They had never had a taste of the charms of Luckie's wit, never heard him descant upon the pleasurable excitement experienced in mounting a breach, or the delight of "knocking thim Frinchun about the pate," or witnessed the absorbing enthusiasm with which he held forth on the raptures of "potheen."

"The tip-top of the mornin' to ye, Mast'her James," cried the orderly, as moving sea-ward, he discovered the young squire seated, expecting him, on a stile; "won't ye be after takin' a ride this blissed mornin' to the burrows? This same October sun, ye see, shines as if it had a mindh to come back to us and bring summer agin along wid him for company."

"You're right, Luckie," replied the lad; "the weather is very fine to-day, and for that reason I have stolen away from my books to go along with you to the shore."

"It's mighty good of ye, Mast'her James," rejoined the old soldier; "mighty good; for them filthy three miles seems six at laste, when it's my duty to dhriv along them, as one may say, all alone, for this baste and this dog isn't, after all, christian company; but, as I was going to say, Mast'her James, it isn't, may be, right of me, after all, to dhraw ye away at this rate from your books; for education, as Captain Steele says, is a fine thing, and helps a man to appear ginteelly. Therefore, after this once, my boy, stickh to your books, I'll get Kitty to tache me a new song, and I'll bawl it to myself in chorus by the way. But just explain to me, now, what is the fine things you gets out of books by means of education?"

"Why, Luckie, we read descriptions of countries, accounts of battles and so on."

"Och? Why, isn't it I, now, that could give ye descriptions of the seven quarters of the world that I've throd on wid my own shoe leather? And as to battles and that, why we've killed as many spalpeens to our own cheek as 'd make a risin' bigger nor that yond'her."

"Exactly, Luckie; and that's why I like to listen to you. For in books, especially when they happen to be Greek or Latin, one gets no fighting worth a pin. Nine times out of ten I feel inclined to go to sleep over them. But when you give me a description of a battle I hear the very balls whiz about my ears, and am almost in the very thick of it. So, just begin, now, and tell me how you sacked some city in Spain—how you tumbled out the dollar-chests—how you squeezed the wine-skins flat, and how you drove Nappy's conscripts like wild geese before you."

Upon this hint Mr. Callaghan spake, having first cracked his whip, accelerated the paces of Dobbin, and set Lion barking like fury. We have no leisure, just now, however, to follow the thread of Luckie's narrative, which so completely absorbed the attention of Master James that it was not until they had traversed the burrows, and got some way beyond them, that he became sensible of the change of locality.

The coast in that part of the country is characterised by very extraordinary features. First, a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs girds round the land, bearing undoubted marks of having been formerly washed, worn into caverns, and honey-combed high up by the sea. From the foot of these cliffs stretches out an extensive tract of salt marsh, which has, for ages, been reclaimed and cultivated. This again is bounded by a belt of sandhills, overgrown with sedge and peopled by innumerable rabbits. Beyond, a level expanse of sand two or three miles in width, ribbed by the action of the waves, and uncovered at low water, extends out to the sea. Diagonally cutting this sandy tract, a deep and broad stream, issuing from the distant cliffs, flows into the Bristol Channel, the tongue, or delta, thus formed, constituting a sort of island, enclosed by the waves on one side, by the stream on the other, and on the third by inaccessible crags. This beautiful but treacherous spot, covered with sea-shells of fanciful forms and colours, often proves fatal to the rash or inexperienced; for the tide flows furiously up the deep bed of the stream, hems it round on all sides to the foot of the cliffs, and renders escape impossible, save by swimming—for scarcely is there a boat within six miles of the spot.

Master James, it may be presumed, was tolerably well acquainted with the nature of the shore, as it was in roaming about and forming an intimacy with the habits of the sea-mews and rabbits that a very considerable part of his education consisted. But if he was experienced, he was also rash, careless, and headstrong. As he had never been drowned yet, he imagined that event to be entirely beyond the range of possibility, and perilled himself, as often as opportunity offered, with a recklessness which Luckie Callaghan himself could not have done. On the present occasion, though a perfectly safe part of the shore might have been selected for filling the casks, he persuaded Mr. Callaghan to pass into the little triangular sandy island, which we have briefly described above, and there,

while the orderly was getting in his cargo, darted off with Lion towards the foot of the rocks, where he amused himself in seeking for shells, or in cracking those hollow acorn-formed sea-weeds, which expode with a loud report delightful to the ear of boys. Though compelled to retreat before the waves, which covered rood after rood of the domain of Neptune, Master James never once reflected that the tide was really coming in. Perhaps some obscure consciousness of being able to swim contributed to preserve his complete ataraxia; and what he was able to do, he could not imagine that the ingenious Mr. Callaghan, "who had traversed the seven quarters of the world," could by any possibility be unequal to. He, therefore, looked at the advancing waves with as much unconcern as the Newfoundland dog himself. At length, however, he observed Luckie running towards him shouting most vociferously and pointing to the deep bed of the stream which cut off their retreat. The tide unperceived had glided into it, deepening every moment, and spreading far and wide over the sandy flats extending towards the burrows.

"Sorrow be wid ye, Mast'her James!" cried Pat, "can't ye percave that Davy Jones is galloping in towards the cliffs like mad? And jist look now, hasn't the weather put on another jacket and begun to look as black as thunder at us? If we don't be after stirring our stumps, its a wetun' we shall git this blissed night, and no mistake."

"You can swim, of course, Luckie?" observed the squireen with a very serious countenance.

"Throth, can I," answered the orderly, "but it's only one way. I mane right to the bottom, so it swimmin's the only chance, it will run awkward wid us, and be a could chance for me, anyhow."

"Well then, put your nag to his best speed, for the water in yonder channel is already over your head I fear."

"Sure you don't say so, honey."

"I do," replied the lad, "and in t. 1 minutes more there will be no crossing it"

"And can *you* swim, Mast'her James?" inquired the orderly. "For I shouldn't like now to have the drowning of ye; they'd say, now, I did it jist out of spite because I'm a Papiet."

"Never mind me, Mr. Callaghan," observed James, "I can swim like a porpoise; but give your horse the stick and don't spare it. Ay, that's right, we shall be in time yet. I see the opening in the burrows, and the sand-bank opposite, and till that's covered there 'll be a chance for us."

"Ay, but to make sure of it, off wid your duds at once, and stow 'em away here among the casks. I shouldn't like to be the death of you; and for myself, I'll take my chance sure wid the cart, d'ye see, and the horse,—a faithful ould baste who'll do his best to get us out of this scrape."

"Drive away, Luckie; I sha'n't strip yet. Make straight for the gap I just pointed out to you; that's the shallowest, though the widest part of the channel. Make for that point, it's our best chance."

Lion, the Newfoundland dog, was quite at home, and as Luckie drove his old nag flying across the sand, which being wet and clammy, clung to the cart-wheels and flew up behind them like the smoke of a steam-engine, sported and barked around the vehicle, sometimes running forward, sometimes returning, as if he would encourage Dobbin to his greatest speed. Luckie was an old soldier, whom no one could have accused of lack of courage; but he certainly began to look blue, as he eyed the expanse of water that stretched out before him, and, turning back, beheld the sea dashing in in vast surges, roaring and bellowing as though it had made up its mind to swallow them up.

"What's come to the baste," cried he, "ye niver moved so slow before I think. Sure you've a mind to get a sousing at any rate. There now, you, can't ye stir? I'd bate ye myself in runnin', you onmannerly nag. You're the very essence of obstinacy."

Master James himself did not half like the appearances of things, for to his fancy there was a full mile of sea between them and the burrows. He knew indeed that much of it was shallow—but he knew not how much; and though he had often in summer swam across the river, which was itself a mile in width,

the prospect of making his way through such a body of cold water was anything but cheering. They had now approached the edge of the channel, and their expectation was at the highest when, behold, honest Dobbin refused positively to enter. He backed and kicked and plunged, while Luckie basted and cursed and swore, "seeing as how every minute," as he expressed it, "was precious. Surely," cried he to his companion, "we shall lay our death at the door of this ugly whelp. He won't inther the channel at any rate."

"I tell you what," cried the boy, "keep his nose to the water; I'll hold him there, and do you go behind the cart and shove him in; he must swim then or sink."

"Och! you're right, friend," cried Luckie, and, suiting the action to the word, he leaped over the cart's tail and put the stratagem in practice. Lion likewise did his best to encourage the brute by springing into the water and swimming backward and forward to show him what could be done. Taken by surprise the old horse went down the inclined plane furiously, and plunged in. Luckie now recovered his place in the cart, which being heavily laden, sank pretty low with them, and it seemed very doubtful whether the horse would be able to proceed far with so great a load at his heels.

"Open the tail-board, Luckie," said James, "and roll out all these casks."

"Not yet—not yet," cried Callaghan; but we'll do that same at last if the worst comes to the worst; but och! now see the rain is up wid us, and the mist that hides the burrows from us; we shan't see our way now anyhow."

"The surges behind, Luckie," cried James, "will tell us which way to run."

"Right," answered the orderly, "the farthest from their neighbourhood is the best, take it."

Lion, their faithful auxiliary, swam steadily before the horse, which, oppressed by the weight, advanced slowly through the water. Luckie's eyes rested now on his movements, and now on the casks, balancing between the apprehension of drowning, and the fear of facing Captain Steele without the salt water.

"Och! the baste is standing still, surely," cried he, from time to time. "There's no motion at all in him. Take that, you lump of laziness," cried he, as he laid his stick on his crupper.

"Oh! he's going well," observed Master James, "see what a way we have come already." Luckie looked back and saw that they had indeed crossed a pretty considerable expanse of water. But it wasn't the breadth behind that attracted his notice, but the breadth before, upon which the mist now resting and closing thick, it appeared to be interminable. On the left, the breakers had already reached the cliffs and were dashing in continuous foam and thunder at their bases. The wind setting right in upon the shore the waves seemed to ride after each other "like so many porpoises," as Luckie expressed it, curling, frothing, and hissing, as they broke upon the broad beach. There is something particularly terrific in the roar of the sea during rain or fog, when the dreary prospect is not relieved by the slightest feature of beauty: but one dull, grey blank, pervaded by terrible sounds, stretching on all sides, while the cold, penetrating through the frame, damps the fancy and deadens the imagination into the most perfect harmony with the scene. It was now getting dark rapidly. The tide seemed to flow faster than the horse could swim. The channel consequently, widened every moment, and the companions, so lively at the outset were now silent and chop-fallen, standing with eyes fixed on the horse's head, and waiting anxiously for the moment when his feet should strike the sand. The minutes seemed to stretch, as if they had been made of India rubber, from the quantity of thought poured into each of them. That power which can put a girdle round about the earth within two throbs of the pulse, can likewise, when aided by fear or suffering, crowd years, as it were, into an instant. The motions of thought assume tenfold velocity in danger; now looking backwards, now posting on the wings of the wind to the very verge of eternity, upon which it appears to place us, whatever may be the real interval lying between. In this way James and Luckie tortured themselves with apprehensions, till at length old Dobbin, with a knowing snort, announced the instant he touched terra-firma, and restored to the companions the use of their tongues.

"Och! sure it's over at last," cried the orderly; "well, I'm drinched to the peel anyhow; and with you, honey, it's just the same, isn't it?"

"We have had a ducking, Luckie," answered James; "but what does that signify? There's the opening in the burrows; we have come as straight as an arrow. Give Dobbin another taste of your whip. That's right;—off we go; but I can tell you old fellow, we were very near the land's end."

"You say truth there, boy," answered Luckie, "and I should have been far enough beyond the land's end by this time if it hadn't been for you; but there's my hand, my boy, and thrust me Luckie Callaghan will not prove ungrateful to you. But now sure I ought to have some whisky about me:—ay, here it is—taste it, my boy, if you never tasted it before—it's the beste crame of Ireland—the only thing good, perhaps, the Saxons have left us. How could the wind be! I've often had a wit shut on me before now, but never felt it cling so bitterly to my back as this night. Now, get on wid you, you baste, now that we have wharmed our bowels wid whisky."

"But you must remember, Luckie, that he hasn't warmed his bowels," said Master James.

"Thru," cried Luckie; "but I'm not selfish: if it wasn't for his want of taste I'd share my potheen wid him: I've tried it often, but the ill-mannered numskull only makes wry faces and turns his head away, so it's his own fault if he's obliged to do widout the comfort; the spalpeen prefers a wisp of hay and a sup of dhirty wat'her, sure. Such is the variety of notions in this worldh; but now, you see, we 'bin imitatin' our bett'ers (I mane myself, Mast'her James), and have bin takin' the wat'ers, just as the Captain used to do at the spaw. He tould me how he managed, never dhinking the dhirty flud, which was made for toads to swim in, and not to get could into a gintleman's bowels, but just dippin' his exterior into it and putting a pint of whisky into his stomach to keep him wharinn through the operation. And haven't we followed his example nately? Haven't I a pound of salt in my breeches? Throth! I think we should turn soft and melt in the rain but for that sweet Irish dew that keeps up the steam on the inside. There, now, Dobbin, will ye be after dhroppin' into that ditch! Haven't ye taken wat'her enough for one day?"

"You should remember," observed the young squire, "that Dobbin doesn't drink salt water; so you had better let him have a sip of the fresh, and then if he doesn't pick up his heels a little faster than this the crier will be out offering a reward for me through the village."

"And isn't it I that'll deliver ye up and git it, Mast'her James? and if that's the ind of the affair won't I replenish my bottle wid the money and take the wat'ers agin."—*Chapman's Magazine*.

THE PACIFIC.—A letter from Stockholm states that a Swedish brig, freighted by an English firm at Port Philip to visit the small islands of the Pacific, touched at some islands probably not visited since Cook's time, and others not to be found in our maps, which the captain took possession of in the name of the King of Sweden. The inhabitants were a mild race, ignorant of the use of iron, and ready to give a turtle for even a rusty nail. They were also fond of bits of glass, and would remain for three or four hours shaving themselves with pieces of broken bottles. A single musket shot was sufficient to disperse thousands of them—a proof that they had not before been visited by Europeans. The king of one of the islands presented the captain with his sceptre, made of wood artistically carved, and having a thin circle of jasper on the top. A name was given by the captain to each of these isles, after some member of the royal family of Sweden, and a quantity of plants, and tools made of stone and wood, have been brought home,—*Athenæum*, Sept. 30.

REGULAR FACT—A minister of the Presbyterian church lately visiting one of his parishioners, was thus accosted by him:—"Sir," said he, "I am perhaps able to tell you of myself what not another of your flock could. I have lived seventy-two years in the same house, out of which I have decently buried fifteen corpses, have had twelve children baptized, and have married four wives." What added to the zest of the narrative was, that his fourth wife, who was sitting by, immediately said,—“And I think, from the state of my health, you have a good chance for a fifth.”

THE COLOURS OF BIRD'S EGGS.

NATURALISTS have taken much pains to discover a reason for the varieties of colour found in birds' eggs; but it does not appear that their inquiries have led to any satisfactory result; indeed we know not why it should be expected to trace out a purpose of utility in the different colours and markings of eggs, any more than in the different tints and pencillings of flowers, or feathers.

But as researches of this nature have been pursued to a great extent, especially by the German naturalist, Glöger, it may be amusing to some of our readers to have an account of them. It appears that this naturalist, by a patient investigation of all the birds of Germany, has been confirmed in his pre-conceived ideas, that the birds whose nests and eggs are the most exposed to the view of their enemies, lay eggs of nearly the same colour as the surrounding objects, while birds whose eggs are of a bright colour, and would readily attract notice, make their nests in hollow trees, &c. or are very close sitters, so that the eggs are seldom seen. He also observes, that in species where the female takes the sole charge of the eggs, she is commonly of a different colour from the male bird, and more in harmony with the tints of the objects around her.

According to this view eggs are arranged into two series according as their colour is simple or mixed; the simple colours, such as white, blue, green, and yellow, being the lightest, and consequently the most dangerous for the eggs. Glöger notices that pure, shining, white eggs, occur in birds whose nesting places are holes and cavities, as in woodpeckers, wrynecks, rollers, bee-eaters, kingfishers, snow-buntings, robins, water-ouzes, swallows, and swifts. White eggs are also laid by birds who construct their nests with so narrow an aperture that their enemies cannot see into them, as in the house-swallow, the wren, and certain titmice; and also by such birds as leave the nests very little by day, as owls, and hawks; and lastly, in the case of birds which lay only one or two eggs, and sit upon them immediately after, as pigeons, boobies, and petrels. Pale green, or pale blue eggs, are laid by many species which make their nests in holes, as starlings, saxicolæ, fly-catchers, &c.; in species whose nests are constructed with green moss, or placed among grass, but always well concealed, as the hedge-sparrow and blue-throated warbler; and also in several large species capable of defending themselves from their enemies, as herons, &c.

A slight green tinge is observed upon the eggs of several gallinaceous birds which lay among grass, or which make a regular nest; as in the partridge and pheasant. The same colour also prevails in the eggs of some of the web-footed birds, which cover their eggs when they leave them, or are careful to look after them, as swans, geese, ducks, divers, &c. Eagles, vultures, and storks, which nestle in the open air, have eggs of a ruddy white; but these birds are well able to defend their nests.

Party-coloured eggs are of two kinds, those with a white ground, and those in which the ground is of some other colour. Glöger finds the white ground to prevail most in the eggs of birds which conceal their nests well; as the golden oriole, the long-tailed titmouse, the nuthatch, creeper, chimney-swallow, &c. The party-coloured eggs whose ground is not pure white are those of the lark, titlark, some wagtails and buntings, crows, shrikes, thrushes, quails, and most of the singing birds, in which the colour of the interior of the nest accords with that of the eggs.

That this theory of the German naturalist is not generally supported by facts, and must be regarded as fanciful and pleasing, rather than as deserving of implicit belief, a tolerable acquaintance with the subject will enable us at once to decide. The observations of Professor Brunde on this subject are appropriate, and furnish a refutation in few words.

Rooks build a nest particularly exposed on the highest trees, jackdaws conceal theirs in holes, while the lapwing, woodcock, and snipe lay on the bare ground, yet the colour of the eggs in all these birds is nearly identical. Again, the blackbird and song-thrush are birds of very similar habits, they build in the same places, but the blackbird lays a dull rusty-coloured egg, and the thrush a clear blue one, with a few dark, well-defined spots. The woodpeckers, it is asserted, lay white eggs, they ought, according to the theory, but their practices seem very different. The hawks, which are so able and accustomed to defend their nests, we should expect to find with pure white eggs, but they are dull-coloured and inconspicuous, the buzzards the most cowardly among the tribe, have perhaps the most conspicuous eggs of any. The magpie is a strong bird, its eggs well concealed, and the nest fortified, but the colour of the egg is dull, like those of the rook, woodcock, &c. Two very similar eggs are those of the redstart and hedge-sparrow the former builds in holes, the latter does not. The cuckoo very commonly selects the nest of the hedge-sparrow, depositing a spotted brown egg among bright blue ones. After this, if we admit that the brightest white eggs are to be found with birds whose nests are most concealed, as the king-fisher, wry-neck, wren tit, sparrow, and especially the bank-swallow, may we not rather infer that, the interior of these nests being peculiarly dark, the bright white colour is convenient to the bird to enable her to distinguish one egg from another?—*Saturday Magazine*.

LUSTY NATURALIST In lack of all other musical novelties, we were led a day or two since, to examine into the pretensions of a singing mouse, now exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms in Regent-street, which we visited we must confess, rather sceptically inclined. The little vocalist is confined in a common cage such as is used by the Italian boys for their exhibition of white mice. The animal sang incessantly during the whole time we were present—a quarter of an hour—its notes are low but clear, and not unlike those of the nightingale. Every facility is afforded, by the exhibitor, for examining into the genuineness of this musical phenomenon, and with all our care we could detect no appearance of fraud. The fact if it be one is especially curious in a zoological point of view, as it is said that the larynx of the mouse is not fitted for the production of musical sounds and that the present specimen consequently must be somewhat of a *lusus Naturæ*.—*Athenæum* Sept 16

NOBLE FOOLS—During the reign of Peter the First (zar of Russia, it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles who offended him by an imperial order that they should become *fools* from which moment the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, instantly became the laughing stock of the whole court, he had the privilege of saying everything he chose, at the peril however, of being kicked or horsewhipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation, everything he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms answered at and commented on, as marvellous proofs of understanding in a fool. The Empress Anne surpassed this abominable cruelty, but sometimes mingled in her practices so much of oddity that it was impossible not to be entertained. Once she decreed that a certain Prince G—— should become a *fool*, to punish him for some trifling misdemeanor, and for this purpose she ordered a basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs inserted to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, all pain of death, to sit up in this nest and render himself to the last degree ridiculous by imitating the cackling of a hen.—*Memoirs of the Princess Dashkoff*.

GUY DE BERE.

Was it ever, dear reader, your fate to arrive, in a usually lively county town, the day after a contested election? or in a watering-place hotel, when the steam had been let off, a week after the closing of the gay season? If so, you may form some notion, though perhaps, after all, an imperfect one, of the contrast afforded by the great Dr. Y——'s usually noisy and overflowing school-room, when, late on the afternoon of a foggy and dismal day (the 24th of December 18—), its inmates were reduced to the only three youths whom conveyances, more or less aristocratic, had not already whirled off to more or less happy Christmas firesides.

Nor was the morning and evening aspect of this huge deserted bee-hive more widely contrasted than the fate and position of the lads, who yet instinctively congregated in the scene of their mutual joys and sorrows. While two of them, the indulged and way-ward sons of a rich Shropshire baronet, were lost in conjecture as to the possible cause of delay in the arrival of the family chariot in which their thirty miles' journey home was usually performed, the third—though the son of an individual holding despotic sovereignty, all but name, over a large territory in America—had, alas! in England no domestic hearth to receive and compensate to him for the distance and perils of his natural protectors. The London merchant through whose agency he had been placed at school, and his expenses there defrayed, had just become involved in the extensive failures of the period; and the elegant villa of his ward's summer recreations, and the splendid town-house, where former Christmas fare had been luxuriously enjoyed, were alike shut to him; and with the generous fellow-feeling inherent in English youth, the sons of Sir George de Bere had determined to bespeak, or rather take for granted, their father's hospitality in behalf of their awkwardly-situated foreign comrade, when the driving up of the long-expected vehicle raised to their utmost pitch the joyous anticipations of the inviters, and the modest misgivings of the invited.

"A chaise-and-four!" exclaimed the elder of the young De Beres, going to the window: "better late than never! But" (gazing in surprise at the descent of a grave elderly man from the vehicle) "what bore of an old fellow is this he has sent to spoil sport, and force a brace of us to go outside this cold weather?"

"Hush, Guy, he'll hear you," was his quieter though younger brother's caution. But he might have saved his remonstrance; for minutes—hours they seemed to the boys—clapsed; the horses, jaded as they were, had time to paw impatiently, and the post-boys to walk, thumping their sides, in chill discomfort on the frozen gravel, and yet no summons from Dr. Y—— gave the welcome signal for departure to the yet more impatient group within.

The boys sat looking into the embers of the huge decaying school-room fire, as if to read there the cause of this inexplicable delay, till strange misgivings, they knew not exactly why, usurped the place of their late buoyant anticipations; and Geoffry, the younger De Bere, suddenly exclaimed, "Suppose papa should have been taken ill? The man below looked just like a doctor."

"And very likely indeed, if he were ill, that the doctor of all people should leave him!" cried Guy the elder and favorite, though with far less of sympathy in his accent: "To my thinking, the fellow in black looked far more like a lawyer." And his prognostic—slightly founded prognostic—was verified; for, as he spoke, a message from Dr. Y—— summoned the brothers to meet in his room their father's solicitor. One glance at the conventional solemnity of this functionary's brow spoke volumes to the already presaging face of Geoffry. "Papa is ill, sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted boy. "I see it in your face already!"

"Sir George has been ill—very ill," said Dr. Y——, anticipating with compassionate circumlocution the stranger's possibly abrupt reply; "his sufferings which were great, are happily for himself terminated; but, my dear young friends, it has pleased God to deprive you of a very kind father."

Geoffry, susceptible of emotion as a girl, burst into a fit of passionate weep-

ing. His elder brother, with more of manliness (he was seventeen, and Geoffrey three years younger,) maintained his self-possession; and though shocked and sobered, as any creature possessed of common feeling must be, by intelligence so disastrous and unexpected, Dr. Y——, who from long habit, read boys' souls as readily as he did their exercises, saw, in the involuntary kindling of his proud eye, and the flush which, after a momentary paleness, mantled on his dark cheek, that the supposed heir of wealth and title was not insensible to their sudden possession.

The task which lay before the doctor, already a heavy one, was not lightened by the glance thus afforded into his pupil's mind and character. But his nerves were steelled by its revelations to greater firmness; and with the very feeling, how proud were the hopes he was about to demolish, mingled, oddly enough, less of regret and reluctance in their overthrow.

"Before you begin your melancholy journey," said Dr. Y——, "under the charge of this gentleman (who in the meantime will partake of some refreshment in the next room), he has devolved on me, my dear young friends, the painful office of unfolding to you some particulars in your family history, with which it is indispensable you should be made immediately acquainted. Summon to your aid, Guy, the firmness and self-possession of which you have just given token, in bearing a misfortune, the greatest that *can* befall a lad of your age. The blow which this letter will inflict is of a different and more personal nature. Let me see that you can bear the loss of wealth with as much equanimity as that of a parent! Your trial, my boy, is a hard one; but think how much harder must have been the task of penning this."

The letter, whose unsteady characters too well testified the acuteness of the writer's feelings, addressed by the late Sir George to his eldest and darling son, ran as follows:—"When you read this, my dear and unfortunate boy, the hand that penned it will be cold in death, and the heart that bleeds to inflict an inevitable blow will be insensible to its effects on the fondest object of a father's idolatry. Let your feelings be what they may—and I tremble but to think of their poignancy—oh! do not suffer them to lead you to curse an unhappy father, or to blight, with even a moment's filial impiety, the memory of a mother, alas! 'more sinned against than sinning.'

"When that mother (in an evil hour for one at least) joined her fate for life with mine, her pledged and yet undissolved vows were another's; and ere release from ties too sacred I now see and feel to have been broken, could be accelerated, even by the mutual wish of those long severed on every other point in feelings as in affections, you, my first and best-beloved child, saw the light!

"Even to one so young in the world's ways, I need scarce say more to convey the sad truth, that, loved and cherished, nay, sinfully preferred, as you have hitherto been, by one who felt that love was all, or nearly all, he could bestow, another must be, in the eye of the law, my heir—your unconscious, loving, and, oh! remember, wholly innocent Geoffrey, whose heart, I know, will bleed as truly in supplanting a brother, as mine in disinheriting a son! Be to him still, as he, I am confident, will be to you, a brother. Though he must, per force, wrest an empty title from your grasp, deny him not the satisfaction of shielding his father's memory, and speaking peace to his troubled spirit by sharing with you, when of age to do so, wealth amply sufficient for you both.

"As years, however, must pass first, I have not been unmindful of a parent's duty. The savings of ten years' rigid self-denial are justly yours, and yours so entirely—a debt rather than a bequest or boon—that I clog them with no restraints, which I have forfeited a parent's right to impose. At eighteen, you will I know, be older in mind and character than most lads of twenty-one. At eighteen years of age, as many thousands will be yours, on simply claiming them at my banker's, unfettered by even any wish of mine as to their appropriation, save a dying parent's prayer that the name and fortune they may enable you to carve for yourself, may compensate those it is his hard lot (a death-bed teaches me to say,) the penalty of his crime, to snatch from you."

Ere the letter was well finished, the arms of the warm-hearted younger brother were twined round the elder's reluctant neck; and he was exclaiming,

with the generous recklessness which formed the chief feature of his character, "Never mind, Guy, what anybody says, not even poor dear papa on his death-bed! how could he think for a moment I would rob you of either title or estate? I would not be Sir Geoffrey, and you plain Guy de Bere."

"You forget I am not even plain Guy de Bere!" was the bitter reply of one to whom the idea of obligation, even to a brother, would have been worse than loss of name and birthright.

"And surely you do not forget that we are brothers still, Guy, let the world call us by what names it will!" exclaimed the deeply-wounded boy, on whose affectionate heart the sudden revolution in their fortunes gave his hitherto domineering brother a new and tenderer claim. "Let us share, and share alike, as dear papa advised and expected, whatever he has left behind him; and never vex me nor yourself more about which is eldest or youngest according to law. We don't want the law to tell us how to love each other; and if the law wont let you be Sir Guy, thank goodness it can't force me to be Sir Geoffrey!"

"There is a law more sacred and binding, my dear boys," interposed the deeply moved Dr. Y——, "which summons you to the joint filial office of laying in the grave the head of your late lamented parent. With this law, the conventional ones of man's making have no right to interfere. As nothing is known, Mr. B—— tells me, or even suspected at Bere Park of any informality in the supposed line of succession (though steps are already taken to establish it elsewhere), my earnest advice to you both is, to let things take their wonted course till the funeral is over; and suffer no vain punctilio or cold consideration of what may transpire hereafter, to mar the solemnity of your joint act of duty to a parent, whose errors, be they what they may, have originated in misjudging affection."

"I will be an interloper nowhere, and least of all at my father's grave!" was again the elder's bitter reply. In vain did the kind Geoffrey plead—the good doctor remonstrate: misfortune had made an independent man of his late pupil, and all he would accept from his brother was accommodation in the carriage for himself and their transatlantic comrade to the next stage; where, stepping with him into the first coach for town, he proceeded at once to the house of the banker with whom was deposited his late father's destined legacy.

Having sent up the letter to prove his identity, he astonished the man of money by the calm self-possession with which he unfolded to him his unalterable resolve of accompanying his young American school-fellow, in the first instance, to Cornwall, for instructions in mining, which it was part of the object of the stay of the latter in England to acquire; and at the expiry of a year, when his capital should become due, to transfer it and himself, along with his friend, to the country of his future adoption; making it an express stipulation with the bewildered banker, as he valued his deceased friend's memory, and his injured son's future well-being, that he would preserve the most inviolable secrecy as to every part of the above scheme.

"I was to be food for powder at any rate," said the proud boy bitterly; "and whether I died fighting for Spain here, or against her in some obscure skirmish out yonder, there's none to care now. I dreamt, fool as I was, of taking young J—— to Bere Park for the holidays; he'll take me to Mexico for life instead, that's all! You'll give us the needful, sir, in the meantime, surely, with eighteen thousands in your hands, and an empire for security? You would not like to see me dabbling with Jews?"

With a youth of such determination, and knowledge of so much (and that not the best) of this world's ways, there was nothing for it on the part of one not "having authority," but to advise and suggest. Mr. G—— consented to advance enough of the coming year's interest on the youth's patrimony for present subsistence in Cornwall, and the residue a year hence for passage-money to America. On the disposal of the capital, it would be time enough to consult when it should become due. And, hardly knowing whether to marvel at the boy's iron nature, or admire his self-possession in such trying circumstances, the banker promised to keep his secret, and saw him and his gentler comrade safe off for Truro.

It is not to be wondered that, in a mine at the Land's End, they defied all the inquiries of Dr. Y—— and his sorrowing pupil, the new Sir Geoffrey, whom on his return after the holidays, every nook of the playground and school-room reminded of his loved and lost brother. They had forgotten the name of the banker mentioned in the late baronet's letter, and if they had remembered it, they would have been little the wiser.

In the meantime the year had come and gone; and, punctual to the day that made him eighteen, Guy Molinaro (for he had taken and thus travestied his mother's maiden name of "Miller") presented himself in Broad Street, to arrange about and receive his unfettered bequest. He anticipated the cautious trustee's objection to vesting the whole in so unsettled a country as Mexico, by coolly saying he had decided on leaving £5000 in his hands, for an English commission, should he live to return, and choose to buy one; or to devolve, in case of his death, or its remaining unclaimed for ten years, on his improvident younger brother. "He'll be out at elbows long before that time," said his precocious elder. "Let him come to school with his pockets ever so full, not a sou was there in them at the end of the first fortnight. But to business. Twelve thousand you will be kind enough to remit in good bills to Mexico; and the odd thousand we shall require for outfit. We sail in the *Britannia* from Falmouth. The miners and machinery (J——'s department) will be on board in a week. The arms and accoutrements are mine, and we must join them in ten days at farthest."

This has been a long story already, and to tell how the young adventurers sped, would swell it beyond all compass. Their arrival found the father of the one on a throne, ephemeral indeed, as it proved, but, while it endured, omnipotent. All it wanted was that strange lack in every *El Dorado*, namely, money; and, backed with twelve thousand pounds, the heir-apparent's friend was an officer forthwith, and a colonel ere long, with as many shares in the really good mines his English skill and wealth helped to refit, as in the speculative marts of Europe soon tripled his capital. "Make hay while the sun shines, my good fellow," wrote his astonished agent; with thirty thousand against your name in the bank of England, you can set up for emperor yourself, if your friend's papa should be ousted." The con-ummation thus lightly alluded to was not far off, and a man too amiable for the set he acted with, was thrown back on that "post of honour" in civil commotions, a "private station." With his retirement terminated all Guy's interest in the affairs of New Spain; but the military ardour there unbidden had taken deep possession of his soul; and disgust at revolutions becoming mingled with admiration for the Spanish character, he longed to transfer his sword to the cause of Spain. Handing over to his friend, for a large additional sum, his remaining interest in the still prosperous mines they had jointly explored, he joined—already more than half a Spaniard in complexion, ideas, and language—the Peninsular army. Previous, however, to this removal, and to possible collision with his own countrymen, he availed himself of a salaried cut in the face in his last skirmish, which would enable him to defy recognition, to desire the banker to spread the report of his death, and to pay over, on the faith of it, the £5000 which, as part of his father's personale, pride had always made him wish should fall to his brother.

The deeds of gallantry of the pseudo-Spaniard were not long in attracting the attention of the English general P——, intercourse with whom and his staff so far revived in Guy's breast long dormant English feelings, that avowing himself of British extraction, and taking as such the well-known Irish *nom de guerre* of Nugent, he joined as a volunteer the standard of his country, and took a prominent share in most of the battles in which it waved triumphant. The contest ended, he came to England loaded with ribbons and orders; with the fame and men of a hero, and what heroes seldom have to boast of—a large and accumulating fortune. For this he had, from the first, but one use and destination. He had not lived so much of late among his countrymen without inquiring, as if idly, about the proceedings of the baronet of Bere Park, who—his elder brother being now seven and twenty—had been for some three or four years of age. These had sufficed to make him, as Guy predicted, an embarrassed man; not

from either vice or profusion in his personal expenditure, but facility of disposition, and a foolish dislike of being outdone in trifles by those around him. To this had been added the expense entailed by a high connexion; for a certain Lady Anne—the daughter of a neighbouring peer, designed from infancy, by county gossip, for his brother—had transferred herself, nothing loath, to the rightful heir: for whom, to do her justice, she had in their nursery days manifested the most decided preference. This was, perhaps, the only part of his possessions which Guy had really, after the first shock, grudged his brother; and, forgetting that his boyish love for her had never been returned, he had a sort of satisfaction in learning that she was extravagant, and had half ruined her husband.

"She must ruin him quite before I shall be satisfied!" was the ejaculation of one who, as the handsome and distinguished millionaire, Count Nugent, was the lion of the London society, with which it cost his sister-in-law so much to keep up. It was not long ere an estate lying close to Bere Park, and most desirable for its possessor, came into the market. But while, even at the market price, it would have inconvenienced Sir Geoffrey to buy it (as Lady Anne and her friends kept urging him to do), it rose suddenly and provokingly in value, in consequence of the appearance of a competitor in the person of the Peninsular hero, Count Nugent, whose professed predilection for a residence in —shire no one could comprehend. And still less was his conduct understood when, after remaining in the field long enough to raise the property some thousands to the purchaser, he withdrew from it just in time to see it knocked down at the enhanced price to Sir Geoffrey.

It was the same on other occasions, when fate seemed to take pleasure in pitting them against each other. The death of a distant branch of the De Beres threw open to sale a lot of pictures, of little value save to the family, and which the baronet, who had set his heart on them, expected to get for a song. No such thing! Again was Count Nugent in the way, and the portraits, instead of pounds, soon rose to hundreds; and yet, after all, those hundreds came, as if conjured thence, from Sir Geoffrey's already drained coffers.

That *bite noire*, in the meantime, of Lady Anne's—that "Mordcaï in the king's gate" of her husband's—though declining to buy the estate next door, on which his fancy had been so ruinously set, chose to plant himself down within six or seven miles of them, by renting a deserted ducal residence; and so palpable was his design to outshine and eclipse the former leaders of fashion in the county, that he was said to be on the eve of marrying the duke's deaf daughter, that his wife might take precedence of poor Lady Anne.

So far the report was premature, for he married nobody; but he was all the more the fashion, and gave such fêtes, and such balls, and such archery meetings, that the very shoals of visitors who came for them to Bere Park, cost its owners as much as giving entertainments themselves. So they gave them, in rivalry and retaliation, till the country season came to a close, and with it Sir Geoffrey's resources for carrying on the war of reprisals either in town or country. He had been content to drive a pair, and his wife her pretty ponies, till Nugent's four long-tailed Andalucians astonished every gentleman in the county. In short, the old country gentleman had bled to the last drop for the honor of England and the family; but the long purse and cool insolence of the Don had carried the day hollow. And Guy de Bere had carried his point—the vow of his proud heart on first reading his father's letter. His brother was a ruined man, and Bere Park mortgaged up to its full value; and he, through the agents, whom money can always command, the holder of every shilling upon it. The place was advertised to be let; he took it, though with no seeming thoughts of residence; and while the owners were sadly packing up for a ten years' expatriation—new furnished it from top to bottom—put the glass roof Lady Anne had been sighing for on her magnificent conservatory—built the splendid billiard-room to match, which even Sir Geoffrey had felt was a thing to be desired rather than accomplished—re-stocked the garden with exotic novelties from all parts of the world; then declared himself (still as Count Nugent) the mortgagee over the property, and insisted on the alternative of payment or possession. It was, alas! as matters stood, no alternative at all! and with a

sad and sorrowful heart, the title deeds of his paternal estate were handed over to him. He cast on them one proud satisfied glance; then coolly folding them in a fresh envelope, addressed to "the Lady Anne de Bere," and marked in the corner with the initials (in a well-known school-boy hand) of G—de B—, took the packet himself to Dover.

It was his purpose to lay them with his own hand (watching his opportunity when the party should be out) on his sister-in-law's table at the Ship Inn; where she and her husband were awaiting the *then* necessary fair wind for Calais.

He had not long arrived in the hotel, when the hanger-on employed by him to give notice, reported the lady and gentleman in No. 4, gone out with a guide to see Shakespeare's cliff. Fearless, therefore, as regarded interruption, but stealthily as one whose purpose, though not evil, yet shunned the face of day—De Bere entered the inn parlour, the sole English home (thanks to him) of his only brother.

He came there, as we said, to deposit the packet, unsuspected, and then depart—depart for ever! in the same vessel, probably, which had been destined to waft to distant lands the no longer beggared ones! But on advancing into the large and dimly-lighted room, he found, too late to retreat, that it was not unoccupied. On the rug, at its upper end, two lovely boys (attended by a vainly interposing nurse) were struggling violently for the possession of a favourite plaything: and as the interloper emerged from behind a huge screen, he caught the words, which, homely and familiar as they were in nursery parlance, fell, as if heaven-directed, on his ear and heart—"Oh! Master de Bere, don't be so spiteful and domineering! Kiss little Geff, and give him his own directly; else mamma will never love you."

"Who said I would not love my boy? and why?" cried a soft voice, as Lady Anne—too sad at heart for sight-seeing, and for whom some one else had been mistaken by the scout—came forth "like Niobe all tears" from her dressing-room within. "Not quarrelling again? and your mother and yourselves going to bid good-by for ever, perhaps, to dear England."

It was no marvel if that mother stood rooted with surprise on the threshold of the room from which she was emerging. A dark-haired and dark-browed stranger was bending over her already reconciled darlings. The little mouth of Geoffry, when held up to be kissed, met a rougher lip than that of his quick but warm-hearted playfellow, who himself was snatched (with a wild fervour, which paled even his dark glowing cheek) to the intruder's heart.

The elder child, meanwhile, with his wonted impetuosity, had possessed himself of the packet in the stranger's hand, and running with it to Lady Anne (for whom he saw it addressed), and holding it playfully over his head, cried out, "You shan't have it, mamma, till you kiss and are friends with your own dear Guy!" "Guy!" exclaimed the stranger, in a voice whose tone, changed and deepened as it was, brought earlier nursery scenes at once to the mind of her who stood before him. "And is he really called so? and after whom?"

"A brother, long since dead, of Sir Geoffry's," Lady Anne was mechanically uttering, like one who, questioned in his sleep, replies in a dream, when her eye resting suddenly on the initials in the corner of the packet in her hand, she shrieked out, "Guy alive!" and sank in stupor on the carpet beside her wondering children.

When she revived, two forms were bending over her, whose softened images might be traced (as if reflected), in the infant pair at her feet. A tear had been wiped from either manly cheek; a grasp of the hand exchanged, that spoke the long-estranged ones brethren still. "You will stay among us, Guy?" whispered Lady Anne anxiously, as—alluding to her lately overheard regrets, and the contents of the yet unopened packet—he expressed his joy that there would no longer be any necessity for their expatriation, "You, too, will surely stay in England?"

But England, hard as it had been for one so happy there as Lady Anne to leave it, had, alas! no charms for Guy de Bere. A youth of high hopes dashed, a manhood devoted to smoothing for a brother the road to ruin, and thus earning a brief, and hollow, and now detested triumph, there were not scenes and

passages to blend with the hallowed feelings of home. An hour of emotion, deep and precious though it be, and dwelt on in after times as sacred, suffices not to change the nature of man, and obliterate the stern characters of a lifetime.

Circumstances, over which he had no control, had made Guy an early alien—he was a wanderer from habit—from predilection, a soldier and a Spaniard. He so far met the wishes of his gentle sister, as to pass with them a few brief weeks in Paris, ere embarking at Nantes for Havannah. He returned to the land which had first welcomed the outcast, and fell really (as once fictionally) in the civil conflicts of New Spain.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, Sept. 30.

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL discovery, in different parts of the Continent, has of late furnished a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we may lay before our readers. M. Baer, who has recently returned from a journey undertaken, by desire of the Government, into the northern regions of Russia, for the purpose of making a geological survey thereof, has discovered in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and some of the islands lying near the coasts of Finland—particularly in Wiez, which is all but desert—several subterranean stone labyrinths. The natives whom M. Baer interrogated as to the origin or destination of these labyrinths, knew nothing of them, save that they were called *Baby-lons*, and held in such veneration that the people were afraid to touch them. M. Baer has brought away drawings, which he is about shortly to publish, for the speculations of the learned and curious.—The excavations in the forest of Bretonne, in France, continue to yield interesting results. A bath has been laid open, reached by a staircase in hewn stone. A bronze hatchet, fragments of mosaic, cups and rings in bronze, broken household vessels, oyster-shells, bones of human beings and of animals, continue to keep attention alive. A substance found in a vase broken by the pickaxe of a labourer, long puzzled the science of the Normans; but an elaborate analysis has shown it to be a composition of cobalt, known as *smalt*, mixed with carbonate of lime, and used, no doubt, for painting frescoes.—In the forest of Cornouet (Finistère), not far from the ruins of the castle of that name, which overhangs the waters of the Isole, have been discovered some valuable antiquities; amongst others, a tomb, composed of stones, joined together with a cement of a brown colour, partaking of the character of wax, but hardening to the consistency of stone on exposure to the air. The tomb contained a chain of massive gold, whose circular links are in good preservation. The rings are of different sizes, two and two, and formed each of four thick gold threads. On the pavement of the tomb were found as many small arrows of sharp and transparent flint, as the chain has rings, a sword, and three lance-heads, one of silver. The tomb is supposed to be that of a distinguished Gaulish military chief.—A letter from Dieppe says:—"The excavations at St. Marguerite, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons, near several of which were found pieces of armour, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small: and it is conjectured that they were young men of from sixteen to eighteen years of age."—A student at Bayonne has made a curious discovery in a plain not far from the commune of Lalouquette, in the canton of Thèze. In the centre of a little hillock, a few feet only below the surface lay, and has lain for centuries, an admirable mosaic. The colours are three—red, white, and black. The divisions—the largest of which do not exceed twenty millimètres in length, by twelve in breadth,—affect the most varied forms, and compose in their arrangement, not landscapes nor scenes of animated nature, but figures perfectly regular, circles single or concentric, polygons, lozenges, trapeziums, and sometimes hearts. So admirably, too, are they combined, that in the whole extent of two hundred square mètres, where the mosaic covers, there is nothing approaching to monotony. This magnificent pavement rests on a bed of cement about three centimètres in thickness. Under the cement is a layer of mortar mixed with sand, brick, and quicklime, and the whole is on a pavement of large flint-stones, fixed in a bed of Argillaceous earth.—*Athenæum*, October 21.

REGENERATION OF PARTS IN ANIMALS.

There is a power in nature for replacing or reproducing parts which have been injured or lost. It is least conspicuous in the higher animals, and increases as we descend to the lowest. Even in man, however, it exists to a considerable extent. When a bone in our bodies is broken, and the parts separated so as to leave an interval less than an inch, the two broken ends will throw out matter, and fill up the space with new bone. In the case of a dislocation which is allowed to remain unreduced, a new joint is usually formed, in all respects resembling that put out of use. Even when a whole bone has been destroyed by disease, nature generally contrives to make a new one in its place. The new bony matter is thrown out, sometimes within, and sometimes around the dead shaft; and when the latter has been removed, the new structure gradually assumes the regular form, and all the attachments of muscles, ligaments, &c., become as complete as before. This power of nature is most apt to be shown in young persons; and it appears that some individuals have it in a much greater degree than others. A very curious example is recorded by Mr. White, in his work on the "*Regeneration of Animal and Vegetable Substances*," 1785. "A child, born a few years ago to a lady of rank, had two thumbs upon one hand, or rather a thumb double from the first joint, the outer one less than the other, each having a perfect nail. When he was about three years old, I was desired to take off the lesser one, which I did; but to my great astonishment it grew again, and along with it the nail. The family afterwards went to reside in London, where his father showed it to Mr. William Bromfield, surgeon to the queen's household, who said he supposed Mr. White, being afraid of damaging the joint, had not taken it wholly out; but he would dissect it entirely, and then it would not return. He accordingly executed the plan he described with great dexterity, and turned the ball fairly out of the socket; notwithstanding this, it grew again, and a fresh nail was formed, and the thumb remained in this state."

In fishes this reproductive power is chiefly shown in the fins, which are sometimes replaced after being lost by accident or disease. The teeth of sharks and other fishes are also renewed with the utmost facility when broken off. The power is more energetic in reptiles, and especially in the order to which the frog and toad belong (*Batrachia*). In the salamander, for example, new legs with perfect bones, nerves, muscles, &c., are reproduced after the loss or severe injury of the original ones; and in the Triton, a perfect eye has been formed, to replace one which has been removed. In the true lizards, the tail, when lost, appears to be restored; the new part contains no perfect vertebrae, however, but merely a cartilaginous column, like that of the lowest fishes.

In the articulates the regenerative power is very considerable. The spider and other arachnida (including the scorpion) may lose their legs with impunity, for new ones will grow to replace the old. So it is also with their brethren the crustacea. When the crab, lobster, or crayfish happens to have a limb or claw lopped off, a new one grows in its place. They frequently meet with such losses in the course of the strange operation of throwing off their shell, which they do periodically; and when such an accident takes place, kind nature never fails to repair it. The second articulation from the body is the part at which the fracture most frequently occurs, and is probably the only one from which the new growth will

issue; for, if the claw be broken off below that joint, the animal itself effects the removal of the upper portion, either simply casting it off by violent muscular contraction, or striking it against some hard body. Amputation of a limb seems to be a matter of the utmost indifference to this order of animals. It has often been observed in the Zoological Gardens, that when any person took hold of one of the land crabs by a leg, the creature instantly threw off the limb in order to get free, and quietly walked away.

The larvæ of many of the insects can reproduce a missing feeler or leg, when the perfect insect cannot. Among the lowest of the articulated division—for example, in the annelides or worms—segments of the body become complete animals; but in the highest of this class, the phenomenon only takes place in the segment which contains the head. The head of the snail has been known to be replaced after being cut off, provided an organ of particular consequence (the cephalic ganglion) is uninjured; but for this regeneration a constantly elevated temperature is said to be necessary.

When we arrive at the lowest department of the animal kingdom, we find this reproductive power in its greatest activity, insomuch that in some tribes (polypifera, asteria, &c.) any portion cut off becomes an entire animal. A single leg of the star-fish reproduces all the rest, and the minutest cuttings of the hydra acquire an independent existence. At the very extremity of the chain, there are creatures which regularly multiply by detaching portions of themselves, these detached portions being equivalent to a new generation. This, according to modern physiologists, is the simplest of all the modes of multiplication. "We meet," says Dr. Roget, "with frequent examples of this process of *fissiparous generation*, as it is termed, among the infusory animalcules. Many species of *monads*, for instance, which are naturally of a globular shape, exhibit at a certain period of their development a slight circular groove round the middle of their bodies, which by degrees becoming deeper, changes their form to that of an hour-glass; and the middle part becoming still more contracted, they present the appearance of two balls, united by a mere point. The monads in this state are seen swimming irregularly in the fluid, as if animated by two different volitions, and, apparently for the purpose of tearing asunder the last connecting fibres, darting through the thickest of the crowd of surrounding animalcules; and the moment this slender ligament is broken, each is seen moving away from the other, and beginning its independent existence. Each animalcule, thus formed by the subdivision of its predecessor, soon grows to the size which again determines a further spontaneous subdivision into two other animalcules; these, in course of time themselves undergo the same process, and so on to an indefinite extent. The most singular circumstance attending this mode of multiplication is, that it is impossible to pronounce which of the new individuals thus formed out of a single one should be regarded as the parent, and which as the offspring, for they are both of equal size. Unless, therefore, we consider the separation of the parts of the parent animal to constitute the close of its individual existence, we must recognise an unbroken continuity in the vitality of the animal, thus transmitted in perpetuity from the original stem, throughout all succeeding generations. This, however, is one of those metaphysical subtleties for which the subject of reproduction affords abundant scope, but which it would be foreign to the object of this work to discuss.

It is in the animal kingdom only that we meet with instances of this spontaneous division of an organic being into parts, where each reproduces

an individual of the same species. All plants, however, are capable of being multiplied by artificial divisions of this kind: thus a tree may be divided longitudinally into a great number of portions, or *slips* as they are called, any one of which, if planted separately, and supplied with nourishment, may continue to grow, and may, in time, reproduce a tree similar in all respects to the one from which it had originated. This inherent power of reproduction exists even in smaller fragments of a plant; for, when all circumstances are favourable, a stem will shoot from the upper end of the fragment, and roots will be sent forth from its lower end; and ultimately a complete plant will be formed.* These facts, which are well known to agriculturists, exhibit only the capabilities of vegetative power under circumstances which do not occur in the natural course of things, but have been the effect of human interference."—*Chambers' Journal*, September 16.

* Among the conditions necessary for these evolutions of organs, are, first, the previous accumulation of a store of nourishment in the detached fragment, adequate to supply the growth of the new parts; and, secondly, the presence of a sufficient quantity of circulating sap, as a vehicle for the transmission of that nourishment. It has been found that when these conditions are present, even the leaf of an orange tree, when planted in a favourable soil, sends down roots, and is capable of giving origin to an entire tree. According to the observations of Mirandola, the leaf of the *Bryophyllum*, when simply laid on moist ground, strikes out roots, which quickly penetrate into the soil. The leaves of the monocotyledonous plants often present the same phenomenon.

WATERING OUT-DOOR PLANTS.—An amateur gardening friend suggests the morning as the proper time, in general, for watering out-door plants; and supports his suggestion by the following facts and arguments:—Two acknowledged agents in vigorous growth are heat and moisture; plants out of doors must take the heat as they find it, and as we cannot increase, our object should be not to diminish it: moisture is under our control, but if we exercise that control, and water our plants in the evening during dry weather, we do so at the expense of a great portion of the heat we desire to preserve. Two influences are at that time brought into operation in cooling down the plants, and retarding their growth, which we thus vainly endeavour to urge forward by moisture; these are evaporation and radiation. Evaporation is the more rapid in proportion to the dryness of the air; and hence it is most energetic when the necessity for watering is most urgent; but evaporation cannot take place unless at the expense of heat, or, in other words, without producing cold, and that cold is proportionate to the rapidity of the process. Let us look at the effect of the evening's supply of water to plants: the air is dry, evaporation goes on briskly, the temperature sinks, the plants are chilled, there are no sun's rays to communicate fresh warmth, and their growth is sometimes even more unsatisfactory than that of such plants as are growing in the apparently parched soil, and which have been allowed to take their chance. The other source of diminished temperature is radiation. Every warm body tends continually to throw off its heat to all others of lower temperature, near or remote; but radiation in meteorology is more particularly confined to "the radiation of heat from the surface of the earth and objects on it into a clear sky." All objects do not radiate heat with equal rapidity; rough and darkly-coloured surfaces do it more readily than those which are light and smooth. Now, almost all soils are darkened in their colour by moisture, and hence soil, by this practice, is reduced to the best possible condition for getting cooled down during the night. It is thus that the combined influence of evaporation and radiation, by evening watering, exerts itself in thwarting the desire of such as heedlessly practise it. The best time for watering exposed plants I consider to be about or soon after sunrise. Evaporation, no doubt, will then also go on freely, but the atmosphere is beginning to get warmer, and the sun's rays to exert their counteracting influence. The darkened surface—that very condition which made the soil throw off its heat more readily during the night—causes it, as is well known, to absorb the heat of the sun's rays by day with increased facility, so that we thus have the greatest amount of the fostering agencies of heat and moisture for the growth of our plants. When evening again comes round, the surface moisture has been dried up, and its colour again rendered of lighter shade; there is, consequently, little diminution of temperature beyond surrounding objects, either from evaporation or radiation.—*Chambers.*

IS IT MEEKNESS OR VANITY?

"Of course, my dear, we must call upon them after dining there," was the exclamation of Mrs. Monson to her husband the morning following a certain dinner party; "and then," she continued, "we had better terminate the acquaintance. Such consequential set-up people don't suit me."

"I don't think that they mean to be consequential," replied Mr. Monson, "though certainly Barton is a very different man from what I expected to find him. But twenty years may well make a difference in any one, and he has been uncommonly successful in life."

"Well, Mr. Monson, and so have you, I suppose; and surely a lawyer is as good as an architect."

"That depends upon circumstances," said Miss Monson (or, as she was commonly called, Aunt Ann), now joining in the conversation, and who, though a most active person in the family, was generally rather taciturn than otherwise.

"Oh, you are vastly taken with them, I know," returned the first speaker; "but then you always were fond of running after great people; not that I see any right they have to be grand, I am sure."

"I deny that I ever run after great people," replied Miss Monson, with much more than her usual warmth; "but I think you and my brother are wrong in not cherishing a connexion which would introduce Frank and Mary into very desirable society."

"I am quite satisfied with our own acquaintances."

"I am sorry you are."

"What do you mean, Ann, by such an observation?" said Mr. Monson.

"Forgive me, brother, if I have offended you; yet as I have said so much, I will say a little more. It may be that, from your profession in a country town, you must have many business acquaintances of a questionable station and character; but I think you do wrong in introducing them to the private circle of your family, more especially with a son and daughter just entering life. Early impressions are very strong, and it is most desirable that manners, tastes, and opinions, formed at their age, should be of the kind which you would not wish them to change."

"I am surprised at your despising people because they are poor," exclaimed Mrs. Monson.

"God forbid that I should be so heartless," returned Aunt Ann; "nor was I thinking of riches or poverty when I spoke. But I will say no more, if you will not, or cannot, understand my meaning;" and Aunt Ann bent over her work as intently as if she had no thought beyond it.

How completely is a man's destiny often carved out by the choice of a wife, and what a mistake it is to suppose that a helpmate can possess no "fortune" but that which consists in hard cash! Clearly had this case—the want of the *other* fortune—been exemplified in the parties before us. Mr. Monson had married early in life one who was by family connections a lady, and who was also possessed of a few thousand pounds as her fortune; yet was Mrs. Monson a living example that such adventitious circumstances are not alone sufficient to constitute the gentlewoman. Her ruling foible was a love of being *first*, that contemptible characteristic which it is a mere truism to say compels the choice of inferior society, and is the opposite extreme of that which is commonly called *tuft hunting*. At a very early period of their marriage, she persuaded her husband to quit the metropolis, as she had sagacity enough to feel that London was not her sphere of action. She was unhappy she knew not why; for, alas! it is seldom that poor humanity searches its own depths, and discovers the weeds and tares which check the growth of virtue and happiness. Some well-meaning but weak-headed persons, too, who were forgetful or unconscious that every virtue may be carried to the borders of a vice, praised the meekness of the young wife, who "was so different to many young people; she'd never ruin her husband by leading him to ape the manners of his betters; so kind, too, to her dependants; it was quite a pleasure to hear them speak of her." But in this wide world there are more roads to ruin than there are days in the year.

Established in a country town, they still might have mixed in excellent society, for Mr. Monson was a man of ability and of gentlemanlike bearing; but, by degrees, estimable acquaintances, whose friendship they might have cultivated, ceased to be of their circle, as Mrs. Monson had no pleasure in visiting people who perchance lived in larger houses than her own, dressed better, or even, without such accessories, were better informed than herself. It is a difficult task to climb the hill, but if a false step be made by one whom good fortune has placed near the top, he is apt to roll down surprisingly fast. No wonder, then, that in twenty years Mr. Monson's real position was very different to that which he had contemplated when he began life. His practice as a solicitor dwindled away, till at last it lay chiefly in the recovery of small debts by which the needy and the unfortunate were often oppressed, and in defending quibbles of the law, rather than in serving as the minister of justice.

How different had been the fortunes of his friend Jasper Barton, who had begun his career under far less promising circumstances. He had married a lady without any fortune, if we except that of an excellent education; not that she was what the world calls accomplished, but she possessed good sense, and that certain right balance and refinement of mind which must, in any station, constitute the antipode to vulgarity. She had always been ready to seize the good and reject the bad from that which she saw around her; the consequence was, that in the management of her family, and the appointments of her house, the arrangements were admirable. All this contributed not only to her husband's happiness, but his success; for, relying on her excellent judgment in such matters, he never troubled himself about anything but his profession. Did a patron call on him by accident, there was no fear of an untidy drawing-room, or of unrepresentable visitors being there, for they chose their acquaintances from those distinguished for probity and intellect. Such trifling matters as these are not too unimportant to claim the attention of a mistress; and in many another pursuit than Mr. Barton's, success or failure has hinged on a combination of circumstances, each taken separately, as trivial.

On the other hand, the society of the Monsons consisted so completely of their inferiors, that the family gradually fell off in tone and manner from the position they were entitled to hold. They were surrounded by a set of sycophants, who paid for their entertainment in the ever ready coin of flattery. Of course "increase of appetite did grow with that it fed on," as is ever the case with the greedy suckers in of adulation; and as they habitually shunned comparison with those who might once have been called their equals, but were now greatly their superiors, there is no wonder they were blind to their own faults. The education of Frank and Mary had been worse than neglected, not from a penurious disposition on the part of their parents, but because the dear friends by whom they were surrounded were so perpetually ringing the praises of the children, that, while dreadfully ignorant, they were actually looked upon as paragons of perfection. Mrs. Monson would never hear of Mary being sent to a really good school, for fear she should be looked down upon by the 'carriage people' with whose children she would associate; the consequence was, that Mary was placed at a cheap academy, where, because her parents paid a little extra, she was considered as the 'genteelest' girl there. She came home ignorant, pert, and conceited, a perfect sample of a vulgar boarding-school miss. It is true Aunt Ann, unhappily a dependant on her brother, had used every effort to improve her niece; but as the first steps to this desired result were the very disagreeable ones of correcting faults, Miss Mary rebelled at the outset, considering her aunt 'grand,' and 'set-up,' wondered what good her fine notions had ever done her, and remained encased in her own ignorance and conceit. Nature had endowed Mary Monson with a certain share of beauty, but it was of a coarse kind, corresponding in some measure to her character.

Frank had grown up an ignorant ill-bred young man, which is a comprehensive term, descriptive of an animal many degrees more repulsive than an ignorant ill-bred woman. Such were Mr. Monson and his family at the time of his meeting with his old friend, Mr. Barton, who had now risen into notice as an architect, and having lately built a church at P——, and having two or three

other commissions in the county, had removed his family for a few months to the neighbourhood, bringing with him letters of introduction to some of the most estimable families there.

To account for the gradual depreciation of the Monsons, we must suppose that the husband shared in some measure his wife's foible; yet, after all, when a wilful woman is determined to have her way, it is a hard matter for the majesty of man to be for ever tightening the rein. However this might be, Mr. Monson certainly showed some reluctance in giving up the resumed acquaintance of his old friend. The consequence was, that half measures were adopted; they saw each other occasionally, but never became intimate. It was anything but agreeable for Mrs. Monson to visit where she met people she could not presume to patronise. Mary was decidedly out of humour when she found Susan Barton was a fine musician, and spoke two or three languages with fluency; for not having been accustomed to any accomplishments beyond her own boarding-school French, and old-fashioned pieces of music which she played with a courageous independence of time and tune, there is no wonder that the first sensation of her own littleness was far from pleasant. She consoled herself, however, with the reflection, that she was infinitely more handsome than her rival, for she really thought so. Frank Monson openly despised the ignorance of Jasper and Edward Barton, who neither of them could tell the "favourite" of the Derby, or the winner at Newmarket, but talked, instead, of books, of which he had never heard. "Aunt Ann," however, was a prodigious favourite with the Bartons, a circumstance which, perhaps, more than anything else, prevented the acquaintance from entirely dropping, and which appeared to Mrs. Monson an extraordinary contradiction in their character. In fact, the two old friends and their children lived in spheres so different, that, like circles which can but touch at one segment, they had few topics or thoughts in common. Yet the ties of early associations are very strong, and the old school-fellows, now, thrown into collision, could not easily rend them asunder; and as far as they were concerned, a kindly feeling certainly prevailed between them, notwithstanding their opposite characters. Two or three incidents however, occurred which marked yet more distinctly the difference.

One day Mr. Monson was walking arm in arm with one of his clients, when the latter suddenly became confused in his conversation at the approach of two gentlemen, one of whom proved to be Mr. Barton. Not aware at the moment of the cause of his companion's agitation, Mr. Monson would have paused when they met, had not Mr. Barton quickened his pace, and plainly intimated by a bow that it was not his intention to stop and shake hands with his friend. A few days afterwards, accident again threw them together, but this time they were alone. Schooled, or perhaps, more properly speaking, teased by his wife into the opinion that he had been treated with great rudeness (for persons who love to be first are ever on the lookout for instances of real or imagined neglect), Mr. Monson behaved with some coolness, bearing in mind his lady's reiterated assertion, that "doubtless the architect was walking with one of his grand acquaintances, and was too proud to notice him." Probably his manner was observed, for, calling him on one side, Mr. Barton said, with frankness, "I was much annoyed the other day that I could not stop and speak to you, for you were precisely the person I most wished to see. Had you been alone, it would have been a capital opportunity of introducing you to Sir Henry G——, for we had just been speaking of you, and I was in some hopes he would give you some business, for since he has taken to building, he has got terribly involved in litigation."

"Thank you for remembering me," said the lawyer.

"Ah! but it is of no use, I am sorry to say; and I think I am only doing as I would be done by if I tell you the reason. Surely you cannot be aware what a scamp you were walking with?"

"He is a client of mine, and though he has been unfortunate, he is a man of good family."

"Yes, but an outcast from, a disgrace to it—a gambler and blackleg, who, having squandered his own handsome fortune, is now endeavouring by a quibble

of the law to deprive his sisters of their just rights; and who, shut out of his own sphere, will fawn on and flatter any one that can give him a dinner. My dear Monson, as you value your own respectability, wash your hands of the connexion; I must tell you candidly, that Sir Henry declined employing you, simply from having seen you in company with that man, for he knows his whole history."

There was much in all this that went to the heart of poor Monson, for however wilfully we may blind our judgment, there is something in truth which pierces through all. But, alas! the habits and tone of thought acquired in twenty years are not easily broken through, and the victim had, besides, become entangled in a web so real and so controlling, that however dangerous and oppressive, there was little rational hope of extrication. Well did Mr. Monson know that the very man so stigmatised by his best friend was his own invited guest for that day, the encouraged associate of his children not for the first, but the hundredth time. Like many another unprincipled man, this person could make himself reasonably pleasant in society, especially in such society, as that of the Monson family, where a little judicious flattery was the one thing needful; consequently, he was preeminently a favourite. He had taken advantage of the opportunities afforded in familiar intercourse, to involve Mr. Monson in money speculations of anything but a reputable nature, in fact, in concerns which a few years before he would have shrunk from joining. But Monson's own moral feelings had been lowered, his notions of right and wrong confounded by long association with unprincipled people, till his mental vision was distorted, and he became almost one of them. He also entertained an idea, which we are afraid is not uncommon, that social intercourse with superior society must entail alarming expenses. Yes, if the propensity for ruling and shining, the struggle to vie in all outward symbols, be still carried on; no, if that just pride—not vanity—prevails, which whispers us that we cannot have entered a circle of worth and intelligence without a sufficient passport, and teaches us to rely on that for continuance in it. In truth, were we writing an essay, instead of telling a true story, we would strive, in all humility, to prove that in the long run inferior society is the more expensive. But let us leave for a while this unhappy family, and turn to that of the Bartons, whom calamity was about to visit in a most unlooked-for shape.

In surveying some of the works on which he was employed, Mr. Barton met with an accident, by which his leg was broken, and he was otherwise seriously and dangerously injured. An affliction of this kind, save only loss of life, is one of the greatest which can befall a united family; and so indeed they felt it. Not only was there agony of mind for the bodily suffering a beloved husband and father must endure, but the wife and elder children were conscious of the value of Mr. Barton's life, even in a worldly point of view. And talk as we will of sentimental griefs, or the real sorrows of life, they all may be heightened by the pressure of poverty. Mr. Barton had begun the world without fortune, and though he had been successful in his profession, his large family had prevented him saving money. It is true that, as all prudent men usually do in similar circumstances, he had insured upon his life, but not for a sum sufficient to complete the education of his children, and put them forward in the world in the manner which he had contemplated. He was devoted to his family, and the dread of the change his loss would occasion so preyed upon his mind, that it absolutely increased his danger. True it is that his admirable wife, concealing her own agony and fears, tried to persuade him that even if the worst happened, they should, with the blessing of Providence, be amply cared for; but such assurances he well knew were but the promptings of tenderness, and failed to relieve his anxiety. Now came the test of the friendships he had formed, for however it may be the fashion to rail at the world—that world, be it remembered, of which we each form an atom—friendship *does* exist for those who believe in and deserve it.

First arrived a letter from a brother architect, a man of high standing and character, in his art, volunteering to superintend the works in which he knew Mr. Barton was chiefly interested, during his illness, intreating him to rest satisfied, that there should be no misunderstanding of his plans, nor interruption

in their execution. Sir Henry G——, to whom we have before alluded, stood by his bedside, and divining a father's anxious thoughts, said boldly, "Though I do not believe you are in danger, I promise, my dear friend, that should such a calamity as your loss befall your family, I will not forget your professional services to me. I will take care that Jasper finishes his studies, and he shall visit Greece and Italy, and view their wonders, before he attempts to follow in his father's steps."

A warm and grateful pressure of the hand was all the sufferer could give in reply, but there is little doubt an assurance of this kind was the best medicine to his anxious mind. The very next day came a cadetship for his second son, the gift of another patron; and though it may not be always the deserving who meet with such acts of kindness, they are often, more often than we are willing to admit, the guerdon of the good and the wise.

Let us once more present the contrast, for, though in a different shape, the clouds of adversity were also hovering over the Monsons. Their first serious trouble was the marriage of their son with a girl of low origin, and of doubtful character. This was really an event which common sagacity might have foreseen, for Frank had never had the opportunity of forming an eligible connexion; yet his parents, incensed at the step he had taken, forbade him the house, and thus threw him entirely upon the society of his dissipated and disreputable companions. There is no doubt he sunk lower and lower, though, after a little while, even the clue to his whereabouts was lost.

It was a few months after his accident, that about seven o'clock one August evening, Mr. Barton, accompanied by his wife, was taking a ride in the carriage of his friend and patron Sir Henry G——. Though still unable to walk, all danger was over, and this, was about the third time he had been out. At a narrow pass in a country road the carriage was obliged to be drawn up to make way for a post-chaise which was coming in an opposite direction. As it passed, the Bartons only observed that it contained a lady, whose face was concealed by a very thick veil, and a gentleman with remarkably large whiskers and mustaches. Scarcely, however, had it proceeded twenty yards, when the latter stopped the postilion, and, springing from the chaise, hastened to the side of the carriage, which had not yet moved on. Before he reached it, Mr. Barton discovered that, however strangely disguised, he was in reality his old friend Monson! Anxiety, terror, and suffering, were depicted on his countenance, while the finger on his lip was a signal easily understood. Instinctively, the Bartons made way for him to enter the carriage, and then burst forth in broken exclamations the story of his distress; the sight of his old friend, evidently so nearly recovered, having determined him on the instant to confide in Mr. Barton.

It appeared that the very person of whom he had been warned on a former occasion, had absconded with money of Monson's in his hands, to the amount of some thousands, which had been provided to meet certain engagements for which they were both liable. So suspicious was the transaction altogether, that Monson feared he was amenable to a harsher punishment than mere imprisonment for debt, and sacrificing by this one fatal step the little reputation he retained, he was about to fly the country, and escape worse consequences. It might be that he knew nothing till that day of the forgery and swindling, about which rumour was so busy, but the old proverb, that "birds of a feather flock together," is in the long run so true an aphorism, that people are very unwilling to doubt it. The Bartons were shocked beyond measure, but in such an emergency, felt themselves unequal to advise. At that kindness and compassion prompted, they did, which was to promise ~~it~~ would not lose sight of Miss Monson and Mary, who were left without a protector; for friends, in the right sense of the word, the poor fugitives had none. Mrs. Barton visited "Aunt Ann" and her niece the following day; already the officers of the law were searching the house for documents, which might criminate or exculpate the absent parties, and feeling that it was cruel to leave two unprotected women amid so harrowing a scene, they took them to their own home. Yet was there something in the manners and evident tone of thought of Mary Monson, which

disinclined Mrs. Barton, however much she might pity her, from choosing her for the constant companion of her daughters. Although in her own opinion her education was quite finished, the Bartons have thought very differently, and have placed her for two years with a lady who was formerly the instructress to their own children, and in whom they have implicit confidence. It is to be hoped she will yet learn to shun the fatal rock on which the rest of her family have split; at all events, she is blessed with true and wise friends, who will spare no trouble that may benefit her, and who look forward, if her improvement be commensurate with their hopes, to assisting her in the best way, namely, by teaching her to *help herself*, and to maintain a respectable position in society by good conduct and her own exertions; though for what she will prove best fitted, they cannot yet tell.

For "Aunt Ann" the Bartons have a real respect, and they have insisted on her remaining with them; though they prevent her feeling a painful dependence, by accepting from her such services in instructing the younger children, as in her brother's family had been too little appreciated; so after all, her better balanced mind has proved of "some good" to her; and treated with kindness and respect by those into whose views she thoroughly enters, notwithstanding their supposed "grandeur," Aunt Ann would be perfectly happy, could she forget the sorrows of the absent.

Mr. and Mrs. Monson are living on the continent, though how, or on what, is not very clearly known. As for their only son, once the hope of his parents, accident has recently discovered him in the capacity of a stage-coachman, to which station he must have quickly sunk. It is said, however, that he is looked upon as an oracle by his class, perhaps from the reminiscences of better days with which he amuses his comrades. It is clear that the family failing is not extinct.

Reader, this simple story is no creation of the imagination. Only in the group from which we draw, the shadows are darker—the misery wider spreading—the degradation deeper.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, September 16.

LIGHTHOUSES ON SAND.

THOSE dangerous approaches to a coast which, from the nature of the soil, have not till very lately admitted of the erection of a permanent lighthouse, are usually indicated to the navigator by floating lights: but these, being nothing more than large lanterns suspended in the rigging of a vessel, necessarily possess but feeble illuminating power. This power is still further diminished in a gale of wind, when it is most wanted, by the pitching and floundering about of the vessel: every now and then she is submerged in the trough of the sea; covered with spray and drift; or, what is most to be dreaded, she is liable to be blown away from her moorings, an accident productive of the most disastrous consequences to life and property.

The general history of lighthouses conveys some notion of the difficulty and danger of planting a lighthouse on the solid rock in a stormy sea: we may naturally suppose that this difficulty and danger must be eminently increased in erecting a permanent residence on the shifting sands. Such, however, is by no means the case: one of the recent triumphs of engineering still has proved that it is not always folly to build a house upon the sand. This remarkable result has been accomplished chiefly by means of Mitchell's screw mooring.

The attention of the Trinity House having been called to this instrument, it was considered applicable to the establishment of lighthouses on sands, and accordingly a series of experiments was undertaken, at the cost of that honourable body. The spot selected for the purpose was on the verge of the Maplin sand, situate at the mouth of the Thames about twenty miles below the Nore, forming the north side of the Swin or King's Channel, which on account of its depth is much frequented by large ships, as also by colliers, and other vessels from the North Sea. The sand is of a shifting character, and is dry at low water spring tides, and hitherto a floating light has been maintained upon it. On this spot it was proposed to erect a fixed lighthouse of timber-framing, with a lantern and residence for the attendants.

In the month of August, 1839, operations were commenced by inserting nine of Mitchell's mooring screws, each four feet and a half in diameter, and furnished with shafts of wrought iron about twenty-five feet in length and five inches thick. One of these served as a centre to eight screws, which occupied the angles of an octagon forty-two feet in diameter. The screws were turned into the sands to the depth of twenty-one and a half feet, the upper extremities being left standing about five feet above the surface of the sands. For the purpose of fixing the screws, a stage or raft of timber, thirty feet square, was floated over the spot, with a capstan in the centre which was made to fit on the top of the iron shaft and firmly keyed to it; a power of about thirty men was employed for driving the screws, and their labours were continued until their united force could scarcely turn the capstan. This stage or raft, which had been formed in two thicknesses crossing each other at right angles and bolted at their intersection, was, as a precautionary measure, allowed to remain. It covered the whole of the site within the piles, and also extended some distance beyond them. A curb about eighteen inches high was raised round this stage; on its surface was arranged a quantity of brushwood, and then about two hundred tons of rough stone, which sank the stage into the ground and prevented it from being displaced; between the spaces of the stage and the brushwood the sand was allowed to wash its way, and it soon filled the interstices of the stone. The whole mass soon became embedded below the surface of the sand, and gave considerable lateral support to the piles, and formed a solid body for the water to wash upon.

In this state the whole was allowed to remain for about two years, during which time every change in the surface of the sand was observed, and although early in the year 1839, violent storms occurred, yet the screw piles stood firmly, and the sand at no time was lowered more than three feet. In August, 1840, the raft was found to have completely settled down, the piles were as firm as if they had been screwed into clay, a lighthouse was therefore erected within the short space of three months, and on the 10th of February, 1841, a dioptric fixed light was exhibited off this dangerous spot, and was visible ten miles off in all directions.

But while the preparatory steps for this lighthouse were being taken, a screw pile lighthouse was begun and completed at Port Fleetwood, on the Wyre, near Lancaster, which being the first of the kind ever constructed deserves particular notice.

The preparatory stages were of a similar nature to those already described. The foundation was formed of seven screw piles, six occupying the angles of a hexagon forty-six feet in diameter, and the seventh being placed in the centre. From each screw proceeded a pile fifteen feet in length, at the upper end of which was another screw for securing a wooden column. These columns were prepared of Baltic timber, the one in the centre was fifty-six feet, and each of the remainder forty-six feet in length, bound firmly round with iron hoops, and coated with pitch.

The framing upon which the house stands is firmly secured round the centre column, and to the heads of the outer columns, by means of hollow cast iron capitals let down over the heads of the columns, and secured with screw bolts. To give lateral strength to the building, round iron angle braces were applied, by which means a resisting power equal to at least three hundred and fifty tons, is presented in every direction.

The platform upon which the house stands is twenty-seven feet in diameter, and nine feet high; it has an outside door and three windows, and is divided into two apartments, one having a fire-place: the floor is tiled, and the walls and ceiling are lathed and stuccoed; access to the platform is secured by means of a Jacob's ladder of wrought iron, secured to one of the columns; access to the lantern is by a winding stair within the house.

From the summit of the house rises the lantern; it is twelve-sided, ten feet in diameter, and eight feet high. The light is thus elevated about forty-six feet above low water level. It is of the dioptric kind, and is bright, steady, and uniform, ranging over an horizon of eight miles, and visible at the distance of ten miles from a coaster's deck. During foggy weather, a bell is tolled by machinery. Tide time for vessels of twelve feet draught is also denoted by signals. Signals put out by vessels requiring a Wyre pilot will also be understood at this lighthouse, where corresponding signals are hoisted until the pilot is provided.

This admirable and useful structure was erected in two of the shortest day months in the year, in which time daylight did not occur at any low-water period; the workmen therefore had to depend on torches and moonlight. Nor is the portability of this form of building its least advantage: should there occur any local changes which might threaten the safety of the house, it can be taken down, and erected in another site within a month.—*Saturday Magazine*.

MANUELA; OR, THE TALE OF A NUN.

STRANGE as the incidents in the following detail may appear, they are, I believe, strictly true, as the veracity of the lady from whom I received them is unquestionable. We were discussing the advantages and the evils of monastic institutions, those more particularly for females :—

"The arguments," my friend observed, "in favour of such establishments may be very specious, but, after all that can be said for them, they are practically, and in truth nearly in every case, the cause of much misery and unhappiness, as all those who really know the secrets of the inmates can bear witness."

"But in cases," I urged, "of destitution, of wounded feelings, of disgust at the treatment which unprotected females may meet with in the world, surely such a refuge for well educated women, who have no resources to look to, and who are deprived of other protection, must be desirable, particularly if their vows were not irrevocable, and if, finding the task they had undertaken too difficult, they were able to return again into the world which they had forsaken."

"The case of one of my particular friends would answer many arguments, if you have the patience to listen to the tale, which, though not of the outrageous nature of many which are so vehemently urged as exhibiting the cruelty, and even profligacy of these monastic institutions, nor one of the romantic narratives of hapless young ladies sacrificed to the ambition of their hard-hearted relatives, yet possesses the merit of being true, and affords a salutary warning against yielding to the temporary influence of wounded feelings and enthusiasm."

"I shall feel much obliged for the communication," I replied; "but still expect that the arguments in favour of well regulated nunneries will not be answered under the present condition of irrevocable vows."

"My tale, I think, will meet even that arrangement; for, under the new laws of the republic of Lima, females are not only allowed to reclaim their liberty, but also to resume any endowment they may have made in a state of excited feelings, or of religious enthusiasm. My own family, you are aware, have all been long engaged in commerce, and in connexion with the Spanish colonies of Lima and Peru; in consequence of which, my father resided for many years in the former city, and there most of his family were born, and passed the early part of their lives. Amongst our youthful associates were the children of a Spanish merchant, of these three daughters, Manuela, the eldest, was, at the age of fifteen, one of the belles of the city. Anidest the number of her admirers, she had, after a short courtship, accepted the offers of a young Spanish physician; which engagement, being confirmed by the young lady's family, became universally known. From the youth of the fiancée, however, the marriage was to be delayed a year. The Spaniard had, like all his countrymen, come over to the colonies to make his fortune, and money was the sole object of his pursuit; consequently, a richer marriage coming in his way, false to every principle of honour and affection, he abruptly broke off his engagement with Manuela, and married a young widow, whose splendid dower and large expectations from her family were her chief attractions. Deeply wounded in her love, and humiliated in her pride, the unfortunate Manuela refused all consolation, and, in the vehemence of her feelings, resolved to seek refuge in the convent of Santa Rosa. In vain her family intreated and remonstrated. With all the pertinacity of youth, and the

excitement of her outraged affections, the poor girl persisted in her resolution, and entered one of the most rigid orders of the Carmelites. In the fervour of her zeal, and the exaltation of her young imagination, Manuela passed the two first years of her conventual life in contented, if not in happy seclusion; but about that time a change began to take place. The severity of the monastic rules, and the physical sufferings enjoined by fanatic zeal, calmed the mental excitement under which she acted; and tardy reflection began to tell her that she had fatally erred in her hasty resolution. From one of the towers of the convent to which the nuns had access, Manuela could distinctly see the house and gardens of her father, where the joyous days of her infancy and early youth had been passed; could see her brothers and sisters amusing themselves beneath the shade, or walking in the alleys of the garden with their young friends and companions: how happy they seemed to be—how enviable the liberty they enjoyed! The contrast, too, of their gay attire, when compared with her own uncouth habit, their bright locks crowned with gay flowers, their shawls and their scarfs fluttering in the breeze, sent a pang of regret through her heart. She remembered but too well the hours when she herself was so adorned, and received the homage due to youth and beauty. Such worldly thoughts she found impossible to banish from her still young and ardent imagination. She turned with bitter regret from the scene, and descended to her cell, discontented and repining, repenting in hopeless despondency the obstinacy with which she had so wilfully resisted the prayers and remonstrances of her family and friends, and in the mad excitement of disappointed affection and insulted pride, abjured the pleasures of life, for which she found, when too late, she had as keen a relish as ever. To those against whose intreaties she had acted in direct contradiction, she dared not complain, well knowing that the bare idea of breaking her religious vows would fill them with horror and disgust. She was compelled to restrain her impatience and discontent within her own bosom, looking forward to death as her only means of deliverance, an event which she had only too much reason to fear might be at hand, from the effects which she felt to be wrought by mental suffering on her weakened frame. One day, towards the termination of the third year of her retirement, when it chanced to be her turn to read in the refectory, a passage in the life of St. Theresa, which was the subject of the lecture, struck the imagination of Manuela, and gave her an idea of the means of escape. The passage stated that the spirit of evil frequently had recourse to ingenious means of temptation, to induce nuns to break their vows, and related the case of a religious nun at Salamanca, who, yielding to the seductions of the demon to escape from her convent, and at his suggestion, placed in her cell the dead body of a female, which she had procured by the aid of a young man who was neither more nor less than the demon in disguise; and, having thus endeavoured to conceal her flight, she escaped with the tempter from the seclusion to which she was so solemnly devoted.

Strange as the tale was, it struck the heated imagination of the nun, whose every thought was now fixed upon the means of escape. Henceforth her habits and manners underwent a change. The austerities she had once practised, to the great edification of the sisterhood, ceased. She no longer spent her time in the silence and solitude of her cell; she sought particularly the friendship and intimacy of the sister who acted as portress at the gate—an office which, in the convent of Santa Rosa,

was renewed every two years. Another custom of the house was to permit each nun to retain the services of a slave, who, residing in the city, came daily to execute such commissions as might be required beyond the walls of the convent, for the various works in which the inmates employed themselves. Upon this attendant Manuela lavished every possible kindness, to purchase her connivance and aid, should an opportunity of escape present itself; but eight years of weariness and disappointment rolled on, and no means of flight could be found. In the meanwhile the revolution took place, and a total change was effected in the laws of the religious establishments: it was declared that the recluses might quit their convents and re-enter the world, if they chose to reclaim their liberty; but such was the system of internal tyranny, that no inmate of the convent in which Manuela was immured found means to avail themselves of the new law: and so decidedly hostile were her friends to any such innovations that she derived no benefit from the change. Hope still led her on, though hope still destined to disappointment. Sometimes, after having spent months in endeavouring to gain the affection and the interest of the portress, she found, upon carefully approaching the subject, that all attempt at evasion by such means would be in vain, and that to place any confidence in her ally would insure her destruction, and probably her seclusion for ever in some solitary cell. The terrified nun waited again for months till a change should take place in the official. The change came; but for one whom she had hoped might favour her escape, another was appointed, whose well-known harshness and severity rendered futile every idea of her aid and assistance. At length one of her most intimate friends was nominated to the duty, and she no longer hesitated to impart her anxious desire for liberty, and found herself not deceived in the confidant she had chosen. Still, numberless obstacles remained to be overcome. The patience and perseverance which had led her on for years did not fail her now, but received fresh energy and vigour from the new hopes which were awakened in her breast. Again she reverted to the anecdote in the life of St. Theresa, which had made so great an impression upon her at the time she read it. Such a plan seemed to offer the readiest means of escaping pursuit, and also of shielding her friend the portress from suspicion of having connived at her escape. Great was the amazement of the negress, when her employer required her to procure the dead body of a female, and to bring it secretly and by night into the convent by aid of the portress: but at length she was made to comprehend that it was to insure the escape of her mistress, and freedom and money were to be her reward.

Months again elapsed, and the terrors of Manuela were awakened lest the period of her friend's service at the gate should terminate before she was able to execute her plans; but at last the negress brought the glad tidings that she had succeeded, through the aid of a young surgeon, in procuring the body of a female Indian, and that at night she would bring it to the convent gate. The agitation of the nun on receiving this intelligence may better be imagined than described. At first a nervous fear impelled her to abandon her scheme altogether; but with the return of the blood to her heart, the untired and untiring resolution which had carried her on through years of protracted hope, awoke strongly within her, and she became firm and resolved.

In the convent of Santa Rosa are three large dormitories, in which the nuns sleep, the separate cells being only occupied as places of retirement

and meditation during the day. These dormitories have lofty vaults of stone, and receive no light except from a single lamp placed in one of the angles, only making darkness visible, and enabling the nuns to grope their way to their respective places of repose, which are called tombs, and resemble the receptacles of the dead in the vaults of a church or catacomb, placed at a distance of three or four yards from each other, and covered with black woollen stuff, such as is used to hang the churches with during a season of public mourning, or at the funerals of ecclesiastics of rank. The interior of these tombs is from ten to twelve feet long, about six feet wide, and about the same in height, containing two planks, upon which is placed a bed of straw, or in some cases of ashes, or even, in instances of remarkable fanaticism, of stones or thorns, covered with a coarse linen cloth. At the extremity of each of these beds is a small table, on which is placed a crucifix, a skull, a rosary, and a discipline, or whip of cords. In one of these horrible tombs had Manuela passed the weary nights of several years of repining, and into this gloomy receptacle she intended to convey the body she had endeavoured to procure.

From the moment when her agent announced the success of her exertions, till the time arrived for the execution of her plan, the hours were long and heavy; yet when the time drew near, the nun felt her nervous terrors return, and almost wished for delay. But the night came at last. Her friend the portress admitted the negress with her burden, which was deposited in a spot agreed upon. The gates were barred, but not locked, and the key carried, as usual, to the superior. Manuela remained in her tomb till she judged all the nuns to be asleep, when she issued forth with a beating heart, and made her way to the spot where the body was deposited; and, though a heavy burden, which in other circumstances she could not even have supported, under the excitement of the moment, and inspired with the hopes of liberty, she bore her disgusting load without perceiving its weight, and having placed it on her bed, clothed it in the religious habit she had worn, dressing herself in attire she had procured from the city, to be in readiness for any opportunity of flight. She then set fire to the straw of her couch with a dark lanthorn she had concealed, fled rapidly from the dormitory, and escaped from the gate which she had previously unbarred, and which the portress closed after her, taking advantage of the alarm of fire which she raised, and the confusion it occasioned. The flames had in the meantime gained sufficient force to destroy the body, or at least to disfigure it so far as to prevent any possibility of its being recognised; whilst from the distance between the sleeping places of the nuns, and from the building being entirely of stone, no other damage was done.

Manuela fled immediately to a refuge prepared for her by the negress, and within the convent no one for a time doubted but that the nun had perished in the flames: they were destined soon to be very unpleasantly deceived. The only one of her family to whom the escaped captive dared to reveal what had occurred was to a favourite brother, her father having died during her residence in the convent. This brother, to her great astonishment, not only ridiculed the precautions and the trouble she had taken, the revolutionary laws having empowered her to demand her release, but also insisted on claiming the ten thousand piastres her family had paid for her admission, well knowing that the bigotry of her other relatives would refuse all aid and assistance to support the refugee, whose violation of her vows, notwithstanding the new laws, they would look up-

on as sacrilege, and her conduct as a disgrace. The restitution, however, was obtained, and she was free from her chains and slavery. But was she happy now? Listen to the sequel. Before our family left Lima, I paid her a visit, and learned from her own lips the whole of the circumstances I have related. She had resumed the gay habits and attire of her former life, and the jetty curls began again to adorn her cheeks; but these cheeks were pale and faded. She was still beautiful, but a sickly hue was spread over her fine features, and on my felicitating her on the happy change in her circumstances, she shook her head, and, with a sigh of bitter regret, added, 'It is true I have escaped from confinement, and from a course of life which was unsupportable, but, my dear Marie, it is to find, if possible greater sorrow and more poignant suffering; it is to find myself the object of reprobation and contempt. As I pass along the streets of Lima, I cannot escape hearing the remarks which are made on the nun who has broken her vows. If I seek the society of the public walks, it is in no gentle whispers that I hear—See! see!—the nun! the nun!—what does she do here, away from her convent and her religious duties? Renounced by my family avoided by most of my former friends, an object of public scorn and remark, I feel that I am an outcast from society?' I urged her to leave Lima, and seek, in new and less bigoted associates, the peace and happiness she had lost in her native land. To this she answered, that, in the first place, her connexions had influence enough to prevent her from obtaining the necessary permission to leave the country; and in the next, that her spirits were so depressed, and her health so broken, that it was impossible; and she felt assured that her life was near its close; whilst she could not avoid the dreadful fears and misgivings of her conscience on the step she had taken. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of her medical attendant, who afterwards confirmed to me the truth of her melancholy anticipations, and a few weeks after we left Lima, Manuela had fallen a victim to the system which had held out to her a monastic asylum as a refuge from troubles of the world, and from those trials which it has pleased God to impose upon us all in our pilgrimage here below."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, September 2.

A PROTECTION FROM GNAT STINGS.—Anglers, whose sport entices them to the wooded banks of rivers, are often seriously stung by swarms of gnats. A skilful friend of ours has been hitherto an especial object of their attacks, inasmuch that after a long day's sport, he has more than once returned with his face and eyelids swollen and smarting. He was lucky enough this season, however, to discover an infallible remedy. Having taken up his quarters near a woollen manufactory, it was remarked, in his presence, that the factory-children, who, in the course of their labours, used olive oil, and consequently retained some of it about their persons, were never stung on going through the woods. Our angler immediately took the hint, and rubbed his face with the same lubricant. Not a single gnat teased him from that time. After-experiments of the same kind were made with the same result. Hence it is reasonable to conclude, that olive oil applied to the skin is an effectual remedy against the stings of gnats. It is, we have heard, an ascertained fact, that the olive tree itself enjoys an immunity from insects far greater than other.—*Chambers'.*

ALGERIA.—The *Moniteur Algérien* announces the discovery at Orleanville, in preparing the foundations for some new buildings, of the ruins of an old Christian church. On the porch of the edifice was found an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation:—"Here reposes our father Reparatus, Bishop, of sacred memory, who for eight years and eleven months performed the sacerdotal functions, and who has passed before us in peace, the 11th day of the Calends of August, in the 436th year of the birth of Jesus Christ."—*Athenaeum*, Oct. 14.

THE DEAD 'MONK'S FINGER.

THE violence of the storm seemed to increase the longer it lasted; the winds howled most terrifically, and beat with almost unparalleled fury against the massive walls of a venerable edifice, the only object of human creation, for miles around, which opposed anything like effectual opposition to its impetuosity. But these massive walls were not of yesterday's erection; they were the work of a far gone century, and had become so accustomed, as it were, to the whims, caprices, and vulgar passions of the rude and stormy elements, that they stood perfectly unconcerned in the midst of their fury, and laughed their rage to scorn.

The short winter's day had waned, and with the dark and cheerless night the heavy fall of snow, which had continued with but little interruption for the preceding two or three days, increased rather than diminished; but notwithstanding this unfavourable disposition of the elements, several dark looking figures, armed with long sticks, and some of them with spades, shovels, and ropes, and attended by a number of dogs of a noble breed and majestic size, were seen issuing from the building. They divided into little groups, and taking different directions, were soon lost in the increasing darkness. They were monks from the Hospitium on the Great St. Bernhard, a class of men who are ever ready and willing to sacrifice their lives in the exercise of the most difficult and disinterested duty. But violent as the storm was without, and calculated as the noisy and boisterous elements were to freeze the very blood in the human veins, the refectory of the hospitable monastery offered, as it always does, a secure and comfortable asylum. On the evening to which we would direct our readers' attention,—it was an evening in the dreary month of November,—there were but few travellers in the monastery. The long tables in the refectory were nearly empty, and but at one, the nearest to the cheering fire, a small party were assembled. They consisted of travellers from Aosta, who had been detained here several days by the severity of the weather. The punch-bowl before them sent up its curling steam, and from the rapidity with which its contents threatened to disappear, it was evident that the wearied and jaded travellers were zealously endeavouring to forget the violence of the storm without by making all comfortable and warm within. "Do but listen," said a young man, replacing his glass upon the table, and casting an inquiring eye into the centre of the bowl,—“do but listen; why, there's the bell going again, that melancholy signal of frozen limbs and a snowy winding sheet.”

"A party of travellers from St. Pierre are expected," replied a sallow looking Italian, whose dingy complexion and small black eyes strangely contrasted with the open expression of sincerity so remarkable in the countenance of the youth. "They were expected yesterday, and well founded apprehensions for their safety occasion this unusual bustle amongst the innmates; they have been on the look out the whole day—nay, some of them, I hear, were out the whole night; an agreeable occupation at this delightful season of the year."

"At any rate," observed the other, "though perhaps not so very agreeable, still an enviable one. If I were a catholic, I would end my days on the St. Bernhard."

"You are then a heretic, maestro?" replied the Italian, with a suspicious glance; "and pray what business have you, as such, in our blessed Italy? Why don't you remain at home in your cold and inhospitable north?"

"Love for my art drove me there;—a still greater love for my country, that cold and inhospitable north, as you are pleased to term it signior, drives me back again;—besides, if you must know the truth, I did no exactly find what was the grand object of my search."

"Is it possible?" asked the Italian surprised. "You did not find the object of your search? Perhaps you did not make proper use of your eyes, or had expected too much, as is not unfrequently the case with those who visit our beautiful country—eh? Can you anywhere meet with more glorious paintings than those of a Raphael, of a Guido Reni, of a Correggio, and a hundred other masters in the sublime art?"

dear—O dear!" exclaimed she, convinced of her loss, and applying herself with great zeal to a more careful arrangement of the few grayish locks, which time had left her, "what are we, poor women, not exposed to, when we, in the weakness of our hearts, suffer ourselves to be persuaded to put our foot out of England! Had any one told me that I should have been obliged to show myself in the company of men, in such a condition!—O dear! O dear! would that I had never left England—dear England."

The whole party were soon again reassembled in the refectory; the well-dressed viands, and the refreshing and warming tea, recovered the spirits of the strangers, and called up that comfortable disposition of feeling, which is generally experienced when the danger and provocation to which we have been exposed is succeeded by security and plenty.

"You must indeed have been in great danger," observed the young painter, in reply to the younger of the ladies, who had been describing the adventures of the day. "What a state of anxiety you must have been in!"

"You may indeed say so, young gentleman," replied the elder lady, whose tresses were now concealed beneath a cap of most colossal dimensions. "You may well say so. I do assure you, when I heard them all crying out, a *Lavine*—a *Lavine*! Quick—quick! save yourselves! it was as if my feet had been made of lead; I could not move from the place, and had not my brother taken me up in his arms, I should most undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice—have met with the fate of the unfortunate Frenchman, who travelled in company with us from Martigny."

"It is possible that the endeavours of the monks may prove successful in saving him yet; there are instances in abundance on record of persons having been dug out of the snow and recalled to life."

"Such will not be the case in the present instance; the man is dead, and all endeavours will prove futile;" interrupted a voice at the lower end of the table, in a slow and sonorous tone. These words proceeded from a tall, bony man, with a bald head, although by no means advanced beyond the middle age. No one knew who he was, or where he came from; he had been overtaken during the day by the English family, and been exposed to the dangers which had threatened them.

"How are you able to say this with such certainty?" asked the elder Englishman, after a short pause. "If I am not mistaken, you were amongst the foremost of our party, and can consequently know no more of the subsequent fate of our companion than we do."

"And still I know for a positive certainty that he is dead; for," added he, somewhat mysteriously, "I saw his corpse the day before yesterday, and knew at once that he would die to-day."

"That sounds very strange;—perhaps, my good sir, heaven may still will it, that your dream may not be realised."

"Dream? Think you then it was but a dream? No, no! It was but a vision, if you will,—but, unfortunately, it is not the first I have had, and they have all forbidden the future but too truly."

"Explain yourself, my good sir; you would not surely wish to prove the death of a person, merely by reference to fairy tales and visions! Spirits and beings of this ethereal nature have become so very rare in our times, that it must be looked upon as an instance of particular good fortune, to make their acquaintance."

"I wish from my heart I could say as much!" replied the other, slowly. "I would willingly give all I possess—all I ever hope to possess—could I say as much! But why should I weary you and myself with repeating what you would still look upon as delusion,—dreams, or fairy tales!"

"O pray, do tell us what you mean!" exclaimed the young painter. "It cannot be denied but that there is some truth in the doctrine you maintain; and I, for my part, must say, I should be the very last to question it, and more particularly since actual experience has added confirmation to a creed, which the very wisest and best have more or less entertained."

"I assure you, if you have anything to communicate on this interesting sub-

but hark how the wind howls down the chimney. What's the matter now, brother Enrico? Where are you hurrying to?" asked he, addressing a monk who was hastening through the apartment.

"Most likely some accident has happened," replied he; "one of the dogs has just come back in the direction from St. Pierre. We are going on the search, but shall leave two of our brothers behind to wait on you."

"And what makes you think that some accident has happened?" asked the young painter, eagerly.

"The dog is very urgent to return; you may depend upon it, there are some human beings in great distress, if not already dead."

"Well, then, take me with you; two extra arms may be of some service to you."

"You would but impede us," replied the monk; "you don't know the paths, you are unacquainted with the means of making your way with safety in the—deep snow; we should have to keep a lookout on you, instead of helping the others. Your good intentions do you credit; but it would be madness to attempt to put them into practice."

The conversation of the party now turned upon subjects which bore reference to events that had taken place in or near the edifice, under whose sheltering roof they were now assembled, and numerous conjectures were started as to the termination of the expedition which had just left the monastery.

Several hours passed over, when a noise was heard in the court, and from the window, which looked out upon the back buildings, the light of the lamps exposed to uncertain view a number of figures, slowly approaching the house. It was not long before the door of the apartment, in which our party were sitting, was opened. Two monks, in their brown and now dripping cloaks, carried on a kind of chair a female, carefully wrapped up in mantles and furs; to these succeeded two others with a similar burthen. At their side were three gentlemen, together with the remaining inmates of the house. There was something very picturesque and imposing in the group, thus suddenly brought before the eyes. The silence of the *tableaux* was presently broken by the kind and anxious inquiries of the gentlemen.

"How do you find yourself now, Helen? And you, dear Mary, how are you?" were questions which, almost simultaneously, escaped their trembling lips, and were addressed to the two females.

"I am well, quite well, thanks to the extreme kindness of these holy men," replied the younger, rising and throwing off her cloak. "How shall we ever be able to repay them for the services they have so generously done us?"

"We have done nothing more, mademoiselle," said one of the brothers, a tall and sombre looking man, "than was our duty; we should have been deserving of the severest censure, had we hesitated to comply with its injunctions. Not to us, but to the Almighty, your thanks are due. Let us, meanwhile, pray for the soul of him, who, in all probability, will never again see the light of day. The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" At these words the whole party bared their heads, and, with the exception of the wind, which still continued to howl with unabated fury, a solemn silence reigned for some minutes in the room.

"And how do you feel now, Mary?" asked the elder of the travellers again. "I trust you feel no inconvenience from the cold or fright."

"Weak, very weak, dearest brother;—you may well say, cold and fright; I shall never get over it! If you could but get me some tea—do, dearest brother, or I shall certainly faint!"

"Come, good sister, bear up as well as you can; depend upon it, these good men, who so readily exposed their own lives in the preservation of yours are amply provided with the means of cheering and supporting the exhausted body."

"Tea shall be provided directly," replied one of the monks; "but it would, methinks, be better first to change your dress. There are some rooms upstairs well warmed at your disposal."

"Without doubt—it would be much better—certainly," replied the elder of the ladies, who had been addressed with the name of Mary. "Come, Helen; I declare I feel perfectly ashamed of myself. I look such a blouzy-bess; I do verily believe I have not got a bit of cap left upon my head:—do but think, Helen; O

"I don't know," replied the youth. "I sought, if I may so express myself, the pictures, which, as it were, live within me, whose existence I feel, but neither colour nor tone is able to reproduce and hold before the eye of others. The more I gaze upon the wonderful and no less beautiful creations of your masters, the less clear are the forms and shapes, the visionary creations of my own imagination,—the more distinctly I am made sensible that I am receding further and further from the object I had in view. I feel within me an impulse to create, not merely to imitate the creations of others, beautiful though they be,—to awake the genius that lies slumbering in my heart, rather than servilely to follow in the track which the genius of others has beaten out. You need not scowl at me so terrifically, signior; I say it without the least wish, the most distant intention to detract from the merits of the mighty men to whom you have alluded; but the fact is, this self-genius, of which I just now spoke is a very timid, coy, and bashful young gentleman, and when I look upon the productions of your most celebrated artists, he creeps into the innermost recesses of his nest, and ceases for the time being to exist. Now, you see, this is not exactly what I wished,—this is not altogether the object I had in view in visiting your country. There are imitators enough; I will not increase the number. Raphael himself would never have become the Raphael he subsequently was, if he had not followed the bent of his own inspiration and the whisperings of his own genius. The whole character of the German, his sensibilities, his conceptions, are altogether different from those of the Italian, besides the times are altered. A German painter, provided the genius of his art really lives within him, should never put his foot on the Italian soil; his aim should be to attain the purpose for which nature designed him,—a German painter, and not half German and half Italian."

"Well, you have certainly most strange ideas upon the subject," replied the Italian; "I dare say the long, pale-faced, and misproportioned figures of the German School, as you proudly call it, are more in accordance with your taste."

"These times are also past and gone, and our schools may now vie with yours without any hesitation or fear. We are the bursting rose, my good gentleman,—if you will allow me the very agreeable figure at this flowerless season of the year,—your leaves, on the other hand, rose leaves though they be, have faded, and are mouldering with the earth they cover. We live in the beautiful spring-time of the art, and with us there is no doubt but that the sun in its own due time will reach the zenith; you, on the contrary, are pretty far advanced in winter, and have nothing to refresh you but the flowers—not scentless, though withered—that blossomed in spring."

"It would seem to be the fashion with you Germans to lay great stress upon your nationality," replied the Italian, with a degree of bitterness in his tone which there was no mistaking. "I should very much like to know wherein this boasted nationality consists. And then, as regards your schools of painting, can they lay claim to the least originality? No, no! Do what you will, you will never—you can never arrive to any perfection in the art; it is totally impossible; your very natures, like your climate, are much too cold and icy. It is only beneath the light of an unclouded heaven, where the rays of the glorious sun are unimpeded by the exhalations of a damp and boggy earth, where the blood runs in fiery streams through the veins, where the brain is, as it were, under the immediate inspiration of the God of Light himself, so that it creates images, at which, in subsequent hours of cooler judgment, the very Creator himself looks surprised;—it is, I say, in countries only like these where art can arrive at perfection."

"Believe me, my good sir, the images of which you speak, were never created by what I call the Genius of Art; they are nothing but the sickly and ridiculous excrescences of an overheated fancy, no creations of a pure and holy inspiration."

"What's the use of disputing, sire," interrupted another of the party, "don't you see the punch is getting cold? You are chattering so much about the spring and summer, and forget, meanwhile, the winter, which seems fully resolved to keep us prisoners on this highest inhabited spot in Europe. Do

ject," observed the younger of the Englishmen, in an encouraging tone, "we shall all be very happy to hear it." And as the rest all joined in the entreaty, the bald-headed gentleman yielded to their pressing request.

"My relation," commenced he, "is simple and short. You must know I am tormented with an unfortunate ability, which enables me to see the dead bodies of those persons with whom I am more closely connected, three days before their dissolution takes place, in the exact state and condition in which the agonies of the parting hour leave them. I have been endowed with this dreadful foresight since my fourteenth year, and I am sure I need not tell you that it has robbed my days of peace, and my nights of rest. Just fancy to yourselves the person sitting before you in social conversation, perhaps the being you most love on earth, in the very vigour and beauty of youth and health, suddenly changing his appearance, assuming at once the paleness and the ghastliness of death, and you will then be able to judge of my feelings. The vision lasts only some seconds; but let the time be what it may, and let me be where I may, it invariably shows itself three days before the death of the person whose fate it thus makes known to me. I was once induced to warn a young and beautiful maiden, with whom I was most closely connected, and whom I had seen the evening before as a disfigured and bleeding corpse, of her approaching death. The state of her feelings for the ensuing three days is not to be conceived, much less described. She never left her room, and I myself was determined not to move from her side. At the appointed time, a part of the ceiling of the room in which we were sitting fell, and crushed the unhappy girl. I, who was within a few paces of the place where she was standing, remained unhurt! Since that time I have never communicated to the person immediately interested the unfortunate knowledge I thus mysteriously acquire." The speaker paused, and for some time no one ventured to break the dead silence which his relation had occasioned.

"There's something quite awful," exclaimed at length the elder of the ladies; "in the idea of being in company with such a man, and who knows how many days he has been travelling with us! Only think, Helen, if he should have seen my corpse! The very thought is sufficient to throw one into fits."

"You need be under no uneasiness whatever about that matter," replied the bald-headed gentleman: "I assure you, I never saw you otherwise than I have the pleasure of seeing you now, —in the best health possible, with every prospect of enjoying it for years to come."

"But say," interrupted the younger of the Englishmen, "do you mean to assert that you saw the dead body of the unfortunate Francois?"

"It is now about three days since, at five o'clock in the evening, we were sitting together in the hotel at Martigny over a bottle of St. Peray. He was in the best spirits possible, and speaking of his beautiful bride, and the hopes he entertained of soon leading her to the altar, —when, all at once, a corpse, stiff, cold, and pale, lay before me; his black hair hung in disorder over his convulsed features—his clothes were wet and covered with snow. The vision lasted only a minute, but I knew full well what it portended."

Before a second question could be addressed to the speaker, the attention of the party was directed to the slow and measured pacing of steps in the adjoining corridor. The door opened, and two or three of the monks, covered with snow, entered the room, carrying a bier. No one ventured to break the silence which the interruption occasioned; every eye was directed to the bier. The covering was removed, and to the indescribable astonishment and awe of the beholders, the body of the young Francois was exposed to view, in the exact condition in which the bald-headed gentleman had described having seen him.

For those whom long and frequent custom has not reconciled to the view, there is something indescribably awful in the stiff and convulsed appearance of a dead human body. Even those who can look forward to the closing hour without being more than usually excited, whose bosoms do not become impressed with more than usual apprehension and alarm, when the subject occupies their attention whose belief is so firmly anchored on the hope, nay the conviction, of a life beyond the dark and dismal precincts of the tomb—even for these, there is something in the appearance of a corpse which is startling and appalling.

The dead body of the young Francois made this impression upon the whole party, and this was still strengthened by the strange and singular disclosure which had just been made them respecting it. But of the whole company there was not one more sensibly affected than the bald-headed gentleman himself: the very muscles of his face were convulsed; his eyes appeared starting out of their sockets, and his whole body greatly agitated.

"It is strange," exclaimed the younger Englishman, "it is *very* strange! there he lies just as he described him;—but still this mysterious story shall not prevent us from using every means in our power to recall him to life."

"They will be useless—quite useless," muttered the other holding the dead man's hand between his own. "All is perfectly useless,—he will never wake again in this world!"

The monks carried the body out of the room, and assured the company that every possible attempt should be made to recall life; "although," added the elder, "I must say, I doubt very much of success. An experience of many years has enabled me to speak with some decision on cases of this nature. It is not the severity of the weather which has benumbed, as it might seem, the limbs of the young man; it is rather the fall of snow which has smothered him." The monk retired, and left the company in a state of excited feeling and apprehension. But in spite of the antipathy we involuntarily feel in the presence of a corpse, and opposed as the contemplation of the spiritless body is to the throbbing life within us, we still feel and acknowledge an irresistible impulse, which drives us on to penetrate, if possible, the dark and gloomy empire, to which the object before us now belongs. Whether it be the anxious desire to learn something of that secret and undefined continuation of spiritual existence after the prostration of the body, or the unconscious connexion in which we still remain with the soul of the departed, we seldom let an opportunity escape of approaching somewhat nearer in our attempts to explore the secrets of that bourne from whence no traveller returns. The dread and awful feelings which take possession of our soul, which make our blood run cold, and raise the stiffening hair upon our heads, we do not avoid, we do not endeavour to banish; on the contrary, we encourage them; and even the weakest and the most timid natures are not able to withstand the mysterious charm of entering into closer connexion with the world of spirits, either by self-experience, or listening to the relations of others.

Such was the case with the present company; there was not one of them, not even the two ladies, who was not desirous, in their present state of feeling, to have other proofs brought forward, by which the secret connection of the living with the dead might be more clearly established.

The younger Englishman seemed to be more affected than any of the party; a deadly paleness sat upon his noble features.

"Did you not say," observed Lord Clairford, the younger of the Englishmen, addressing the German painter; "did you not say, that an occurrence of a somewhat similar nature had once happened to you—somewhat similar I mean to that of my travelling companion at the other end of the table? I am sure I am but expressing the wishes of the party at large when I request you to make us acquainted with it."

"I should have no objection in the world," replied the painter, "to tell you my adventure, if I had not reason to apprehend, that my conduct might, in some respects, draw upon me the disapprobation of the ladies."

"O don't let that prevent you; the ladies, I am sure, will be indulgent for once," answered Clairford.

"On a tour in the Albanian mountains," commenced the painter, "I sojourned for some time in a most beautifully situated little village. The cottages and some few larger houses were picturesquely grouped on the banks of the rapid undulating rivulet, which gave additional beauty and animation to the scenery, surrounded by sombre firs and stupendous rocks. On a somewhat more elevated position than the other dwelling houses were the dilapidated remains of an edifice, in earlier times the family residence and castle of a wealthy nobleman, but at the time of which I am now speaking, the abode of a poor but industrious tiller of

the soil. Towards evening, when you stood upon the open space before the ruins, and looked, as the sun sank into the golden clouds, into the peaceful vale below, the quiet and serenity which prevailed there would steal unconsciously into the bosom and attune the soul to admiration and silent worship of its Creator. But it was not the beauty of the country alone which attracted me to the spot, and caused me to lengthen my stay from one day to another. In the farmer's house where I had taken up my residence, there blossomed a flower, so exquisitely lovely,—but I will not unnecessarily lengthen my narration by dwelling upon its beauty. I lived with Fiormona under the same roof, and the softness of her manners, and the beauty of her person, completely enchained me. Nor did she seem altogether insensible to my addresses; but her every look and motion was so rigorously guarded by an old aunt, that it was next to an impossibility to obtain, what I so ardently desired, a private interview with the niece. She openly professed an insuperable aversion to all foreigners."

"The triumph of outwitting two lovers has hitherto never been achieved, and in course of time, we found an opportunity of escaping the Argus eyes of the aunt, and exchanging our vows in secret. I begged—I entreated Fiormona to grant me a longer interview; she opposed to my entreaties the impossibility of absenting herself unperceived from her aunt; at length, however—what maiden can resist the entreaties of the man she loves?—she consented to my prayers, and promised to meet me the same night in my own apartment. The room which had been placed at my disposal, was connected with the inhabited part of the house only by a narrow corridor, such as are frequently met with in old buildings and monastic edifices, and was immediately contiguous to the dilapidated and at the time perfectly untenanted part of the ancient castle. It was here I awaited Fiormona. The moon shone brightly, and cast a magic light upon the deserted and comfortless courtyard of the castle. Ten o'clock struck; I counted the minutes, the quarter—the half-hours; my pulse throbbed; the fever of expectation burnt within my veins. Those only who have experienced the torture of such a state of excitation, can form an idea of my feelings. Thus passed one quarter of an hour after another. The moon became partly concealed behind the branches of a mulberry tree which grew on the walls of the castle, and the fantastic shadows of the leaves danced about the floor of the room. Midnight arrived; not a sound was to be heard;—my hopes began to sink; when all at once, upon my turning my eyes toward the door, I observed a female figure standing at some distance from me. It was my beloved Fiormona. With a slow and noiseless step she approached my couch, and presently stood close before me. I endeavoured to speak, but was not able to utter a word; I stretched out my hand, but grasped nothing;—it was as if my arm met with no opposition—as if it passed through an icy current of air. A shriek resounded from the middle of the room. I looked and beheld Fiormona, and at the same moment, and just as distinctly, the other mysterious figure, which still stood before me. A moment after the latter had disappeared, and I hastened to Fiormona's assistance. Scarcely had she recovered, when, trembling in every limb, she immediately prepared to leave the room. 'Away! away!' whispered she. 'Haste! leave this house, or some grievous calamity will overtake either thee or me—if it be not already, too late!' 'Remain, dearest Fiormona, I conjure thee remain—speak, beloved! what has terrified thee so?' 'Didst thou not see her?' asked she, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, and, looking about with terror depicted on her countenance—'didst thou not see her? She stood close before thee—away, away, or we are both lost!' 'And didst thou, too, see yon figure?' asked I, whilst the blood was running cold in my veins. 'It was, then, no picture of my own fancy?' 'Leave the house, Carlo—I entreat thee, leave the house—for me thou shalt never see again!' 'And who is yonder enigmatical being?' 'Don't ask me, don't ask me! She may return, and her second appearance brings death!' She hurried from the room. The following morning I left the place. The beautiful Fiormona I have never seen since.

"And you really believe, sir," asked the elder of the Englishmen, "that the

figure whose appearance alarmed you so mightily was anything more than the creation of your own excited feelings?"

"I am firmly convinced that it was no creation of my fancy," replied the painter, "for I distinctly saw, at one and the same time, two female beings in my room; and how was it possible that Fiormona should have beheld the mysterious figure, had it been, as you would imply, but a creation of my imagination alone?"

"Deception—nothing but optical illusion!" replied Lord Dawson, laughing. "In all probability, the figure which stood close before you was nothing more than Fiormona's shadow, which, owing to the impartial light in the apartment, you both fancied to behold in an upright position. That it disappeared upon Fiormona's fainting is natural enough, and thus you see, the whole mysterious phenomenon is most satisfactorily explained. With respect to the light of the moon, and the numerous optical deceptions to which it frequently gives rise, I myself can give you a most striking instance. I woke one night, upon my travels—and the room which I occupied was well calculated for an interview with spirits and goblins—and saw, as clearly as I see you now, a nun in the full dress of her order, standing at the window. Her head carefully covered up in her capuchin was sunk upon her bosom, and there she stood the very image of life, but perfectly immovable. I put my nose from my bed, that I might the more closely examine the figure. I alk'd to it but received no answer. At length I sprang up, and hastened to the spot—and what do you think it was?—nothing more nor less than a huge towel which hung upon a nail in the window frame. I burst out into a loud laugh and crept into bed again. Now you see what a very pretty tale, properly dressed out, this adventure might have given rise to, and, depend upon it, all stories of a similar kind are founded on similar optical delusions—excited imagination, deception of the light, and not unfrequently a certain desire, which some persons possess, of being able to tell a good story, and in spite of the incredulity of the incidents, to enlist the attention of the weak and credulous." added he with a sharp look directed towards the bald-headed gentleman—depend upon it, these are the only causes of all such marvellous stories."

"I assure you sir," replied the corpse-carer, "no one can more sincerely wish your exposition of these affairs were correct than I. As I said before, I would willingly give all I possess if I were no longer condemned to see death and corruption where others behold but health and joyousness of heart and elasticity of spirit. You have every reason to be grateful that you do not belong to those who stand in closer connexion with the world of spirits. But surely because you yourself have not made the experience—because upon the whole there are but few upon whom this ability—a power so revolting to humanity—is conferred, to deny all connexion between the departed and the living is nothing more than to designate as false what we ourselves have not seen or experienced."

"Be assured, sir," added the painter, "the figure which I saw was not the shadow of Fiormona, and for this reason—it is impossible—because the light of the moon fell through the window on the same side of the room where my bed stood, besides, I saw it even after Fiormona had fainted, and most distinctly watched it fade, as it were, into nothingness."

"Believe what you please," replied Lord Dawson, "but of this be assured, no one shall ever make me believe such nonsense. In old England," added he, smiling, and lifting up his glass—"in old England, it is not the world of spirits, but the human, the creative, the thinking, the speculative spirit, which is in constant action!"

"And yet," said Lord Clanford, hesitatingly, "I have very lately been induced to doubt whether the generally-spread belief that the departed are permitted, under certain and inexplicable conditions, to take upon them the visible human form, is not to be considered as something more than mere optical deception, or the misrepresentations of an excited imagination."

"What! and you too?" exclaimed Lord Dawson. "You, whom I have so frequently heard ridicule the opinion, and call all such stories the invention of old women?"

"You will not refuse to tell us your adventure, I hope," observed the painter.

"The experience I have made on this subject is of no very ancient date; the event to which I allude occurred this very summer.

"All who have had an opportunity of visiting the Rhine," commenced Clairford, "will have treasured up in their fondest memory the beautifully situated city of Bonn. In coming down the noble stream, it is the last, though not the least, spot of loveliness upon which the traveller's eye rests. The noble chain of mountains, which rise from the very shores of the river, tower aloft, one above another, in the most picturesque forms, seeming, as it were, in the very act of bidding one last farewell to the departing stranger. From this point, the country further northward loses, all at once, its peculiar charm, and the flatness of the scenery which succeeds is rendered doubly wearying and uninteresting by the remembrance of the grandeur and beauty which ushered it in.

"On the left shore of the stream, nearly half a mile distant from Bonn, on the summit of a beautiful hill, is situated the Krenzkirche. From this commence, to which an alley of sombre-looking fir trees conducs, the eye looks down upon a landscape which, for quiet loveliness, is perhaps not equalled in the four quarters of the globe. I need scarcely say that we ascended the Kreuzberg. The church itself contains much that is worthy the attention of the visiter. Amongst other curiosities and sacred reliques, there is a species of *dead cellar*, which is remarkable for having preserved, in an undecayed state, the bodies of the monks buried in them. The vault itself is neither very spacious nor very high, and the air, which with difficulty forces its way into this subterraneous recess, affects the lungs, and produces an unpleasant feeling of iniquitude and restlessness in the whole body. Our guide, one of the priests of the church, took much pains in explaining to us the several curiosities of this repository for the dead, but, as I am one of those who pay but little attention to explanations given upon such subjects, and am fonder of contemplating undisturbed than listening to a string of words which I but partially understand, I had left the party some few paces behind me, attracted by the serious, brown, and parchment-looking countenance of one of the sleepers. The more I looked at, the more his peculiar and strongly-marked features seemed to chain me to the spot; the long, curved nose, the straight and strongly-marked eyebrows, the serious, dark-looking eye, small mouth and thin lips, and the long, dark and curling beard—I felt as if urged by some inexplicable feeling to ask him how long he had been sleeping there, and as if, supposing the question had been really made, I should have received an answer. I remember very well smiling at my folly, and could not help stroking the hard and wizened face of the old man. All at once the thought struck me, whether it would not be possible to possess myself of some part of his dress or person. I raised his hand, or rather the fingers of the hand, like those of a skeleton, yet covered with a brown and hardened skin. I attempted to break off one of them—selected the middle finger—and pulled hard, backwards and forwards, to effect my purpose. With some difficulty I succeeded, and at the very moment when I separated the finger from the hand, a strange sound, something like the groan of a person in acute bodily pain, resounded through the vault.

"I put the finger in my pocket," continued Clairford, "and, upon my return to the inn, carefully deposited it in my trunk, with the other curiosities I had collected upon the journey. We were all in the best spirits possible in the evening. The comfortable hotel upon the fairy island of Nonnenworth, its lovely situation, and the good viands, did not fail to produce a cheering effect. Although the original religious destination of the building is still discernible, from the peculiar construction of the apartments, its present arrangements are on such a style of elegance and comfort, that the stranger and sojourner has nothing left to wish for.

"Weary with the fatigues of the day's travel, I no sooner sought my bed than I fell asleep. How long I slept I am not able to say with any certainty. I awoke suddenly, and fancied I heard somebody pronounce my name in an under voice. That I was perfectly awake, I know for an undoubted certainty, and I am so thoroughly convinced on this point, that no one shall ever persuade

me that what I saw was nothing but the creation of the fancy or the images of a dream. I was, as I said before, wide awake and perfectly master of my powers of mind, though not of those of my body; for I was not able to move a single limb, or even to open my eyes, and yet I could distinctly perceive every object in the room—as distinctly as if it had been noon-day. Close to my trunk stood the monk I had seen the day before, in the vaults under the Kreuzkirche: and although his complexion was as dark, and in every respect as much like that of a mummy, as he had appeared to me in his coffin, his features were now more discernible, and the long, curved nose, the serious dark-looking-eyes, the small mouth and thin lips, were each and all, if possible, more distinct than I had noticed them before.

"The monk stood close to my box, and was tumbling and tossing over its contents. Presently the paper, in which the finger was wrapped up, fell into his hands. He took it out, and attempted with visible anxiety to fasten it on his hand again. At every attempt the finger fell upon the ground; I heard it fall most distinctly. The monk picked it up, and recommenced his futile attempt. After some time he wrapped it up again in the paper, and deposited it in the exact place where he had found it. Upon this he turned round, and cast an angry look upon me. I lay as if entranced; I could neither move hand nor foot, but an indescribable shudder ran through my whole frame; this increased to such a degree upon the monk's approaching my bed, that I was in a state bordering on distraction. I tried all I could to call out—to spring from my bed—but 'twas to no purpose. The monk came close up to my bed, and gazed upon me in so piercing a manner, that I felt as if two red hot bars of iron proceeded from his eyes and entered my body. After a short time, he lifted up his hand, on which I could most distinctly see there were but four fingers, and repeatedly stroked my face. I felt most distinctly the four fingers on my face, and the stump of the fifth hit against my nose and mouth. After some moments the monk retired to the foot of my bed and gradually disappeared. By degrees I reobtained the use of my limbs; I opened my eyes; the room was perfectly dark, there was nothing to be seen. I sprang from my bed, groped through the apartment, examined every nook and corner, fully convinced that I should discover my tormentor, and as fully determined to strangle him or perish myself in the endeavour. But finding nothing, I rang the bell and ordered candles. There was nothing to be seen in the apartment to confirm the belief of a mysterious visitor. I opened my trunk; every thing was as I had left it; upon taking out the finger, it appeared as if the paper had been somewhat more crumpled than was the case when I first wrapped it up, but nothing more. What I have now told you, I most solemnly assure you I saw, although my eyes were closed; and distinctly felt, although deprived of the use of my limbs."

"Clairford, Clairford! is it possible? in every other respect such a reasonable man!" laughed Lord Dawson. "No,—I should not have believed it, had I not heard it from your own lips. Why, what doubt can there be on the subject? You had a dream, an unpleasant dream, most assuredly,—but nothing more. And can you for a single moment have entertained a different view of the matter?"

"Laugh as you please, and think what you please, Lord Dawson; I know full well that it was *no* dream; that I was as wide awake as I am at this moment; none shall ever convince me to the contrary."

"Surely you threw the horrible finger away the very next morning, Clairford?" asked Miss Mary, with visible signs of terror depicted on her countenance.

"That I did not; on the contrary, I must say it has acquired additional worth in my estimation from this very circumstance. We shall see whether the monk intends to renew his visit;—if he do not——"

"All our endeavours have proved futile," said one of the monks, who had entered the apartment unperceived. "The young man is dead, and is deposited for recognition in the vaults!"—*Metropolitan for November.*

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Jessie Phillips. A Tale of the Present Day. By Mrs. Trollope.

SINCE the time when our famous *marchande des modes* failed in her speculation to civilize the females of Cincinnati, and returned home to publish her cynical contempt of American vulgarity and money-making, a succession of novels marked by the same characteristics of lady's-maid gentility, caustic shrewdness, and intimate knowledge of the vanity, pretensions, and meanness of a circle which hovers in a dubious position on the outward verge of good society, has issued from her pen. Nobody is better qualified, seemingly, from the most intimate and habitual contact, to describe the peculiarities of the large class in question, than our fair worshipper of aristocracy. There are few scenes or passions which she shinks from describing. It is not a trifle that frightens her. Much has been said of the *ruses*, *blasts*, *marquises*, and *duchesses* of the French *ancien regime*, and of their heartlessness, wit, and contempt for all that do not move within their own circle, of whom blind old Madame Deffand and Horace Walpole's correspondent, may be taken as a good specimen. But neither Madame Deffand, nor the more modern Madame Dudevant can surpass Mrs. Trollope in the art of so writing as to puzzle us whether we are reading the productions of a man or woman. Left to ourselves, without a guide, we should say, it is only the Chevalier D'Eon who could write like this. If, as MILTON has told us in his treatise on education, a knowledge of the good is to be inferred from a knowledge of the bad, or, as Aristotle informs us, we cannot be said to know anything unless we also know its opposite, the knowledge of vulgarity, selfishness, and hypocrisy which these works display leads us to infer a stupendous amount of refinement, nobility, and genius in their authoress. Reading the present novel, *Jessie Phillips* by this rule of contrary, we are inclined to rank Mrs. Trollope above any other authoress past, present, or to come, in the art of interpreting and describing the dignity and worth of the *crème de la crème de la haute noblesse*. Compared with her Bulwer is a *parvenue*, and Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs an empty pretender.

For ourselves, being of the George Dandin class, or, as the chorus of one of Berenger's songs has it—*villains et tres vilains*—we approach the examination of this book with such feelings of humility and self-abasement as may have possessed *Don Quixote* on opening the *Mirror of Chivalry*, or the more modern sage of SARTOR RESARTUS, *Professor Teufelsdröck*, when he opened his English "fashionable novel" as the gospel of the great Dandiacal sect, who stand aloof from the drudges like the stars in the firmament of heaven—very brilliant, but very remote. The fact that there exists in England a very numerous body of persons excluded from the great world from defect of fortune, talent, or birth, who, nevertheless, pique themselves, above all things, upon modelling their lives after its forms, like Goldsmith's bear which danced only to the minuet in *Ariadne*, or "the genteelness of tuncs," is evinced by the eagerness with which fashionable novels are devoured; and, next to them, those novels which ridicule citizen life and *roturier* manners. With such an extensive class of buyers, insatiable in their demand for new wares, our authoress need never be idle. So long as boarding-houses exhibit their select circles to observers of character, and *Widow Barnabys* and *Vicars of Wrexhill* may be encountered at every watering-place, *table d'hôte*, or evangelical or Puseyite circle, there will be no want of materials to mend our morals and improve our hearts, and, above all, to glorify the aristocracy by the contrast.

Mrs. Trollope's novels are not, however, of the "silver-fork" school. She does not deal wholly in the loves, griefs, and adventures of high-souled *Lady Florences* and poetical romantic gentlemen with Norman names, high pedigree, and large landed estates—generally of the Tory school of politics—men who make distinguished orators in Parliament, exhaust the circle of the sciences, sound the depths of all poetry and literature, and feel a lofty disgust for a world

undeserving of such inhabitants as themselves. Sympathy for such finished *dilettanti* is now getting confined to young boarding-school ladies, and a constantly diminishing circle. Politics, and the serious questions of life, are forcing their way even into our imaginative literature, and we have now a Miss Martineau who writes novels to illustrate questions in political economy, and *Titmouse*, lord of 10,000*l.* a-year, who proves that all vulgar Whigs and Radicals are execrably vulgar personages, and all old Tory families who have houses in Grosvenor-square—"palaces" in the country—and are "knights of the shire," are the true porcelain of the earth—the personifications of all the virtues.

As Mr. Dickens described the working of the poor-law in his *Oliver Twist*, and the current of sentimentality in a certain Tory clique is running in that direction at present, it has occurred most ingeniously to Mrs. Trollope to make the most of it while it lasts, by writing a novel for the benefit of all the wives, maids, and widows of the kingdom, founded on the cruelties of that peculiar clause of the act which fixes the consequences of irregular maternity upon the female alone. As this stupendous idea dawned upon our bewildered minds we stood absolutely aghast with astonishment—

Steteruntque comæ, vox sanctus hæsit.

Democratic indelicacy, thought we, never dared to hazard so bold a thought. The foolish Turk who sees for the first time the fair daughters of Europe walking unveiled through the streets, could not have felt his notions of propriety more rudely shocked than we did. Nevertheless, reflecting on the maxim, "that to the pure all things are pure," we took courage, and proceeded to read the history of *Jessie Phillips* to the end, remarking, by the way, that as the manners of kings and beggars are said to resemble each other, the aristocratic authoress had a plain unvarnished way of telling her story, which, we doubt not, will remain a monument to posterity of the hard-heartedness of poor-law commissioners, as well as of the peculiarities of her own masculine genius. The *Times* must absolutely dote upon this child of grace and genius. The inhuman clause ought to be at once expunged, were it only for the dangerous consequences to female virtue which must result from Mrs. Trollope's pathos enlisting all sympathies on the side of the fallen. No longer can it be said that—

Every eye a tear can claim

Except an eunuch's sister's shame.

High-souled matrons and innocent maids will be unable to prevent their tears from falling in sympathetic showers under the influence of Trollopean pathos, recommended *à tous les cœurs sensibles*, by hosts of penny-a-liners.—*Atlas*, Nov. 4.

Tecumseh ; or, The West Thirty Years Since. A Poem. By George H. Colton.

IN 1812, when Great Britain was at war with the American republic—and we may here record our most earnest wishes that such an unnatural contest may never again occur—it was believed by the Americans that the whole of the Indian population had resolved upon a union for the extermination of the intruders upon their paternal domains—their immemorial possessions—which intruders they poetically denominated "the sons of fear," "the pale faces." Upon this circumstance the present poem is founded. It comprehends a grand and magnificent subject, and requires proportional powers to do it full justice.

We can scarcely conceive a nobler theme for poetry than this author has chosen. A lofty-minded hero, far beyond the rude though heroic tribes among whom his destiny is cast, touched with a love, not merely of freedom, but of humanity for his suffering race, rises at once beyond the petty spirit of clanship, and finds a brother in every "red man" of the woods, a friend in all suffering from the same injustice, and, with sagacity equal to the patriotism which animated his breast, conceives the design of uniting under one banner the scattered and warring and unforgiving members of a vast community, whose hatred to each other frequently exceeded the enmity which they bore to the real destroyers of their race. Such a character was the Indian chief *Tecumseh* ;

wise and brave, yet gentle and placable, an unshaken friend, a tender-hearted brother, an affectionate and adoring lover, whose passion was as pure as his ministrations to the object of it were touching and delicate, and such has Mr Colton happily described him

We quote the following graphic picture of an Indian wigwam—it has the freshness and fragrance of the forest about it—

A motley scene the camp displayed
 Then simple wigwams, loosely made
 Of skins and bark, and rudely raised
 With sylvan honors of the chase
 At scattered intervals were placed
 Beneath majestic trees—the race
 Of other years, while stretched around
 About them then midst opened
 The lodge of council, honored most
 Yet undecorated with care or cost
 Then beaded leggings clove the mud
 Then blankets wreathed their limbs around
 Whence rose each neck and brawny breast
 Like bust of bronze with turfed crest,
 Around the forest lords were seen—
 Some old with grave and grizzled men
 High converse held in the shade—
 Scarcely on the earth a turf had
 Or gut with umms of varied name,
 Begun them for strife or love
 Then dusky wives, from forth the shal
 Issued to sit and silent toil,
 Perched the venous story for
 And yellow corn in sullen mood
 Or sweetly to their infants sung
 So light a wicker cradles swung
 Upon the beaded boughs in play
 Little wachins did their skill essay,
 Beneath some chief's approving eye
 To launch the feathered arrow high
 The hatchet hurl, or through the air
 Send the shrill whoop half robed or bare
 The youth would not was mimic mine
 On strove their wild born steeds to tame
 Fortune then in cyrives scarce a day—
 Themselves untamed and wild as they,
 While sat beneath the green leaves fading
 Young maid and the chequered blankets beaming,
 Whose merry laugh or sately cull
 Oft time most sweet and musical,
 Whose glancing black eyes often stole
 To view the worshipped of their soul
 And even in the invisible breeze
 Waved solemnly these tall old trees,
 And fleecy clouds, above the pinnacles flying
 Led the light shadows, chasing, chased and dying

The writer has introduced into his poem some striking incidents, in which Indian life and manners are delineated with fidelity. These occurrences likewise tend to relieve the monotony of continued description. The great fault of this production is its prolixity—it wants compression, the pictures, however well conceived, are too frequently overdone, ideas are encumbered and obscured and almost buried under a mass of unmeaning words and the writer has taken drapery for form, and colouring for expression. Mr COLTON is a young man and this exuberance, we doubt not, will be rectified by coming years and a matured judgment. In the meantime we must confess that, with all its *blemishes*, *Tecumseh* is a poem of no ordinary merit.—*Ibid*

LITERARY NEWS.

The last letters from America contain tidings as amusing as they will be interesting to all who are concerned in the Copyright Question. It appears that the Pirates have fallen out among themselves, the booksellers, having been distanced by those bolder and quicker speculators the newspaper proprietors, are now earnest to have literary property protected.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

THE European obituary of the last few months contains some names of mark, which deserve a passing notice and may be assembled in a paragraph of final record. In France the Arts have lost two sculptors of eminence M. Cibot, Professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, and M. Girard, whose name is attached to so many of the great monuments of the capital. The Academy of Sciences has lost M. Coriolis, and the Press one of its honoured members, M. Bert formerly editor-in-chief of the *Commerce* while mathematical science has been deprived of one of her brightest ornaments, Sylv. F. Lacroix. Italy has lost her famous engineer, Milani, at the age of seventy-five, and the still more famous Ippolito Rosellini. Rosellini with his brother Giacomo were members of the expedition sent to Egypt in 1829 by the French and Tuscan governments. Ippolito is best known in England as author of *I Monumenti dell' Egitto*, which is unfortunately incomplete. — Medicine has suffered in Denmark by the death, at sixty-one, of Dr. Jacobson, first physician to the King, and member of many learned bodies, amongst which, he filled, in the Academy of Sciences at Paris the chair vacated by the death of our countryman, Sir Everard Home. — In Sweden he died, as sufficed by the death of the great comic actor M. Lu. Hjorthberg. He was the first translator of Molière's works into the Swedish tongue, and naturalized the misrepresents of the great dramatist on the stage which he adorned, playing the leading characters himself. — *Athenæum*, Oct. 7.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GRREAT BRITAIN. — The express Mail of the 4th November reached Calcutta on the 21st ultimo. — The Queen and Prince Albert visited the University of Cambridge on the 25th of October. Prince Albert was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The commotions in Wales have subsided—a special commission was appointed to investigate the subject. A great repeal meeting appointed to be held at Clontarf, near Dublin on the 7th of October was prohibited by proclamation. O'Connell, and several of his repeal associates, were arrested on a charge of sedition.

SPAIN. — A partisan warfare was still carried on—Granada was declared in a state of siege, and an attempt to carry Guona by storm was repulsed.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE improvement in trade which we had occasion to notice last month had experienced no check when the November mail left. On the contrary, activity prevailed in the manufacturing towns, employment was abundant, and wages had risen. In the various articles of East India and China produce much business had been done, owing to the occurrence of the periodical sales, and to the arrival of the September mail from Bombay with favourable accounts of the improved state of affairs in the local markets. Money was more abundant than ever, and a feverish anxiety began to prevail respecting its healthy employment in the absence of any immediate demands for it in the ordinary channels of trade. The fruits of a rich harvest were every where visible, and the interest upon money continued extremely low. — *London Mail*.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS, NOV. 4.

Bank Stock, 179½, Red. 3½ per cents. 102½, Long. Anns. 12½ to 12½, Consols 95½; India Stock, 273½, 3½ per Cent. New Anns 102½ to 3; Exch. Bills, 63 prem.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF INDIA.—At the monthly meeting held on the 13th of December, three gentlemen were elected members. Resolved by the meeting that four hundred rupees be given as prizes for the exhibition of the vegetable show and dinner to take place on the 13th of January—The following communications had been received—1, from Major Napleton, secretary Bangalore branch agri-horticultural society, inclosing an account of the show of fruits, and vegetables held on the 15th November, together with the result of the flux, cotton tobacco, barley, &c received from the parent society 2, from Dr Royle enclosing some copies of a prospectus of a work, on which he is now engaged on the commercial products of India 3 from Government, a report on the cotton cultivation at Gouckpore 4, from Dr Thompson, Sydney, forwarding a list of cotton of various kinds, grown at Sydney 5, from A H Landers, Esq. enclosing a memo on the vegetable and other products, of the Shan county with some of its trials 6 from Dr Royle, giving an account of the successful culture of opium in England

CASES AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of this body held on the 2d of January, C C Egerton Esq in the chair—the following cases were read and discussed—1 Remarkable cases of abscesses in the liver, one opened artificially, two cured, by J Jackson, Esq M D 2 Another case of abscess in the liver, treated with abscess in the brain, by Ditto 3, Case of abscess in the spleen, successfully evacuated—with recovery of the patient, by A Webb, Esq 4, Several interesting cases from the Medical Board

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor-General's Office, Calcutta, and show the range of the thermometer and barometer at mid noon the prevailing winds and the state of the weather of each day

	Range of Therm.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather
1	84	29.91	N W		Generally clear throughout the month
2	84	29.98	N		
3	80	29.94	N		
4	80	29.91	N		
5	80	29.91	N E		
6	80.0	29.91	N		
7	79.1	29.91	N		
8	79.6	29.91	N L		
9	80.0	29.91	N W		
10	79.0	29.94	N W		
11	78.5	29.99	N		
12	77.0	29.95	N		
13	76.0	29.96	W		
14	79.0	29.98	W		
15	80.0	29.91	S W		
16	79.8	29.96	N		
17	79.0	29.94	N W		
18	80.0	29.98	S W		
19	77.8	29.94	W		
20	78.0	29.94	N		
21	77.5	29.99	N W		
22	77.4	29.99	N W		
23	78.0	29.95	N E		
24	74.8	29.99	N W		
25	75.0	29.98	N		
26	74.0	29.97	N		
27	75.0	29.98	N		
28	75.0	29.94	N		
29	75.0	29.94	N E		
30	75.0	29.96	N		

